XIX L.5

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113.5.139

Romantic Episodes

OF

CHIVALRIC & MEDIÆVAL FRANCE;

To which are appended some few

PASSAGES FROM MONTAIGNE.

PUBLIC LIB. CALCUTTA

NOW DONE INTO ENGLISH BY

ALEXANDER VANCE.

"In classical literature, Waverley had made the usual progress, and read the usual authors; and the French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs, scarcely more faithful than romances,—and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from Brantôme and De la Noue he learned to compare the wild and loose, yet superstitious character of the nobles of the League, with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party." WAVERLEY.

LONDON:
GEORGE MANWARING,
8, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.
MDCCCLXII.

XXXV.F.39

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A Short Tale of Louis XI. *Bandello*

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LONDON

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

I HAD originally thought, that it might not perhaps be altogether an unacceptable preſent, to lay before the Engliſh public ſome few ſpecimens, (with a view, if kindly entertained, to more diſcurſive ſelection,) of a claſs of authors of a rare and exquiſite merit, yet the general character of whoſe pages, from a variety of conſiderations, it were as hopeleſs as it were unjuſtifiable to attempt again to revive among us. Coming, however, as I proceeded, to detect, or to fancy that I detected in myſelf ſome little more aptitude to this, however humble, invaluable department of literature, than I had at firſt given myſelf credit for, I was gradually tempted to enlarge my plan, and to take in one or two of the more ſtandard French mediæval

writers, such as Froissart and Montaigne; to neither whom, as it appeared to me, had all that justice been done, which might have been done, by our previous translators. And as it could not but be, in calling such attention, with a view to meet the altered state of things below," that the mind would

ſays he, "to refer to the ordinary novels by which our "anceſtors were amuſed, to eſtimate the improvement "of public delicacy. The editor was acquainted with "an old lady of family, who aſſured him that, in her "younger days, Mrs. Behn's novels were as cur-"rently upon the toilette as the works of Miſs Edge-"worth at preſent; and deſcribed with ſome humour "her own ſurpriſe, when, the book falling into her "hands after a long interval of years, and when its "contents were quite forgotten, ſhe found it altogether "impoſſible to endure, at the age of fourſcore, what "at fifteen ſhe, like all the faſhionable world of the "time, had peruſed without any idea of impropriety."

Now, as it appears to me, in all this matter our ſelf-complacency has been ſomewhat precipitately diſ-played; and, farther, that had we poſſeſſed a little more of that *real* delicacy and modeſty for which we are contending; not to ſay, duty and reſpect, which, as children, we muſt ever owe to our progenitors, much of all this indiſcriminate ſcandal had been ſpared. For Mrs. Behn I have not one word to ſay; for Mr. Chaucer and for Her Majeſty of Navarre I have a good many words to ſay. What we ſhould have diſ-tinguiſhed between was this — broad and humorous mirth, upon the one part, as that of a Falſtaff, or a Squire Weſtern, and downright obſcenity, like Mrs. Behn's, upon the other; betwixt warm and laſcivious writing, and a healthy, merry, laughter-ſtirring, how-

ever unwarrantable rules. As this was a subject which, [illegible] a good deal attracted the attention of Sir Walter Raleigh, when occupied upon the Life of Dryden, I cannot do better, than place before the reader some few words which passed in reference thereto, between himself and George Ellis, whose very warm] pro-

[illegible] lay a calumet, handed Dryden before the world, [illegible] be proceeds, "Are not the pages of Swift, and "even of Pope, loaded with indecency, and often of "the most disgusting kind; and do we not see them "upon all the shelves and dressing-tables, and on all "round us? Is not Prior, the most indecent of tale-"tellers, not even excepting Boccace, more than "often, dog-eared in fashionable hands? In "fact, it is not passages of lubricous indecency that "corrupt the manners of a people, it is the tenor "which such a prurient genius, like Master Little "John's [illegible] half-lewd half-assholdine, that despatches the un-"derstanding, inflames the sleeping passions, and pre-"pares the reader to give way to them as a tempter "appears. With these observations, George Ellis "seem perfectly to concur, as he thus excuses them-"Licentiousness in writing, when accompanied by "wit, as in the tales of Boccace, La Fontaine, &c. is "never likely to corrupt any passion, because every "action is serious; and the grave epistle of Eloisa is

"more likely to do moral miſchief, and to convey "infection to love-ſick damſels, than five hundred "ſtories of Hans Carvel and Paulo Purgante, &c." But very other matters, now-a-days, are found upon our ſhelves. I do verily believe, it were but little exaggeration to ſay, that a vaſter amount of literature has diſappeared, if not from our libraries, certainly from our fireſides and our tea-tables, within the laſt fifty years than in the preceding five hundred. I mean, of literature in its entirety and in its integrity. Independently of the natural and unavoidable wear and tear of time, which, remorſeleſſly, will antiquate antiquities, we have now ſuperinduced, upon this exterminating principle, the inſatiable cravings of an aggreſſive, an unreaſoning, and an uncompromiſing civiliſation. Till yeſterday, "Family editions" were unknown; "Bohn's extra's" as unthought of as uncalled for. Will any man be ſo hardy as to aſſert, that, fifty years hence, an uncaſtrated Shakeſpere will not be as proſcribed a work as is Chaucer, or as is the Queen of Navarre, at this day? In fact, on what ſcore he is to be tolerated, whilſt they are to be proſcribed, I, for my part, am at a loſs to conceive; that is, if one meaſure is to be dealt to all. In the days of our grandfathers, "Percy's Reliques" might have been a volume, which, as frequently as another, was

"Oft by one
Made vocal for the amuſement of the reſt."

I queſtion if it often now is. And in order the better to underſtand the tranſition which has come over the public mind, even ſince that work was looked on as a ſtandard fireſide volume, we have only to take up ſuch a collection, ſay, as the "Book of Scottiſh Songs," but recently publiſhed by Mr. Blackie. The good work is clearly going on. Let the reader compare the laſt four lines, of the laſt ſtanza but one, of that rare old ditty, "The Country Laſs," as given by that gentleman, with the ſame, as it may be ſeen in the "Tea-table Miſcellany," and my meaning will at once be caught. Mr. Blackie's verſion runs thus :—

"But for that lad to me ſhall fa',
And I have grace to wed, O,
I'll keep a braw that 's worth them a';
I mean my ſilken ſnood, O."

Now, what I would like to ſee determined, once and for all, is this. How far is this character of correction and of tampering to be puſhed? Is the public a party to it; or are the editors ſimply acting upon their own reſponſibility? Is a ſtand to be taken *anywhere?* and if ſo, *where?* To wander no farther, I am certain, as of my own exiſtence, that if the public remonſtration be not interpoſed, ere twenty years ſhall have elapſed, even Mr. Blackie's harmleſs little volume will have to be purged of its impurities.

Is there not ſome terrible miſapprehenſion about all this

matter? "The laws," ſays Montaigne, "of conſcience," (and for which we will here read, *convention*) "which we "ſay to proceed from nature, (read *propriety*,) riſe and "proceed of cuſtom. No man holding in ſpecial regard, "and inward veneration, the opinions received about "him, can, without remorſe, leave them, or without "applauſe, apply himſelf unto them. . . . But "the chiefeſt effect of her (its) power is to ſeize upon "us, and ſo to entangle us, that it ſhall hardly lie in "us to free ourſelves from her (its) hold-faſt, and come "into our wits again, to diſcourſe and reaſon of her (its) "ordinances. Verily, becauſe we ſuck them with the "milk of our birth. And foraſmuch as the world's "viſage preſents itſelf in that eſtate unto our firſt view, "it ſeemeth we are born with a condition to follow "that courſe. And the common imaginations which "we find in credit about us, and by our father's ſeed "infuſed in our ſoul, ſeem to be the general and natural. "Whereupon it followeth, that whatſoever is beyond "the compaſs of cuſtom, we deem to be likewiſe "beyond the compaſs of reaſon, (propriety,) God "knows, how, for the moſt part, unreaſonably." "I "tell thee, churliſh prieſt," ſaid Laertes to the Sir John, "a miniſtering angel ſhall my ſiſter be, whilſt "thou lieſt howling!" We are wrong; wrong in every way. Is it becoming, forſooth, for us to ſet ourſelves up for fine ladies, and for fine gentlemen, and to bid a Shakeſpere, or a Queen of Navarre, to cleanſe

their unſavoury breaths, ere they preſume to intrude themſelves upon our awful preſence; to be aloof, for that we are holier or purer than they? What *right*, might it not be aſked, have we ſo be more nice than an Elizabeth, or our ears to tingle at what a Lady Jane Grey muſt, every day of her life, have put up with, however little to her taſte? Is it not, at leaſt, worth inquiring into, ſuſpecting, interrogating ourſelves:—Can it have been *poſſible*, in the nature of things, that ſuch people *were* coarſe? They may have been relatively ſo, or rather relativ€ly ſo to what we are pleaſed to *call* coarſe; but it by no means follows that therefore they *were* coarſe. Have not they a perfect right to retort upon us, that we are ninnies; that we are too effeminate, that we live too much in towns, that we take not holidays enough; that if we hunted more, and hawked more, as they did, we ſhould not be ſo nice; that we live too much on kickſhaws; that our nerves are relaxed and want bracing up; that we are ſqueamiſh, prudiſh, affected? For my part, I frankly own, that it is a charge which I am as unable as unwilling to lay to their door; and to men of a very other aſſurance than myſelf, will I leave it to caſt the firſt ſtone. Nor will I readily believe, that out of the mouth of a lady, a queen, one of the moſt religious women of her own time, one of the moſt accompliſhed of *any* time, anything *could* have fallen, which, upon the grounds of any ſuch ſcrupuloſity, I have any *right* to cavil at.

And if we may be diſpoſed to flatter ourſelves into the belief, that we are the very pink of perfection, and that never a word eſcapes from our immaculate lips which could diſturb the chaſteſt ear, we have but to croſs the Atlantic to be diſabuſed of the haughtineſs of our pretenſions. I ſay, let us look to the Americans, who, *as a faſt people*, may, in ſome ſort, be ſaid to be the repreſentatives of *our poſterity*, and we may become arouſed to a ſenſe of the deluſion under which we are labouring. Nor is there any principle in nature more conſtant than this; that if any one unmiſtakable faculty, or inſtinct, of this, our humanity, (and I think, a propenſity to *broad humour* may ſafely be challenged as one,) once comes to be *too far driven in*, ineffably it muſt corrupt and poiſon, and attenuate, or fearful and imminent will be the reaction or revulſion. Your puritan is own father to your cavalier. Unleſs my memory or my imagination is playing me a very unaccountable trick, I remember to have heard the *Te Deum* chanted in the Boſton churches, albeit to the muſic which, in the old country, mine ears had dwelt upon, to ſomewhat different words from thoſe that, from time immemorial, have ſtood in our Engliſh prayer books: an obſervation which will ſufficiently illuſtrate what I am aiming to convey. For, even as a vitiated and a diſeaſed ſtomach will run to filth, and chalk, and ordure, to the loathment of a healthy, a coarſe, a generous dietary; ſo will a depraved tone and bias of the

mind, to the diſparagement of a healthy and a vigorous vitality, betake itſelf to the emaſculate, the mawkiſh, the perverted, the ſodden, the enervate. And if we may *pooh*, *pooh* the Americans—tell them that they have overdone the thing, that there is a medium in all things—as much might the laſt generation have rejoined to this, the precedent to it; and ſo back and back, till we would find the gentleman in the dappled hide a rallying of the lady in the parchment.

There are two ways of looking at everything. What, for the moſt part, is the higheſt civiliſation, ſave the laſt flicker of the expiring taper? What is it but the decay and corruption of the nobler vitals of a tranſmitted ſucceſſion? Let us, a moment, go back to the times of Elizabeth; and if our ears would be offended, would not our hands, our eyes, our palates alike? Would it not turn half the ſtomachs in Belgravia to be compelled to ſit down to their evening meal at the table of a Robert, Earl of Leiceſter? Would it not break the heart of any *belle of a ſeaſon* to be caught, but a glimpſe of, in the homeſpun and the hodden of her twentieth great-grandmother? And ſo throughout. If the old lady, whom Sir Walter tells us of, bluſhed, in her eightieth year, to look upon the page which, a laſſie, ſhe had read aloud at her mother's tea-table; would not, I ſhould like to know, the young ones whom he himſelf, a lad, met pitching

they, in their eightieth years, been caught in any ſuch improper or indelicate poſition? Not a doubt of it. Thus we ſee the one unreaſoning, ſenſeleſs, and indiſcriminating refinement ſweeping alike before it, the really objectionable and the purely mawkiſh and defenſible indelicacy.

There are other conſiderations in this matter. We are a little too diſpoſed to conclude that an age of coarſeneſs muſt neceſſarily have been a corrupt one. I think, quite as often, the reverſe will be found to have been the caſe. It is a very great miſtake to ſuppoſe ſo; there is no inherent ſympathy betwixt coarſeneſs and corruption. Sir Walter does not tell us, that the old lady was ſtruck with the *dangerous tendencies* of the writings in queſtion; ſhe had ſimply told him, that they *diſguſted her*. The merits of the inſtance, in the abſtract, turn quite as much upon the revolution which had intervened in the public faſhion, taſte, and manners, as in propriety or morals. She had neither known nor felt, as a girl, that ſhe had been reading anything improper or indelicate. Now if what Shakeſpere tells us be true, that—

> "He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen,
> Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all;"

ſo is my aſſertion, that, where no indelicacy was ſuſpected of, none exiſted. That is, in her caſe and in her times, which is all that ſhe had to do with. Let us learn to be a little more charitable and a little leſs

ſelf-ſatisfied, remembering, moreover, this: "that if "we would not, ourſelves, be judged, then neither "muſt we others judge." And of this we may be ſure, that the more intolerant and ſelf-exacting we become, the more will we be *neceſſitated* to become. As we drive out attribute after attribute; ignore and frown down precedent after precedent, combination of character and humanity after combination of character and humanity, the narrower will the *ſtanding ground* of this, our wretched humanity become—a ſort of democratic illiberality, the inevitable tendency of which again muſt be, to bring us back to the iron and the darken ages of bigotry, of blindneſs, and of ſuperſtition. God knows, at the beſt and at the moſt, our faculties are limited enough, as well in their ſcope as their number, that we need not be going about in this miſerable manner, any to exterminate, which, by any poſſibility, we can ſtill hope to ſee retained among us, awed within the bounds of a conſcionable impropriety.

Now, for my part, I cannot help being of opinion, that, however much may be due to ourſelves, ſomething no leſs is due to our anceſtors. And inaſmuch as the queſtion of propriety or of impropriety is manifeſtly but a *relative* one at the beſt; the faireſt way, clearly, to ſettle the matter is, *to compromiſe it*. And this can only be done by continuing, on the one hand, as well by example as by precept, to inculcate all that chaſtity and purity of conception which no one, now-

days, is possessed so much as of the inclination, possibly capacity, to violate; and, on the other, by preserving, in all their native simplicity, *unfigged and undraped*, our Chaucers, our Shakesperes, and our Queens of Navarre. Even though the sacrifice might at first cause to us some little pain, that sacrifice is due to them; nor, in the long-run, would our own nerves be one jot the worse for a little occasional wholesome bracing.

I have already stated the considerations which first induced me to wander from my original plan of selection. It once coming to be broken in upon, it presently occurred to me, that an occasional glimpse of such works or pieces as had never hitherto been translated; or, if they had, of which the language had either become obsolete or the impressions inaccessible, might not be altogether unwelcome. From such a character of work, and one which is by no means so well known as it merits to be, I have given somewhat copious extracts. And, indeed, it is an exceedingly curious one, and one of the most redeeming and suggestive which has come down to us from the middle ages. I allude to "The book of the 'Knight of the Tower,' " which he made for the instruction of his daughters." There is an *individuality* running all through it which characterises it from almost every other which I can at this moment think of; though, perhaps, I might

find it difficult to convey wherein preciſely that peculiarity conſiſts. However, let any man, be he ever ſo little, or ever ſo much practiſed as a tranſlator, ſit down to tackle him, and he will right quickly be alive to what I mean. I am ſure I have been at my very wits' end to diſcover a phraſeology ſufficiently elevated —I had almoſt ſaid, *virgin*, to meet the requirements of the caſe. Such ſlang words as "ſparks," "twitted," "rumpus," &c., which, out of a ſheer wearineſs and deſperation, I have been compelled to have recourſe to, are utterly inadmiſſible. "Tit-bits," in the ſtory of "*Her who eat the Eel*," ſhould by rights be rendered, *delicate morſels*; though I really cannot help thinking, that that moſt "notable" tale might quite as ſafely be entruſted to my poor funny telling, as to my lord's more magnificent ſimplicity. And if any man may be diſpoſed to quote againſt me the inconſiſtency of cavilling at ſuch words as "twitted," "tit-bits," &c., when others of ſo much more equivocal a value are to be pointed to in his book, I muſt be allowed to remind him, that he is confounding two things together—one, the propriety or the impropriety of introducing into ordinary converſation a vocabulary which the ſince advances of refinement have rooted from our politer dictionaries; and the other, the undeviating propenſity of a dignified delivery even upon the moſt ordinary occaſions. And if our Knight, or Sir Geffry de Lugry is to be pronounced to have been coarſe, then muſt the

finest gentleman who ever sat upon the throne of Israel, the divinest of poets, "the sweet psalmist of Israel," alike be pronounced to have been coarse. We have but to recall the language in which he thought proper to salute a lovely and a magnificent woman — one who, six months later, was destined to become his own wife — and mayhap our indignation will be somewhat qualified on the score of our Knight's. And I am willing to leave it to the honour of the gentlemen philologists to tell me whether, were certain other passages which I could point to in the lives of this and of other Scripture worthies, equally faithfully rendered, they would not be found to have been equally plainly spoken. Coarser language, even independently of its generation, has been known to fall from the lips of Edmund Burke, than any which can be laid to the charge, either of the Knight or of his authorities. And if I am far too much of a Christian to presume to throw the first stone, or the last stone at Edmund Burke, so am I far too much of a gentleman to feel either able or disposed to take his part. What I would mean by all this is simply this, that with such precedents, combinations, *possibilities* of individual ages and of individual characters before us, (to say nothing of the Japanese,) methinks it were more becoming to be a little less self-satisfied on the score of our own righteousness, and a little less sceptical of that of our progenitors. Before we are so very ready to cover their nakedness, let us be perfectly satis-

fied that they were naked. Let us have a heed left, in the laudable endeavour to ſcreen their nakedneſs, we do not unwarily diſcover ſome little of our own. "There is nothing," ſays Montaigne, (as he would trample on and ſpurn upon the pride and arrogance of man,) "more common than to meet with paſſages "of ſuch temerity. There is not any of us that will "be ſo much offended to ſee himſelf compared to God, "as he will deem himſelf wronged to be depreſſed "to the rank of the inferior creatures. So much "more jealous are we of our own intereſt than of "that of our Creator." Even ſo is it with ourſelves; ſo much more jealous are we of our own pretenſions than of our foreparents' honour.

But to return to our Knight. This old man ſeems to have been, ſo far as one can judge of him, the very *beau idéal* of a patriarchal Chriſtian gentleman and knight; that unapproachable ſomething which Richardſon, later, was for ever dreaming after, but which a man of his creeping, hothouſe education, tone, and rank of life could hardly be preſumed to be capable of ariſing to the fulleſt and ſublimeſt conception of. Clariſſa Harlowe, herſelf, did not poſſeſs a purer or more feminine mind. Yet that his book, throughout, ſmacks of the iron age of chivalry, could not but be. Had this fine and noble old man been but content to follow the dictates of his own clear, ſtrong, vigorous underſtanding, inſtead of allowing his "two clerks and his two friars"

to ſtuff his book full of all ſorts of far-fetched, threadbare moralities, gathered from his Geſta, his Apochryphæ, his Legend of the Saints, he had not then cut the ridiculous figure in the eyes of poſterity, which he moſt unhappily and aſſuredly does. For anything, at times, more provoking than the credulity and ſimplicity of the old gentleman, it is hardly poſſible to conceive.

One or two paſſages of a more than uſual naïveté, I have thought it worth while to preſerve. They will, I truſt, at leaſt in ſome degree, tend to diminiſh the illnaturedneſs, or rather narrowmindedneſs, with which we are diſpoſed to meaſure the latitude of Elizabethan manners, and conſequently, in ſome way, account for the ſame. For though the times of the Knight of the Tower were actually as near, in point of diſtance, to thoſe of Elizabeth as are our own; inſomuch as regards the aſpect of the then world, they were infinitely nearer. In the fourteenth century, a patriarchal world, in all its ſternneſs and ſimplicity, was covering half the face of Chriſtendom: nay, an almoſt *Adamite* one muſt have been prevailing upon Celtic, and poſſibly much of Saxon Europe. Surely, to this day, were it not a moſt matchleſs piece of impudence for a *Sandie* to be touchy upon the ſcore of *nether* integuments; yet do we not find the half-clad rabble, in the route of Robert Bruce, turning up their noſes at the quarter and the nil clad Welch?

"Schyr Mawrice alſua the Berclay
Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
With a gret rout off *Walis men.*
Quharevir thai yeid men mycht them ken,
For thai well ner all nakyt war;
Or lynnyn clathys had but mar."

Fyneſs Morgan aſſures us, that in his time, (that of Elizabeth,) clothing was almoſt unknown in many parts of Ireland; and that the nobles, in the more out-of-the-way quarters, ſat down themſelves, with their families and retainers, to their repaſts, as naked as in the day they were born. In this, he is at leaſt impliedly ſupported by that witty fellow, Sir John Harrington. Speaking of his reception with the great O'Neal, he obſerves: "His guard, for the moſt part, "were beardleſs boys, without ſhirts; who, in the "froſt, wade as familiarly through rivers as water "ſpaniels." And this was the greateſt man in Ireland, and at whoſe court the fineſt Engliſh gentlemen and ladies muſt often have been entertained. Nor were theſe the nations "a very far off," in Afric or in Ind; but they were thoſe which were "even very "nigh," and at hand? To turn to the more courtly races. Do we not find an aged father, ſo late as the time of Francis I., preſent, and adminiſtering to his child in the pangs of her delivery? Than which, anything more natural, ſolemn, touching, or affecting, I cannot ſo much as imagine. Were not young women and ladies (as it is in the Catholic Church to this

day,) leeches, miniſters, and miniſtering angels to the ſick and wounded of the other ſex? Did not the pages, or the ladies in waiting, frequently ſleep in the rooms with their maſters or their miſtreſſes, in the little bed, which almoſt invariably was to be found at the foot of the great one? In times of ſo much ſtern-neſs, ſimplicity, and, to a far greater extent than we are diſpoſed to give them credit for, innocence, it were no more poſſible, in our ſenſe of the word, to be niče, than it would to-day, upon a raft, in a ſiege, or in an Indian mutiny. Let no man fancy, I want to ram it down his throat, that there was no coarſeneſs in thoſe ages. Very far from it. What I mean to ſay is ſimply this: that there was no *conſcious* or *deliberate* coarſeneſs. If they were naked, they knew it not. No more did our firſt parents in the days of their innocence, or till the devil had gotten into them, and by depraving and corrupting their imaginations, prepared the way for the entrance of convictions and impreſſions, which neither God nor nature had originally implanted in their breaſts. The moral may be worth attending to; it may not, poſſibly, be altogether without its parallel. [1] Let any man but turn to "Nicholl's Progreſſes," and there obſerve the wonderful naturalneſs and felicity of the jet which the "ſavage man" was faſhioned to play, to grace the preſence of a

[1] See note A, at end.

"virgin queen," and I think it will be allowed, that ſuch an exhibition never could ſo much as have been *conceived*, not to ſay tolerated, had the ſuſpicion of there being anything indelicate about it, even for a moment, croſſed the mind of the noble entertainer. No; in proportion as ſociety becomes *more and more refined*, that is, *leſs and leſs primitive*, one by one the manners of a patriarchal world become *unfaſhionable*, (for all ſuch innovations begin with the upper claſſes), thence *vulgar*, and at length *ſcandalous*: in which, their fallen eſtate, they neceſſarily paſs into the hands of the really low and vicious, who fail not to turn them to their own account. And ſo at laſt, in another age, they arrive, in theſe degraded conditions, to be pointed to as an evidence of what they muſt have been in a former one; which, to my mind, is exceedingly unhandſome and exceedingly unequal. Every generation muſt be viewed *as a whole*, with all its compenſating, its redeeming, and counteracting features.

This book was one of thoſe which Caxton tranſlated as well as printed; ſufficient, in itſelf, to ſhow the eſtimation in which it was held in the middle ages. And, indeed, I think it will generally be found, that the character of works which ſeem to have formed the delight and ſolace of our anceſtors, will convey a high idea, as well of the moral aſpirations as the literary cravings of the ſame. However *different* I cannot, for one moment, concede the current literature of thoſe

times to be in any way inferior, either as literature, or in point of virtue, or intelligence; or, very poſſibly, reſpectability, to that of our own, or, at any rate, any intervening time. Of *ſtandard* literature I ſpeak not; nor, indeed, am I competent; nor would the compariſon be a fair one, for a thouſand conſiderations, independently of that of mere intrinſic merit. Antiquary I am none, and but a ſmatterer, at beſt, in theſe matters. Yet the little which I have read has abundantly satisfied me, that we have been much too hard, in every way, upon the feudal ages; that there was more virtue, both in high and low, more ſafety, more reſpectability, more contentment, more intelligence, more knowledge, more merriment, more liberty, than is at all popularly imagined. We may be diſpoſed to think our own times very nice times, very ſafe, very moral, very enlightened, and all the reſt of it. But let us juſt wait a bit, as Paddy would ſay, till we can hear what poſterity may have to ſay about us, and, poſſibly, we may be induced to inviſage all theſe matters a little more humbly, a little more coolly, and a little more charitably.

One of the moſt curious and invaluable morſels of mediæval literature which time has ſpared to come down to us, is, unqueſtionably, "Le voeu du heron," (The vow of the heron); of which I have given a tranſlation. What it undertakes to recount is this: the origin of that terrible deſcent upon France, on the

part of the third Edward, which eventually reſulted in the field of Poitiers and the capture of the French king. But the rude old bard ſo vividly tells his own tale, that the reader would but little thank me for attempting to anticipate the ſame. From the peruſal of ſome half-dozen pages the reader will, I durſt venture to predict, ariſe with a more perfect picture before his eyes of the old baronial court, in all its pictureſqueneſs and in all its *abandon*, than he would have done from that of almoſt as many chapters of deſcriptive narration. Had the thought been uppermoſt with me but ſimply to pleaſe, to make the moſt of the age, or piece, aſſuredly I could not have done better, or otherwiſe, than to follow the very elegant tranſlation of M. de St. Palaye. But deſirous, farther, to deal ſincerely with the reader, and, at whatever ſacrifice, to reproduce the poem, ſo far as was practicable, as I found it, I have, throughout, reverted to the original. The frequent and irreverent imprecations, (poſſibly as meaningleſs and traditional in their mouths, as are, to this day, the ſame in thoſe of the vulgar,) cannot now but ſhock and diſpleaſe. Yet, to ſuppreſs them, how much had it not taken from the character and keeping of the ſcene? In addition to this, I cannot but think, that one or two ſtrokes of an artleſs and more than redeeming naïveté have unhappily been overlooked by that gentleman.

That there has been miſapprehenſion ſomewhere,

either on the part of the poet, or of M. de St. Palaye, or of both, touching one or two of the principal characters, I think, is evident. "The thoughts of Ed-"ward," we are told in the firſt few lines, "were the "thoughts of love;" an alluſion, as M. de St. Palaye would have it, to the romantic attachment of the monarch for the lovely heroine of the "Garter." Surely this cannot be. Is it to be conceived, once allowing the Earl of Saliſbury to have been a married man, that one of the nobleſt ládies in the court, the daughter of the great Earl of Derby; himſelf a prince of the blood; ever could have allowed ſuch a declaration, in ſuch an audience, to have eſcaped from her lips, as that which is attributed to her? The thing is incredible. Even ſuppoſing the paſſion of the monarch thus early to have been betrayed, that will not help the matter, as this lady never did become the wife of the earl. But as to where, or how, the miſapprehenſion aroſe, it is hardly now worth ſtopping to inquire, eſpecially as the poem throughout is one tiſſue of anachroniſms and inconſiſtencies. I ſhould not have troubled the reader with this digreſſion, had I not been jealous to remove any unneceſſary impreſſions, to the diſadvantage of an age which, goodneſs knows, has enough to anſwer for, without thus heedleſſly ſurcharging it. The lady diſtinctly ſays and means, that ſhe will not confer her hand on any other man, till ſhe can have ſeen her lover return in ſafety, his vow accompliſhed.

The poem itſelf, as poetry, has but little to recommend it; but as a ſketch of feudal manners it is invaluable. To poetry it may be ſaid to ſtand in about the ſame relation that ſtenography does to copperplate; or "cipher" to the "pomp of phraſe, the period of a "mile." In a word, it is *Blind Harry* all over; than which, with all due deference to Sir Walter be it ſaid, it is hardly poſſible to conceive any one thing more lamentable. Taking it as a baſis, it has been my endeavour to ſummon up before the reader this ſovereign feaſt in all its picturesqueneſs, its ſavageneſs, its enthuſiaſm, its animation; in fact, in the language of poliſhed and of courtly ladies and gentlemen of our own time, to ſhow them the images of their rude and unlettered, yet natively eloquent, fiery, and turbulent progenitors. However homely, primitive, to our ears uncouth, the language would have been, we may depend upon it the ſcene was a ſtirring one and an animated one, one worth going many a long mile to have witneſſed. That animation, the animation of *ſuch breaſts*, I have ſought to recover and to repreſent in the language which, had that of to-day been then in vogue, theſe men and theſe women had employed. Here we have before us, to the life, the haughty and vindictive king, the reſtleſs and the gallant noble; the mercenary, the worſe than ſcoundrel adventurer; the women, as are but too many of them to this day, with their minds of children, though, heaven be praiſed, as

they no longer are, with their dugs of tigers; the pages, harpers, damſels, with all the precious riot and diſorder of a feudal royal entertainment.

Now, if a moment ago I may have referred ſomewhat contemptuouſly to one of the *Abbotsford idols*, ſo far was I from offering to bring into any diſcredit the *perſuaſion* of the great romancer, that, on the contrary, I was meditating a compliment to his unparalleled imaginative and concoctive powers. I am ſure, by what conceivable proceſs he can have taken in, as he did, on the one hand his "Blind Harrys," his "Thomases of Ercildoune," his "Bruces," and ſuch like traſh, and turned them out, on the other, "Waverleys" and "Tales of a Grandfather," for the life of me, I cannot imagine. What ſort of a patent, metamorphizing apparatus the man muſt have been poſſeſſed of, it is beyond the compaſs of my poor apprehenſion to divine. Why, the Yankee brag to take in a porker at one end and to turn him out a toothbruſh and ſauſage at the other, is a fool to it. Nor do I conceive that there is any ſurer touchſtone of an imaginative and a working mind, than an honeſt and an unaffected love of old literature. Yet, when Sir Walter will talk, ſo big, of the "ſplendid pages of Froiſſart," I confeſs that I, for one, cannot go thus far with him. The admiration of Sir Philip Sydney for the fine old ballad of "Chevy Chace," is much more judiciouſly qualified. "I never heard," ſays he, "the old ſong

"of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart "moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is ſung "but by ſome blinde crowder, with no rougher voice than "rude ſtyle; which beeing ſo evill apparelled in the "duſt and cobweb of that uncivile age, what would it "work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare?"

As much aſk I; and the moſt gorgeous literature ever will and muſt be, literature conceived or written in a ruder age, and poliſhed and worked up in a more refined. "The Anacreon of Cowley," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "like the Homer of Pope, has admitted the "decoration of ſome modern graces, by which he is "undoubtedly more amiable to common readers, and "perhaps, if they would honeſtly declare their own per-"ceptions, to far the greater part of thoſe whom courteſy "and ignorance are content to ſtyle, the learned." And it is only in proportion as a man may have in himſelf, by nature, *this Pindaric faculty*, that he will be capacitated to the enjoyment of antiquity. If by nature it is denied to him, then muſt he wait till the *ſtimulant of colouring* has been ſuperinduced, ere, in his admiration, he is to be credited. For ſimply to take in but what we ſee before us, and no more, I cannot wonder at any man miſliking theſe old worthies, for they are poor, and lame, and bald. But, again, if they are all this, ſo are they, in revenge, a certain ſomething which this more refined age never has attained to, and poſſibly never may. There is a ſimplicity, an artleſſneſs,

a lucidity, about the old writers, which, even ſuppoſing it to be now capable, theoretically, of recovery, would probably be found too trifling to meet the exigencies of the preſent more artificial tone of our language and manners. The long and the ſhort of it is, that although I proteſt that no man is, or can be, a more ſincere admirer of our Chaucers and our Froiſſarts than myſelf; at the ſame time I muſt be honeſt enough to confeſs, that I cannot rank them with their reputation. "Ornate" they may be—a great word in thoſe times, but ornate enough for theſe more ornate ones moſt certainly they are not. Dryden well knew this: ſo did Pope. How could it be otherwiſe! Language, as the ſciences, as the arts, as everything elſe, was but in its infancy. Natural eloquence there was; but ſtudied or written there was not. Nor was language then dwelt on, as an accompliſhment, as it now is. But all this is ſo evident and allowed, that it were but idle to inſiſt on it.

Before I take my leave of Froiſſart, (for, I believe, it is he who is uppermoſt,) I may as well ſtate, that neither do the tranſlations of Lord Berners nor of Colonel Johnes appear to me to be particularly felicitous. That of the former is woefully obſolete. That of Colonel Johnes is a much better one, in very many reſpects. Indeed, they are each good tranſlations, in the ſenſe of faithful ones. But, ſurely, ſomething *more* is called for, in ſuch a caſe, than a merely literal

rendering. And, indeed, as a general rule, there is no more delicate taſk, than preciſely to determine in what manner a work, caſt in a comparatively rude age, is to be reproduced in a more refined. No two, almoſt ever, demand to be treated alike, ſo much depends on the condition in which they have come down to us, the age in which they appeared, the original capacity that dictated them. If we clearly ſee, as in the caſe of Froiſſart, that every element to magnificent writing; gravity, pathos, ſublimity, purity, elevation, is there, and that nothing is wanting but grammar and language, (items, hardly then in exiſtence,) is it not heartleſs, is it not an unbecoming liberty, to introduce ſuch a man, upon ſuch a ſtage, in all his native penury? I ſay, we are clearly warranted in giving to him, ſo far as our poor abilities will enable us, all that poliſh and finiſh which he, unqueſtionably, ſo much better would have done, had but the implements to work with, or the materials to work upon, been, in his time, at his diſpoſal. This may not be the higheſt of literary morality; but it is quite as high as can reaſonably be expected from a man who profeſſes himſelf to be a diſciple of rough old Montaigne and of our own John Dryden. But let the morality of the matter be what it may, as, after all, the end of book-making is to pleaſe and to be read, if ſome ſuch artifice is not had recourſe to, nobody will read theſe old authors; or, if they are read, it will only be, in nine caſes out of ten, of poor, ſilly ſuper-

ſtitious fools, who know no better. And let them ever ſo much perſuade themſelves that they enjoy them, to ſuppoſe that they really do, would be paying them infinitely too much honour.

The mention of Montaigne reminds me that I have a word or two to ſay touching that old worthy; if not the greateſt, certainly the moſt unpretending and rational of philoſophers. Coming, accidentally, the other day, to fall upon the late William Hazlitt's reviſed edition of Mr. Cotton's tranſlation, and, about the ſame time, upon that of M. Florio, I was ſo much ſtruck with the inferiority of the former, that I thought it would not be altogether an unbecoming exerciſe of this, our literary humanity, to call, if poſſible, the attention of the public to the very great ſlight which has been offered to the memory of M. Florio, as well as injuſtice to that of Montaigne. In fact, what can have induced Mr. Hazlitt, if a new edition was called for, to adopt as its baſis that of Mr. Cotton, I am at a loſs to divine, and can only account for it by ſuppoſing that he never gave himſelf the trouble to look into the other. Nor would I have the confidence to advance my opinion againſt that of Mr. Hazlitt, had not that gentleman, unconſciouſly, been at the trouble, with his own ſhowing, to demonſtrate, that that tranſlation was very far from being all which it pretended to be, or might be. For, I am ſure, if any man will but be at the pains to peruſe that moſt noble and cha-

racteristic paſſage in the travels, where Montaigne falls to moraliſe of Rome ſepulchral; or the death-bed of Etienne de la Boetie, (both tranſlated by Mr. Hazlitt himſelf, and each coming up to *my* ideas of a perfect tranſlation,) and then to turn back to the eſſays, he will be compelled to ſurmiſe, that, ſuppoſing there to have been but *one* tranſlator, then muſt there have been *two* Montaignes. In truth, Mr. Cotton's is a miſerable tranſlation; or, to ſpeak more accurately, Mr. Cotton was a miſerable tranſlator; for the translation, itſelf, is a fair one enough. And that it is a fair one enough, Mr. Cotton may thank the labours of his predeceſſor. Had he not had his foundation to build upon, he had been nowhere with his tranſlation. That of M. Florio is far from perfect; but a very ſlight reviſion might have made it ſo. So far as regards the recovery and the transfuſion of the *ſpirit*, it is unapproachable. In the beſt paſſages, (and it is there where the maſter hand will ever ſhow itſelf), he is not to be ſurpaſſed, whilſt the feebler and more obſcure could eaſily have been touched up and remedied. Indeed, it is hardly poſſible to ſpeak too highly of this gentleman's labours; and it were about as unreaſonable to compare Mr. Cotton with M. Florio, as the Langhornes, (men, a good deal of Mr. Cotton's calibre,) with Jacques Amyot, whoſe tranſlation of the "philoſophy" of Plutarch is a very miracle of transfuſion. And this, though I may not ſo much as

know one word of Greek, I ſhall not ſtick to allege. For, albeit, I may not *know Greek*, I will venture, (borrowing a little of Mr. Cotton's ſelf-complacency,) to ſay, that I *know Plutarch* as well as any man alive. I believe we are all agreed, that there never was a more difficult author to tranſlate than Montaigne; nay, in great part, to underſtand. Anything more nervous, terſe, compreſſed, vigorous, than his diction, it were hardly poſſible to conceive; yet withal, more enigmatic or obſcure. Its very ſtrength is its weakneſs. For this, doubtleſs, not a little, the poverty of the age was anſwerable. Though, indeed, if Dryden is to be ſupported in one, as it appears to me, of the moſt unaccountable, I had almoſt ſaid nonſenſical paſſages which I ever remember to have read; inſtead of his ſtrength being his weakneſs, his weakneſs would become his ſtrength. I am neither behind Dryden, nor any other man, in my admiration of a nervous, a pithy and ſententious ſtyle; yet am not I going to defend it at the expenſe of common reaſon or of common ſenſe.

"He," (Virgil,) ſays Dryden, "had the advantage "of a language wherein much may be comprehended "in a little ſpace. We, and all the modern tongues, "have more articles and pronouns, beſides ſigns of "tenſes and caſes, and other barbarities, on which our "ſpeech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The "Romans founded theirs upon the Greeks, and the "Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred

" years upon their language, before they brought it to " perfection. They rejected all thoſe ſigns, and cut " off as many articles as they could ſpare; compre- " hending in one word what we are conſtrained to " expreſs in two; which is one reaſon why we cannot " write ſo concifely as they have done. The word " *pater*, for example, ſignifies not only *a* father, but " *your* father, *my* father, *his* or *her* father, all included in " a word.

" This inconvenience is common to all modern " tongues; and, this alone conſtrains us to employ " more words than the ancients needed." But, having " before obſerved, that Virgil endeavours to be ſhort, " and at the ſame time elegant, I purſue the excellence " and forſake the brevity." Nor is Gray one jot behind him, either in inconſiſtency or in inconſideration. " I think," writes he to Weſt, " you have tranſlated " Tacitus very juſtly, that is, freely; and accommo- " dated his thoughts to the turn and genius of our lan- " guage; which, though I commend your judgment, " is no commendation of the Engliſh tongue, which is " too diffuſe, and daily grows more and more ener- " vate. One ſhall never be more ſenſible of this than " in turning an author like Tacitus. I have been " trying it in ſome parts of Theucidydes (who has a " little reſemblance of him in his conciſeneſs), and en- " deavoured to do it cloſely, but found it produce mere " nonſenſe." Into ſuch miſerable abſurdities, ſtraits,

dilemmas, as theſe, are even the cleareſt heads betrayed of this blind, this bigoted, this beſotted admiration of antiquity! Why could not the man, boldly and at once, admit of them, as I do of Montaigne, *that they wrote crabbedly, or nonſenſe?* for, to *write* nonſenſe, is not *neceſſarily* either to *think* it, *expreſs* it, or *convey* it.

Whether Mr. Cotton or M. Florio were the fitter man to grapple with, or tackle ſuch a ſpirit, or which were maſter of the finer hand, I am not afraid to leave it to any man of fair, ordinary parts, from the compariſon of the two following renderings, to ſay.

M. FLORIO.

AUGUSTUS ſeemed very glad to have found an advocate of his humour, and having thanked his wife, and countermanded his friends, whom he had ſummoned to the counſell, commanded Cinna to be brought before him alone. Then ſending all men out of his chamber, and a chaire (being) prepared for Cinna to ſit in, he thus beſpake him: "Firſt, Cinna, I require to have gentle audience, and that thou wilt not interrupt my ſpeech, which ended, I will give thee time and leiſure to anſwer me. Thou knoweſt, O Cinna, that when I had taken thee priſoner in mine enemies campe, who waſt not only become, but borne my foe; I

MR. COTTON.

AUGUSTUS was glad that he had met with an advocate of his own humour, wherefore having thanked his wife, and in the morning countermanded the friends he had ſummoned to counſel, he commanded Cinna all alone to be brought to him; who, being come, and a chair by his appointment ſet him, and having commanded every one elſe out of the room, he ſpoke to him after this manner: "In the firſt place, Cinna, I demand of thee patient audience; do not interrupt me in what I am about to ſay, and I will afterwards give thee full time and leiſure to anſwer. Thou knoweſt, Cinna, that having taken thee priſoner in

ſaved thee, then put thee in quiet poſſeſſion of thy goods, and at laſt, have ſo enriched thee, and placed thee in ſo high a degree, that even the conquerours are become envious over the conquered. The prieſt's office, which thou beggedſt at my hands, I freely beſtowed on thee, having firſt refuſed the ſame to others, whoſe fathers and friends had in many battels ſhed their bloud for me. After all which benefits, and that I had in dutie tied thee ſo faſt unto me, thou haſt notwithſtanding undertaken to kill me." To whom Cinna replied, crying alowd, "That he had never ſo much as conceived ſo wicked a thought, much leſſe entertained the ſame." "O Cinna, this is not according to thy promiſe," anſwered then Auguſtus, "which was, that thou would'ſt not interrupt me. What I ſay, is true, thou haſt undertaken to murther me, in ſuch a place, on ſuch a day, in ſuch a company, and in ſuch manner." And ſeeing him amazed at heart, and by his evidence ſtrucken dumbe; moved thereunto, not by the condition of his promiſe, but by the guilt of his ſelfe-accuſing conſcience; "why wouldeſt thou do it," replied he; "is it becauſe thou wouldeſt be emthe enemy's camp, and though then wert thyſelf mine enemy, and born ſo, I gave thee thy life, reſtored thee thy eſtate, and by degrees put thee in ſo good a poſition that the victorious envied the conquered. The ſacerdotal office, which thou madeſt ſuit to me for, I conferred upon thee, after having denied it to others, whoſe fathers have ever borne arms in my ſervice. Having done all this for thee, thou haſt undertaken to kill me." At which Cinna crying out that he was far from entertaining ſo wicked a thought: "Thou doſt not keep thy promiſe, Cinna," continued Auguſtus, "that thou would'ſt not interrupt me. Yes, thou haſt undertaken to murder me in ſuch a place, ſuch a day, in ſuch and ſuch company, and in ſuch a manner." At which words ſeeing Cinna aſtoniſhed and ſilent, not upon the account of his promiſe ſo to be, but interdict with the conſcience of his crime: "Why," proceeded Auguſtus, "to what end would'ſt thou do it? Is it to be emperor? Believe me, the republic is in a very bad condition, if I am the only man betwixt thee and the empire. Thou art not able to defend ſo much as thy own houſe, and but the other day

perour? Truely the commonwealth is but in hard condition, if none but myſelfe hinder thee from the empire. Thou canſt not ſo much as defend thine owne houſe, and didſt but lately loſe a proceſſe, only by the favor of a ſeely libertine. What? haſt thou no meane or power in any other matter, but to attempt Cæſar's life? I quit it, if there be no man but myſelf to impeache thy hopes. Suppoſe thou that Paulus, that Fabius, that the Caſſenians or the Servillianes will ever permit thee? and ſo great a troupe of noble men, noble, not only by name, but ſuch as by their virtues honour their nobilitie, will ever ſuffer it?" After many other ſuch like diſcourſes, (for he talked with him more than two hours) he ſaid to him, "Away, O Cinna, that life which once I gave thee, as to an enemie, I now give thee againe, as a traitour and a patricide. Let a true friendſhip, from this day forward, begin betweene us; let us ſtrive together, which of us two, with a better faith, ſhall out-goe the other, and whether I have given thy life, or thou haſt received the ſame with great (greater) confidence;" and ſo left him. (Eſſay xxiii. Book 1.)

waſt baffled in a ſuit by the oppoſed intereſt of a manumitted ſlave. What, haſt thou neither means nor power in any other thing, than only to attempt againſt Cæſar? I will reſign the empire, if there is no other but I to obſtruct thy hopes: but canſt thou believe that Paulus, that Fabius, that the Caſſii and the Servilii, and ſo many noble Romans, not only ſo in title, but who by their virtue honour their nobility, would endure thee?" After this, and a great deal more that he ſaid to him (for he was more than two hours ſpeaking), "Go, Cinna, go thy way," ſaid he; "I again give thee that life as a traitor and a parricide which I once before gave thee as an enemy. Let friendſhip from this time forward begin betwixt us, and let us try to make it appear whether I have given, or thou haſt received, thy life with the better faith;" and ſo departed from him. (Eſſay xxiii. Book 1.)

The verſion of M. Florio, as the reader will perceive, is moſt wretchedly printed, as, indeed, are almoſt all our old books. Whether Mr. Cotton is altogether right in rendering *la choſe publique*, in the mouth of an emperor, *republic*, I leave it to thoſe who are more competent ſcholars than myſelf to ſay.

M. FLORIO.

THESE ſentences of the Holy Ghoſt doe ſo lively and manifeſtly expreſſe what I would maintaine, as I ſhould neede no other proofe againſt ſuch as, with all ſubmiſſion and obeyſance, would yeeld to his authority. But theſe will need be whipt to their owne coſt, and cannot abide their reaſon to be combated, but by itſelfe. Let us now but conſider man, alone, without other help, armed but with his owne weapons, and unprovided of the grace and knowledge of God, which is all his honour, all his ſtrength, and all the ground of his being. Let us ſee what holdfaſt, or freehold he hath in this gorgeous and goodly equipage. Let him, with the utmoſt power of his diſcourſe, make me underſtand, upon what foundation he hath built thoſe great advantages and ods, he ſuppoſeth to have over other creatures. Who hath perſwaded him, that this

MR. COTTON.

THESE ſentences of the Holy Spirit do ſo clearly and vividly expreſs that which I would maintain, that I ſhould need no other proof againſt men who would with all humility and obedience ſubmit to his authority; but theſe will be whipped at their own expenſe, and will not ſuffer a man to oppoſe their reaſon but by itſelf.

Let us then, for once, conſider *a* man alone, without foreign aſſiſtance, armed only with his own proper arms, and unfurniſhed of the divine grace and wiſdom, which is all his honour, ſtrength, and the foundation of his being. Let us ſee how he ſtands in this fine equipage. Let him make me underſtand, by the force of his reaſon, upon what foundation he hath built thoſe great advantages he thinks he has over other creatures. Who has made him believe that this admirable motion of the celeſtial arch, the eternal light of thoſe luminaries

admirable moving of heaven's vaults; that the eternal light of these lampes, so fiercely rowling over his head; that the horror-moving and continual motion of this infinite vaste ocean, were establisht, and continue, so many ages, for his commoditie and service! Is it possible to imagine anything so ridiculous, as this miserable and wreched creature, which is not so much as master of himselfe, exposed and subject to offences of all things, and yet dareth call himselfe master and emperour of this universe? In whose power it is not to know the least part of it, much lesse to command the same. And the privilege which he so fondly challengeth, to be the onely absolute creature in this huge world's frame, perfectly able to know the absolute beautie, and severall parts thereof, and that he is only of power to yeeld the great Architect thereof, due thankes for it, and to keepe account both of the receipts and layings out of the world — who hath sealed him this patent? Let him shew us his letters of privilege, for so noble and so great a charge. Have they been granted onely in favour of the wise? Then concern they but a few. Are that roll so high over his head, the wondrous and fearful motions of that infinite ocean, should be establisht and continue so many ages for his service and convenience? Can anything be imagined so ridiculous, that this miserable and wretched creature, who is not so much as master of himself, but subject to the injuries of all things, should call himself master and emperor of the world, of which he has not power to know the least part, much less to command the whole? And the privilege which he attributes to himself of being the only creature in this vast fabric who has the understanding to discover the beauty and the parts of it; the only one who can return thanks to the Architect, and keep account of the revenues and disbursements of the world; who, I wonder, sealed him this patent? Let us see his commission for this great employment. Was it granted in favour of the wise only? Few people will be concerned in it. Are fools and wicked persons worthy so extraordinary a favour, and being the worst part of the world, to be preferred before the rest? (Essay xii. Book II.)

the fooliſh and wicked worthy of ſo extraordinary a favour, who, being the worſt of the world, ſhould they be preferred before the reſt? (Eſſay xii. Book II.)

To a ſlight error on the part of Mr. Cotton, though clearly originating in a mere ſlip of the pen, I have called the reader's attention. The particle, *a*, in italics, ſhould be omitted. Man is ſpoken of in the abſtract, not in the individual.

Mr. Cotton tells us, with conſiderable confidence, "that he knows French as well as any man." This I will allow. But, in return, I muſt be permitted to take the liberty of aſking him, What ſort of a title is that, for the man to come before the world with, who would aſpire to be the intermedium of any ſuch ſpirit? What is it to know French? I will be ſo bold as to tell him, that "to know French," is *to know nothing*. Everybody knows French. The thing is, *to know Montaigne*. To know French is one thing; to know Montaigne is another; and that other is a very other, than, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, it ever entered into his philoſophy to dream of. If to know a language, in the ſenſe that a mere grammarian, or the lexicographer may be ſaid to know it, is to be enough to conſtitute a man a characteriſtic writer, at firſt or ſecond hand, then muſt the late Dr. Noah Webſter have been one of the greateſt writers, and moſt penetrating ſpirits of his

time. Yet have I never heard that he was looked upon as either. When a man is ſaid to be a maſter of language, how many other qualifications, faculties, attributes, does it not, impliedly, allow him to be poſſeſſed of, and of which *mere language* is but the index? Now, though tranſlation may be a ſubject which the criticiſm of Dryden may be ſaid to have well nigh exhauſted, and though he were a man to whoſe *dictum*, as a laſt appeal, we all muſt bow; nevertheleſs, as it is one to which I have, at one time or another, devoted a very great deal of thought and attention, and on which, without too much indulgence, I think that I am fairly entitled, at leaſt to an hearing; I will, without farther apology, take the liberty of ſlightly enlarging on the ſame.

In the firſt place, I muſt confeſs myſelf to be of the mind of Dryden, which I alſo take to be that of Scott; the former of whom diſtinctly holds it to be a more indiſpenſable qualification, on the part of a tranſlator, to be maſter of the language *into* which he tranſlates, than of that *out* of which he tranſlates. The *firſt* requirement, in my opinion, which he is called upon to evidence, in the department of polite literature, or what the French call, *Belles Lettres*, is the poſſeſſion of a kindred ſoul, ſpirit, genius, and temperament to that of the original; in that of the abſtract ſciences, a familiarity with the ſubject matter of the work. In both caſes, the *ſecond* I take to be, a proficiency in his

own tongue; and the *third*, a familiarity with that out of which he tranſlates. Nay, I am prepared to go yet farther, and to ſay, that where the two former are poſſeſſed in an adequate and a compenſatory degree, the third might be entirely diſpenſed with. And why, (bating ſome little extravagance,) ſhould this appear ſo very wonderful? or what elſe is it, now that I think on it, than that which Dryden ſo movingly tells us of Plutarch, and on that great man's own authority, "that "till the declination of his age he began not to be con- "verſant in Latin books; in reading of which it happened "ſomewhat oddly to him, that he learnt not the know- "ledge of things by words, but, by the underſtanding "and uſe he had of things, attained to the knowledge of "words which ſignified them: juſt as Adam (ſetting "aſide Divine illumination) called the creatures by "their proper names, by firſt underſtanding of their "natures;" or, if I might be allowed, without too much irreverence, yet farther to puſh the parallel, I would ſay, To what end were ſuch a man curious or ſolicitous of that which came *from* man, ſeeing that "he knew "what was *in* man?" Let all this go for what it is worth; which, poſſibly, is not much. So far as concerns myſelf, I am free to admit, that though I might fight ſhy, as long as poſſible, of ſuch a taſk, I would as fearleſſly undertake to turn any ſtandard, characteriſtic author out of Japaneſe, or Chineſe, as out of French: that is, if it were made worth my while. Now, if any

man may feel inclined to tell me, that I am talking paradoxically, or conceitedly, or like a fool, I can only reply by aſking him, If a year, or a month, or a week, or a day, goes over our heads, in which my lords, ſecretaries for Foreign Affairs, do not make themſelves maſters of deſpatches in every language under heaven, and on the right apprehenſion of which, not merely the ſafety of this great nation is impending, but that of their own heads *might* be impending; and this, too, in a very more conſcientious manner than ever Mr. Pope made himſelf maſter of his Homer, or Mr. Dryden of his Virgil? The thing is obvious that it is ſo, and that it muſt be ſo: and if ſo, how is this mighty piece of buſineſs brought about? Through interpreters. Now, with every reſpect for the gentlemen, interpreters to the Foreign Office, I hope that I may, without too much derogation to their manifold accompliſhments, inſinuate, that my Lord John Ruſſell, or my Lord Clarendon, muſt be conceded to be men ſomewhat more competent, as well by their education as their ſuperior intelligence and familiarity with all the bearings of affairs, to give a ſpirited, technical, and finiſhed tranſlation of their original, rough, and *literal* drafts, than are they themſelves. Is it to be preſumed that the laſt touch and finiſh is ever given by other than the chief ſecretary's own hand, to the more important foreign deſpatches, ere finding their way to the table of the Houſe? Certainly not. Now why, may I aſk,

might not an intelligent interpreter, judiciouſly conſulted, perform the ſame office toward the *laſt* tranſlator, which theſe gentlemen do toward my lord ſecretary? I ſay, *laſt*, as I am anxious, as quickly as may be, to bring my theory of tranſlation before the reader. It is one in which, however, I find myſelf to have been anticipated, unknown to me, by Dryden; and that is, that good tranſlations ſeldom or never will be effected, more eſpecially out of the obſcurer tongues, ſave when undertaken by "confederacies" of men.

Rightly conſidered, as many ſucceſſive operations muſt be gone through, to carry to its concluſion the tranſlation of a great ſtandard work, as are required, if not to make a pin, at leaſt a ſtatue; and in nothing is a *diviſion of labour* more imperatively called for. Theoretically, and, to a conſiderable extent, practically, this and many of the following obſervations will equally apply to original compoſition. Witneſs the "Eſſay on Man," of which, as the ſtory goes, Bolingbroke furniſhed the original ſubſtance or proſe; Pope, the colouring or poetry. One ſtage this man can quicker or better perform, another that. One can bring his hiſtorical, another philoſophical, proficiency to bear; and ſo throughout. But, to waive all this: I will ſuppoſe, that to compaſs a well finiſhed, *ſtandard* tranſlation, three tranſcripts at the very leaſt are required. The firſt, to embody the rough ſubſtance; the ſecond, to mould that ſubſtance into ſhape; and the third, to

infuſe into it, if I might ſo ſpeak, the ſpirit and the breath of life. Such as the following ſpecimens are, finiſhed or unfiniſhed, every one of them has been written over three ſeveral times; ſome have oftener. Now, I unheſitatingly ſay, that I could, this day, lay my hands on half-a-dozen perſons; as good as or better Frenchmen than myſelf; who could, with very little practice, ſucceed in throwing off the firſt, if not the ſecond impreſſion, quite as much to my mind as I might myſelf; yet, to not one of whom, either can I, or will I, pay the compliment to ſuppoſe that they would ever arrive to turn out the third, as I ſhould. Now, if this holds good of the French language, why might it not of any other language? Is my Lord John Ruſſell more apprehenſive of his Ruſſian interpreter than of his German? Not he. The one confidence is at the root of both. And this is the principle upon which, a moment ago, I ſtated myſelf to be willing, if called upon, to tranſlate out of Chineſe or out of Japaneſe. We are much too timid and ſuperſtitious in all theſe matters. *Theoretically ſpeaking*, for, *practically*, it is but partially true, it were as unreaſonable to require a Pope or a Dryden to be acquainted with the language *out* of which he tranſlates, as a Michael Angelo to turn quarry-man, and blaſt his own "Moſes" from the bowels of Carrara. There is a propriety in all things. Beſides, I think it will be found, that men who have been unparalleled maſters in their own tongue, have rarely or

never been proficients in another. Juſt as the muſician who performs to admiration upon one inſtrument, will rarely, or never, care to meddle with a ſecond. It would be the work of a lifetime, (ſuppoſing ſuch a thing to be *poſſible*, which I very much queſtion,) for any man to arrive to be a perfect maſter of his own language, let alone another. And preciſely in proportion as he became more and more that maſter, would he more and more recoil from, and ſpurn that other; his very pride diſdaining to be a ſmatterer in anything. If, then, as when we ſpeak of a *Rembrandt*, or a *Van Dyke*, we ſpeak of the head and not the tail; of the gathering of a brow, the piercing of an eye, the curl of a lip, the withering of a glance; and not of doublets, of rochets, of laſchets, or of hoſen; ſo, when we ſpeak of maſter literature, we ſpeak of enthuſiasm, of elevation, of imagination; of majeſty, of pathos, of weightineſs, of humour, of irony; and not of grammars, of lexicons, of quibbles, or of roots. If this be ſo, how vain, how very vain, were it for any man to think to transfer the beauties and the graces of one language into another language, who was in anything leſs maſter of that other than was the original author of his; in a word, for any other than the man of kindred ſoul, kindred ſpirit, and kindred, in point of language, powers! A thouſand *maîtres d'école*, of the *deuxième claſſe*, might be entruſted to render into French, the ſubſtance of "Othello";

but the man lives not this day in France, nor ever did live, nor ever will live, who either could riſe, or did riſe, or will riſe to the ſublimity of the apprehenſion of the original. It were an aſcendency which God and Nature hath denied to them and to all their progeny; from the very eſſence, tenure, and conſtitution of their being. And though a man may have turned over all the books which ever yet were writ; though he know all knowledge; yea, though he know all the tongues into which God the days of Babel cleft; if he poſſeſs not genius, if he poſſeſs not inſpiration, if he poſſeſs not that knowledge which cometh from *within* and not from *without*, that knowledge which is above all knowledge, no price can purchaſe, nor toil acquire; he is no better than a babbler; he is but a ſounding braſs, and he is but a tinkling cymbal!

And this is all which I have to ſay on this branch of the firſt head; that a ſmattering of a language, in fact, juſt enough to enable him to catch the ſpirit, and attend to the obſervations of a judicious friend or interpreter, is all that is required on the part of the tranſlator. For a good tranſlator ſhould be as competent, and as unerringly, to recover the ſpirit, nay, the *letter*, of an original; on the beholding of the moſt miſerable of tranſlations, as the ſkilful phyſician, blindfold; from the ear, the touch, to pronounce upon the temperament of his patient; ſanguine, lymphatic, nervous. There is an *individuality* running through all

nature, and all her emanations, which never is, nor ever *can* be violated or miſtaken; though every man may not be *Lavater* enough to uncover her myſteries.

I have already ſaid, that to be maſter of a ſubject, in matters of mere technical knowledge, correſponds to the poſſeſſion of a kindred ſoul and ſpirit, in thoſe of genius and of accompliſhment. To tranſlate Shakeſpere would demand the intermedium of a kindred ſpirit: to tranſlate the "Principia," a familiarity with the higher mathematics. Newton knew French; yet what ſort of a tranſlation, I ſhould like to know, would he have given us of Montaigne? Why, I very much queſtion if he could have underſtood ſo much as one page in ten of him. For, out of mathematics, the unfortunate man was little better than deficient: yet, to tranſlate a *Des Cartes*, who ſo fit? So, as I ſaid before, when ſpeaking of Cotton, that as it is only where there is community of ſoul that there can be transfuſion of ſoul; ſo, in the tranſlation of the abſtract ſciences, anſwerable purſuits, taſtes, acquirements, are the requiſites to be diſplayed by the operator. Do we not all know, each by his own experience — painter, parſon, ſhip, how much more readily we can catch the meaning of a foreigner, when deſcanting on a ſubject of which we are the maſter, than on one with which we are unacquainted? And why? becauſe the purport being familiar to us, one word, though caught but at the interval of ten, as *Snyder*, *Saviour*, *ſhape*, will ſerve to

give us the key to a whole tiſſue of gibberiſh, which, otherwiſe, we never could have made either head or tail of. Now, even as thoſe poor ſcattered words will enable the bewildered liſtener to ſeize upon the meaning of a whole diſcourſe, ſcarce another ſyllable of which he can be ſaid ſo much as to have *heard*; ſo will the moſt wretched tranſlation empower the man of a kindred and of a piercing ſpirit, to penetrate the very vitality, to inſinuate his ſoul into the very ſoul of the original, in all its airineſs and in all its individuality. In a word, the meaſure of a tranſlator is the meaſure of his intelligence. "I ſhall not," ſays Scott, "ſoon forget the ſwelling of my little pride when the "Rector pronounced, that though many of my ſchool-"fellows underſtood the Latin better, *Gualterus Scott* "was behind few in following and enjoying the author's "meaning." And if this may have been ſaid of him in his youth, how much more might it in his old age? And let this ever be remembered, that whilſt "*it is the* "*letter which killeth, it is the ſpirit that giveth life.*"

However this be, this may we depend upon, that never ſhall we ſee among us a perfect and an economical ſyſtem of tranſlation, more eſpecially out of the leſs cultivated tongues, till two or more parties, reſpectively maſters of the one and of the other, can come to act underſtandingly together. It is madneſs to ſuppoſe that the one man can poſſeſs, in the *higheſt degree*, (and a *leſſer* will not ſerve the purpoſe) the faculties of

a great philologiſt and of a great writer; be, at once, a Bentley and a Pope. Different attributes, different organiſations, are required in the one caſe and in the other; yet, alike, are imperatively called for to make a good tranſlator, or rather, a good tranſlation. The gifts, in themſelves, are equally rare. Neither is more honourable; neither is leſs material than the other: nor ſhould there be any cauſe for jealouſy or miſunderſtanding. If a dozen cabinet miniſters can manage to pull together, ſurely half-a-dozen ſcholars might. The tranſlators of the Bible did. I would have your Pope to ſay to your philologiſt, "Sir, from your ſcience, "would it appear to you that ſuch a word, or ſuch a "paſſage, which you find to be ſo and ſo, could, with-"out too much violence, be ſuppoſed capable of this "or that other conſtruction? It jumps not well with "the genius of the context, or our man." Again, I would have the philologiſt to return to him, "Sir, to "be plain with you, I muſt tell you, that you have not, "here, come up to the original; there is a finer vein of "irony running through this paſſage than you ſeem to "me to be aware of;" or, "there is too little energy," or, "there is too much fire." In a word, it is the province of the philologiſt, *as a philologiſt*, to reproduce the ſubſtance of the original in its *actual integrity*, with all its imperfections on its head; in which ſtage, it becomes that of the man of kindred ſoul and ſpirit to take the matter up, and, by the application of that ſpirit,

to carry it on to its laſt perfection. With him, in all caſes of diſcrepancy or miſunderſtanding, muſt the final word abide. But, till all this matter is more thoroughly underſtood, in vain need we look for, or hope to ſee among us, a grand and a comprehenſive ſchool, or ſcheme of tranſlation. By which I would mean, ſuch an one as might effectually, and for ever, emancipate us from the drudgery, the monkery of the ſchools. For, once ſuppoſing, that by one vigorous effort, (which, probably, two or three generations might carry through,) Homer, Virgil, Livy, Tacitus, with all the lot of them, could be, ſeverally, as felicitouſly reproduced, as, ſay, the Hebrew Bible has been by the original tranſlators; ſurely there is no man who would be inſane enough, one other day, to perpetuate the affront which, generation after generation, is offered in our public halls and ſeminaries, to the nobleſt literature, if not language, of which the world hath ever heard tell; and which, had they been the moſt abject, reaſon the more that they ſhould have been adjudged the preference. But this is a ſubject on which, really, ſo ſtrongly, ſo indignantly do I feel, that, farther than to touch on it, I dare not, nor will I.

In ſome reſpects the qualifications demanded of a tranſlator, are thoſe that we find in an *actor*; which qualifications, again, ſtand in about as humble a relation to thoſe which muſt adorn an original, as the perſonifications of a Garrick to the conceptions of a Shake-

ſpere. To write "Rejected Addreſſes," or "imita-"tions" of this or that ſtyle, is to endeavour to acquit oneſelf, under an aſſumed poſition, as another aſſumed one had done. To tranſlate, is to endeavour *to be* that other one; to throw yourſelf, body and ſoul, into his body and ſoul. In fact, doffing your individuality, you muſt become another man; which reacts, again, on what I have already advanced; that tranſlations of the more compoſite ſpirits, ſuch as a Montaigne, or a Shakeſpere, can only, with propriety, be attempted of "confederacies of men." For, to works abounding in ſuch an infinity of humours, ſtyles, imaginations; evidencing, on the part of the originals, ſo vaſt and authoritative a command and range of language; ſuch a familiarity with the paſſions, the heart, humanity, philoſophy, the world; none but a Garrick of tranſlators could do any ſort of juſtice. Now, ſuch Garricks are not every day to be met with; yet, ſeldom or never, a generation goes over our heads, in which a "confederacy" might not be got together, if not for this work, for that.

There is nothing more common, nor is there anything, to my mind, more ridiculous, or probably, more falſe, than what we hear every day alleged, *that a tranſlation cannot come up to an original.* I know nothing about languages, yet looking at the thing in a *common ſenſe* point of view, I ſhould feel diſpoſed to fancy, that quite as many tranſlations are above, as below or on a par with the originals. It all depends upon

the undertaker. If he is equal to his taſk, and no more, it will equal; if he be a better man than the firſt author, it ſhould ſurpaſs; if an inferior, it will fall ſhort. In fact, as a general rule, where the tranſlator is but *ſimply equal* to the work, if alſo a laborious man, his tranſlation ſhould *excel* the original; that is, if it will be conceded that that tranſlation can be *excellent*, which is *more excellent* than the original; the miſgiving of which, I will neither halt, nor condeſcend to diſcuſs. I ſay that it ought to, or at leaſt, *might be* better, in ſeven caſes out of ten. And for this reaſon. That ſeventy per cent. of all literature is thrown upon the world in ſo ſcamped and diſcreditable a condition, either through a want of ſelf-reſpect on the part of the authors, or careleſſneſs, or unconſciouſneſs, or incapacity, or greedineſs, or neceſſitude, that it is capable, more or leſs, of embelliſhment, at the hands of the firſt picker up. Now, all that embelliſhment which it were perfectly unjuſtifiable, except under very peculiar circumſtances, to ſuperinduce upon an original, could eaſily and unperceivedly be infuſed into a tranſlation. "I remember," ſays Ben Jonſon, "the players have "often mentioned it as an honour to Shakeſpere, "that in his writing, he never blotted out a line. My "anſwer hath been, *would he had blotted a thouſand!*" So is it mine. Now, what I want to know is this; what is to hinder any man capable of fully tranſlating his, Shakeſpere's, *beſt* paſſages, ſay, into German, con-

ſiderably improving upon his *worſt*; this "thouſand" which raiſed the bile of honeſt Ben? Clearly, nothing. If ſo, the *whole* becomes better; which is what I, a moment ago, undertook to eſtabliſh. I am ſure, to deſcend from great things to ſmall, I may be permitted, without too much pretenſion, to ſay, that the diſcourſe of Henry IV. to his parliament at Rouen, is a more finiſhed one, in my tranſlation, than in the original French, as it appears in Sully. Again, who accuſtomed to pauſe upon the niceties of language, but will perceive, at half a glance, that with half a dozen touches of the pen, the "golden ſpeech" of our Elizabeth might be rendered almoſt as good again as it is; and that, too, without wandering one hair's breadth, either from the ſpirit or the ſubſtance of the original? This speech, in Engliſh, is clearly on a par, as literature, with that of Henry, in French. Now, what is to hinder any painſtaking Frenchman from performing the ſame office for our Elizabeth, which I have done for his Henry? Again, I ſay, clearly nothing; the principle is an univerſal one.

Now, though it may be perfectly poſſible to improve upon the native, but untutored eloquence of theſe awful and imperious ſpirits, let no man flatter himſelf that he is going to improve upon a Froiſſart, or a Queen of Navarre. Not ſo. Pleaſanter reading he may make; language he may ſupply; little negligences he may cover; trivialities ſuppreſs; but here his me-

liorations muſt end. If he will gain here, he will loſe there. The moſt that he need ever hope to accompliſh is, to do for them what Dryden did for Chaucer; that is, *to leave him pretty much as he got him*; neither better nor worſe; however different. There will always remain in theſe old worthies, thoſe magic, ſimple, artleſs, inimitable ſtrokes and touches of nature, which, poſſibly, the very richneſs of our language, as it at preſent ſtands, muſt ever now preclude from recovery, or from imitation. There is a fine vein of ſcriptural ſimplicity and pathos running all through the mediæval literature, from the times of Wickliff to thoſe of the grand rebellion, and which is never now to be encountered in theſe more poliſhed, artificial, lettered, and claſſic times. Every man, now-a-days, can, at a puſh, more or leſs happily, turn out his fine, flowing, rounded Ciceronian periods. It is born in us; it is in our father's loins; it is in our mother's milk. No leſs claſſic than our own; it was the *proximity* of the Elizabethan to the old and patriarchal world, which imparted to the literature of that age that peculiar halo, richneſs, and individuality for which it has been ſo juſtly characteriſed. And of this we may be ſatisfied, that the mighty names of that Auguſtan age of Engliſh literature, were quite as much beholden to the kindneſs of that fortune which caſt their lot in ſuch a criſis of humanity, as to their genius, for the reputation which they have achieved with poſterity. For thoſe were the

days beyond the Flood; and with them paſſed, and for ever, from the earth, the antique tone and caſt of thought, the grand ſimplicity, the noble ſeverity of a patriarchal world; or at leaſt till ſuch a time as Providence, with the revolution of ages, ſhall think well again, to reſummon it, and to replace it among men.

If the Queen of Navarre, with Froiſſart and Brantôme, may ſafely be pronounced to be three of the moſt pictureſque writers which mediæval France can vaunt to have produced, unqueſtionably Montaigne, (to two of them contemporary,) may as confidently be ſaid to be, if not the greateſt philoſopher which that or any other country ever gave birth to; certainly the ſaneſt, moſt pleaſing, and moſt rational. Our own Shakeſpere was, probably, the only man who ever lived, inheritor of ſo genial and ſo univerſal a ſpirit. Hardly a thought which ever did, or ever could paſs through the mind of man, but ſomewhere or other is to be encountered in thoſe extraordinary eſſays. Of courſe I ſimply ſpeak of ſuch thoughts as are wont to be revolved of the maſter minds of men. A more working or original mind never exiſted; or, as the French would ſay, *remuant*; for, aſſuredly, he *remued* all things.

It was not till I had been ſome little time occupied with Brantôme that I firſt became ſtruck — though, indeed, I ſhould have been ſooner — with the many points which were in common between theſe two very

remarkable men, Brantôme and Montaigne. It was the occaſional ſimilarity of ſtyle which firſt brought it home to me; for which were the more careleſs of the two, or which entertained the more ſupreme contempt for, or were more ignorant of grammar, it were difficult to ſay. Occaſionally a good artiſt, purpoſely, and from conſiderations that never can ſo much as occur to, much leſs ſatisfy, the little critic, but which to him will be all-ſufficient, will boldly ſet all ſuch laws at defiance. But they were not good artiſts; and ſo, to return. We find in each the ſame heat, the ſame impetuoſity, the ſame elevation, the ſame indiſcretion, the ſame eaſineſs, the ſame openneſs, the ſame impulſiveneſs; the ſame endleſs and boundleſs curioſity; obſervation of men, of manners and of times. A very little, (in early life,) direction, added to or taken from either, and either might have been almoſt the other. For, doubtleſs, Brantôme, though a good deal of what his countrymen would call, an *étourdi*, muſt have been a man of a great underſtanding. He ſeems to have been an unhappy, a diſappointed, and an irritable one; and I can eaſily fancy a man of his peculiar character of inquiſitiveneſs being one whom the more cautious ſort of men and women would fight uncommonly ſhy of. That he muſt have been a wary man, have thought and reaſoned too, I think is clear; though, to judge from the extraordinary airineſs of his ſtyle, one would be hardly diſpoſed to give him more credit, as to effort,

for what came from him, than to a mirror for returning to us the image preſented to its face. As to which were the more voluptuous, or amorous, it were difficult to ſay: and in this regard they are about as nice a pair of gentlemen as ever I remember to have heard of. Brantôme was probably the more amorous, Montaigne the more voluptuous. But here the compariſon ends. For though Montaigne was, moſt certainly, by nature, a man of as rare and exquiſite a ſenſibility as the other, that other had never learned, as Montaigne had, to blunt it by the appliances of ſtudy, of reaſon, and philoſophy. Few men ever had ſuch an eye for the picturesque, the pathetic, the ſublime, as Brantôme; and dearly, as Sophia Weſtern admits of herſelf, *muſt he have loved a tear.* He ſeems to have poſſeſſed, in an high degree, that "fine frenzy" which ever will enter ſo largely into the poetical temperament. And it is perfectly amazing to find how ſeldom, conſidering the extravagance into which he ſo frequently is betrayed, he degenerates into bombaſt, or into fuſtian; which argues either the poſſeſſion of a very high, innate, *unconſcious* propriety, or the habitual juriſdiction of a very other ſort of judgment than one can readily give him credit for. Method is ever mixed with his madneſs. In fact, I take him to have been a very much greater perſon than, from his works, one would, at firſt ſight, be diſpoſed to imagine. As a man, his very frailties may be ſaid to have ariſen from the good-

neſs, or rather eaſineſs and inoffenſiveneſs of his nature; which, however, muſt be allowed to have been a good deal daſhed by a ſtrong tinge of conſtitutional melancholy and irritability. Noble by birth, a younger ſon, unſettled, poor, and reſtleſs, his career does not appear to have been a happy one. A ſoldier by taſte and profeſſion, he was, of all things elſe, and apparently by ſome ſort of preſcriptive right, *an abbé*. In other words, he was quartered upon the Church; for it is hardly to be preſumed that he ever officiated. His notions about women were *damnable*; for, really, I can think of no other adequate word wherewith to expreſs myſelf, except it be *infernal*. Virtue, he was as ſenſible to the beauty of, as any man, in poetry or on paper; but, in practice, he valued it not one ruſh. The man ſeems, from his very organization, to have been little leſs than a monſter of concupiſcence; and is rather, perhaps, deſerving of our pity than of our ſcorn. There is hardly a chapter, even of his moſt unexceptionable works, which would not require, ere given to the world, to be ſcanned with an eye to the public ſuſceptibility and morals; for aſſuredly, in the maſs, they are infinitely offenſive and revolting.

This is a character of objection which does not, in any way, apply to Froiſſart, and but in a mitigated one to the Queen of Navarre. There is no ſuch broad ſpeaking to be encountered in the Heptameron, as is to be met with, almoſt on every hand, in Shakeſpere

and in Fielding. The ſtories, themſelves, I am willing to grant, may, many of them, be round enough. That ſome few alſo of her tales may be open to that character of cenſure which Sir Walter and Mr. Ellis ſo paſſionately diſclaimed on, I muſt likewiſe be honeſt enough to confeſs; yet, for all that, I cannot allow, to anything like the ſame extent with a *Clariſſa Harlowe* or a *Nouvelle Héloiſe*. But even were the tales of this lady ten times more objectionable than they are, ſhe has more than redeemed herſelf by the excellent moralities and diſcuſſions with which they are interſperſed; whilſt, as literature, they are as unique as they are invaluable. For humour, irony, eaſy grace, ſhe held as fine a pen as either Hamilton or Fielding. And as to tragedy, to which one of them, at leaſt, was no pretender, ſhe was ſecond only, if to a Richardſon, to a Richardſon alone. We cannot have everything in this world; and I will ſo far preſume to take this lady's part, as to ſay, that the good which even the beſt man may gather from her, will very much exceed the harm with which the worſt is likely to be infected.

But to return, a moment, to Montaigne. I know not if it has, at any time, occurred to another, but the imagination has long poſſeſſed me, that if ever an equivalent mind appeared among men, to that of the great apoſtle of the Gentiles, it was the mind of Montaigne. I am morally certain, from internal evidence, that had he been as much a workman as he was a voluptuary;

to the ſame extent a tempeſtuous that he was a ſilent, a ſolemn enthuſiaſt; to the ſame degree an artiſt, he was a poet and an orator; as much ambitious by nature as he was the reverſe — an Epicurean; the "Apology for Remonde de la Sebonde," for majeſty, for ſublimity, for terribleneſs, for gorgeousneſs, for fire, for rapidity, for profundity, for enthuſiaſm, for extravagance, had yielded, in nothing, to the moſt maſterly of the epiſtles of St. Paul. It is Paul all over, though, as it could not but be, Paul in another age, on another ſtage, another theme. I rather ſpeak of what it might be, and what ſo little had made it, and he alone could have made it, than what it is. Conſciouſly or unconſciouſly, in his prophetic fury, he has ſtumbled, to a conſiderable degree, upon the very line of argument with which that other "beſide himſelf" did ſeek to dompt, to ſpurn, and ſpit upon the pride and petulance of man. At times, if he wanders from him, it is but to riſe to all the grandeur of a various, and no leſs ſublime antiquity. More than once, one would almoſt ſwear to be reading in the book of Job; another Elihu thundering in our affrighted ears. But enough, and too much: I muſt now conclude this moſt unconſcionable of introductions.

To reſume, and to conclude. All that I have to urge touching the revival, at any time, among us, of mediæval literature, foreign or domeſtic, is this — that all literature, once obſolete in point of language, be

reduced to our preſent orthography; and if the tone and caſt muſt, in any degree, be departed from, then to be tempered to that of the next moſt kindred, of the beſt Elizabethan times; *not later.* And for this reaſon, that to thoſe times will they be naturally the moſt akin. In a word, let the Engliſh of Elizabeth, *and a fixed orthography, right or wrong*, be, to our ever tranſitional tongue, what Latin once was, and to a conſiderable extent, ſtill is, to all the languages of Chriſtendom—*a common ſtandard of reference.* That all merely broad, coarſe, healthy, and ſo long as it is not either warm, or objectionable writing, be preſerved, as its authors left it, as we found it. That "Percy's Reliques" be adopted as the ſtandard ſpecimen of how an old author ſhould be reproduced, in point of conſideration among us. That the young people, of both ſexes, be taught and encouraged to read ſuch literature as before, if not aloud, at leaſt to themſelves; though, at the ſame time, they are to be given to underſtand, as well by example as by precept, that ſuch pleaſantry is no longer in keeping with the manners of the age; nor, in any way, to be dwelt on, or commented on; that if any unavoidable indelicacy may happen to catch their eye, or their ear, in the page, or in the note, they are to ſee it, as they ſaw it not; to hear it, as they heard it not; to put up with it, juſt as the very beſt of our ſiſters, daughters, wives, every day are obliged to do, with all ſorts of beaſtlineſs, of word and deed, on the

part of the cabmen, porters, and blackguards in the ſtreets.

As the current of the tendencies of an age, once ſet in, in whatſoever direction, never yet did roll itſelf back; conſidering the pretty ſtrong one which has ſet in in this, methinks it were high time to make a ſtand; to dig a dam; to put an arreſt to all this miſerable mawkiſhneſs; this figging and this draping, which is ſapping the very vitals of a noble, a merry, a healthy, a generous, a masculine, a muſcular, a ſanguine, national and literary temperament.

December, 1861.

ROMANTIC EPISODES.

DEATH OF THE COUNT DE BUREN.

THE Count de Buren died at Bruſſels, making, at his departure, the moſt unparalleled *exit* of which the world hath ever heard tell; and which muſt, to all time, atteſt him to have been a man of a moſt unbounded heart and ſtomach. This Knight of the Golden Fleece, finding himſelf to be ſuddenly diſordered in his bed, whether ſuch diſorder were to be attributed to ſome caſual exceſs, which in his cups had been perpetrated, when carouſing, after the manner of his country, with the captains; or to the decay or corruption of his vitals, or to whatever elſe it might be, bid inquire for Andrew de Veſalius, then chief phyſician to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Which Veſalius being quickly by his ſide, had no ſooner, upon application to his pulſe, which he found to be flickering, aſcertained the caſe to be mortal, than he very

roundly told him; ſuppoſing himſelf not to be deceived by the rules of his art, in another five or ſix hours at moſt, he, the Count, would be a dead man; and that therefore he had to counſel him, as his very true friend, and that as ſpeedily as might be, to ſet his houſe in order, and to think upon his latter end. All which overtook him as Veſalius had foretold; and by which, his prognoſtication, he became the means of enabling this Count to enact the nobleſt tragedy which ever hath been performed upon ſuch a ſtage ſince kings have worn their crowns. For the Count, not one jot amazed with the nature of the intelligence, diſpatched incontinent for two of his neareſt friends, the Biſhop of Arras, ſince Cardinal de Grenville, his brother by adoption; and the Count d'Arembourg, his brother in arms; that he might not be denied the ſatisfaction of wiſhing them a laſt farewell. Now was the will of the dying man expreſſed, confeſſion received, and the laſt rites of the church to the departing adminiſtered; and all, or ever the allotted ſands had fled. By this, determining to riſe, he had brought to him, of all which his wardrobe could afford, apparel the moſt faſtuous, gorgeous and ſuperb. In theſe arrayed, he cauſed himſelf to be armed from head to foot, even to his ſpurs, in the very choiceſt of his armour, and with them were aſſumed the mantle and the collar of his order. Then placing his ſword upon his thigh, and a cap *à la Polaque*, which, to every covering, he preferred,

upon his head; he had himſelf, thus haughtily capariſoned, to be carried into his hall of ſtate, and where were aſſembled the colonels of the lanſquenets, many nobles, captains, and gentlemen, as well of Spain as of Flanders, deſiring once more that they might ſee him; for already it was cried throughout the town, that in another hour their maſter was a gone man. Thus planted in his chair, and upon the dias of his hall, before him lying his gauntlets, his head-piece with its plumage and its creſt, he required of his brothers by adoption, that they would call before him, as well his houſehold as his captains, that he might give them his laſt adieu. Then paſſed there before him, ſucceſſively, in an agony, and on their knees, the gentlemen in waiting, valets, pages, grooms, laquays, porters and others; to each of whom he ſpoke a kind and a charitable word, recommending now this one, now that, to Monſieur d'Arras, to be compenſated, each, according to his ſeveral deſert; gratifying this one with an horſe, that, a mule; beſtowing now an hawk, now a hound, or again, a change of attire; noticing all, even to a poor blear-eyed hunchback of a falconer, unſavoury and in tatters, and who durſt not ſo much as diſcover himſelf, ſo wretched was his plight. For no ſooner did the Count perceive him to be behind the others, even broken with anguiſh and in tears, than he bade him come to him that he might comfort him; curiouſly demanding of him touching the promiſe of

this or of that bird with which he were then encharged. Then turning himſelf, and looking upon the Biſhop of Arras, he ſaid, My brother, I recommend to you this, my falconer, and have to requeſt that he ſhall be ſo remembered in my teſtament, that for the remainder of his days he may eat of my bread. Alas, the poor little man has well ſerved me, as did he my father before me, and for all which he has been, God knows, but too ſorely retributed! On this no man could more contain himſelf; to ſee, on the part of ſo great a lord, ſuch condeſcenſion toward ſo mean a perſon. Then having bidden a laſt farewell to all his captains, his houſehold and retainers, each man being taken by the hand, he called for the mighty bowl from which he was wont to quaff, when, in the ſeaſons of his joy, he would pledge his compeers, captains; and from it drank, ſtanding, on either ſide ſupported by his gentlemen, to the emperor's, his maſter's health; expreſſing the very deepeſt ſenſe of all the obligations which he was under to him. After this he made a fine harangue, enlarging upon all the actions of his life, and all the diſtinctions that he had received from the emperor; urging among other things, how he had never placed his legs beneath the mahogany of a proteſtant prince, or turned his face from his maſter, however, or by whom ſolicited. Then having gulped (beut le vin de l'eſtrier et de la mort) the ſtirrup cup of this, his journey to the realms of death, he handed the inſignia of the Golden

Fleece to the Count D'Arembourg, to be by him reſtored to the emperor. At laſt, finding his hour to be at hand, he haſtily took his leave of the Biſhop and the Count, thanking them both moſt touchingly for all thoſe very true offices of friendſhip which they had performed for him in the article of death, and for having supported him in this, the laſt great cataſtrophe of his life. Again, a final leave was taken of all the company and captains preſent. Then turning, and perceiving Monſieur de Veſalius to be behind him, he called him to him, and embracing him, thanked him for the timely advertiſement which he had given him. Finally failing, he ſaid, Carry me to my bed; and no ſooner was he there depoſited, than he expired in the arms of his ſupporters.

Thus ſuperbly accoutred departed this great warrior, after the manner of thoſe Roman ſenators, cenſors, dictators, ediles, conſuls, captains, princes; who, enveloped in their martial and triumphal robes, and planted in their curules, abided, and on the public place, the approach of Brennus and his Gauls, and of whom they were gazed upon, as an aſſembly of the gods, till by adventure they proved to be but men; and by whom they were barbarouſly immolated. In the ſame right and royal manner would that brave queen, Mary Stuart of Scotland, die; marching to death, and to the block in the proudeſt of her yet attire; thereby ſhewing a ſtomach and a magnanimity worthy of her-

ſelf, and what ſhe was — a queen of Scotland and of France. In like ſort ſhould depart all the great ones of the earth, when they too find their hour to be at hand, nor die in feathers liké a duck. Here I clearly ſpeak of thoſe to whom it is not given to fall upon the field of battle, under the eye of their princes or their captains; a notable death, certainly; not only befitting the dignity of ſo great a captain, but to be transferred unto tapeſtry, that the hanging thereof for ever in the eyes of princes and of kings, might them incite alike to ſuch, ſo memorable an end. As much to Don Juan of Auſtria was denied. But that which ſurpriſal precluded to him when living, was performed, departed, upon his corſe. For, in ſight of all the army, and before Namur, he was borne, dead, and in all his armour; ſo ſumptuouſly arrayed that the very buckles of his ſhoes were eſtimated at upwards of five thouſand ducats. All this I learned myſelf when in Flanders; where, to this day, great and ſmall ſpeak of the death of that famous lord, the Count de Buren; and the memory of which, from among men, ſhould never be permitted to periſh.—BRANTÔME—*Hommes Illuſtres.*

A GRAND, AND A SUBLIME APOSTROPHE.[1]

WHO is this gentle knight, engendered amid the ſtrife, brought forth upon the field; ſuckled in a tent; cradled in a ſhield; ſwathed in the hide, and built up of the flesh of lions? Who, who is he in whom are met, the lynx's eye, the dragon's front, the lion's heart, the wild boar's briſtling ire, the tiger's vengeful ſpite? Who is he, intoxicate amid the fight, yet ſlumbers to the pealings, the thunderings of the ſtorm? Who is he, the whirlwind of the fray will pierce, his foe eſpy, as the falcon her prey through the miſts of the morn: as the lightning the oak, rip the man, rip the ſteed; or tumbled, them powder, as the griſt of the mill? Who is he, who ſooner than to rot his days in peace, will traverſe, not the Rhone, but Albion's wintry waves;

[1] See note B, at the end.

or, needs be, ſcale the ruggęd Jura's heights? Is he on the field of battle — as the chaff to the wind, ſcud the foemen before! Doth he tilt — not foot to ſtirrup will he deign to put; yet horſeman and horſe will he pin to the duſt; buckler and helmet e'en cleave to the midſt. There is no one thing can avail before him; nor ſhield, nor buckler, baſenet, lance, nor coat of mail. Of the noſtril the fume, the ſteed as he gaſps; the groan, the gaſh, the prey; the battered ſhield, the ſhivered lance; these, theſe are the ſights his ſoul doth gloat upon. Alone, on foot, it is his delight to ſcale the mountain; foreſts to prowl; to grapple with the bear, to rend the lion, and to take the ſtag. His helmet is never from his head; his pillow when he reſts. All he has, it is but largeſs.— *Fabliaux ou Contes du XII et XIII Siècles.*

A VERY QUAINT, CURIOUS

AND

PLEASANT PARALLEL.

ABOUT this time there was drawn, (as well do I remember,) a parallel betwixt the fortune of this great emperor (Charles V.) and that of ancient Rome, ſhowing them to be of ſome little parity. For even as this great city, the moſt triumphant of five parts of earth, after all the glory which had attended her from her very foundation to the times of Conſtantine; after having been the ſeat of emperors and of kings who had poſitively gorged her with ſpoils, with trophies, and with triumphs; adorned her with monuments, with every precious thing; after having cauſed to tremble earth's moſt glorious provinces; planted herſelf, as a luminary, in the heart of that Italy, itſelf the centre, backbone of the univerſe: after having cauſed to run her blood, as from a ciſtern, and in her very ſtreets — yet after all

this, I ſay, did ſhe, her heyday paſt; having caſt, and behind her, all her pomps, her vanities, unſatisfying joys, betake herſelf to a calm, a tranquil, an holy and ſincere repentance; receiving as her confeſſor, and into her boſom, the holy and moſt ſpiritual Father, in whoſe guidance, and in whoſe obedience, to paſs her yet remaining days: thus to finiſh as ſhe had begun — the fold of a ſhepherd.

So was it with his Charles, ſo many times renowned; who, after having affronted all the kings, his neighbour ſtates; carried devaſtation throughout the length and breadth of Chriſtendom; annihilated ſo many armies; ſent to their account whole millions of his ſpecies; poured blood, as water, upon every ſea and every land; taken for his priſoners a pope and a king of France; triumphed over them; finding that there was nothing further left for him to do, retired alſo, and withdrew himſelf into the boſom of the church; as well to put in practice, by ſuch a metamorphoſe, her ordinances, as the old proverb, *de moço diabolo viejo hermintano*:—"Of your young devil comes your old ſaint."—BRANTÔME —*Hommes Illuſtres.*

THE VOW OF THE HERON.

IN the year of the incarnation, 1338; the year in its decline; when glad birds ceaſe to warble on the trees; the vine had ripened; the leaf was withering, quick ready to its fall; Edward III. held at London, in his palace of marble, a ſovereign court to all his peers, lords, knights, dukes, princes, paladins; ladies, damſels, vaſſals. His air was diſtract and moody; his head was doubled to his breaſt. With Louis he was well; he was at peace. They were kinſmen; he was his friend. He neither wiſhed him, nor he thought him wrong. No; his thoughts were the thoughts of love. But when fortune turns, well I divine, turn muſt we too. Venom inſtilled will work its ſpite. For through Robert d'Artois came, as you ſhall hear, a war, which yet may rue the child unborn; which many a knight has ſent to his account; woman left huſbandleſs,

child fatherleſs; good ſeaman ſwamped; caſtle razed; town, church, village, hamlet burnt. And Jeſu only knoweth how all is yet to end, if forth he putteth not his hand.

Though iſſue of the *fleur-de-lys*, Robert was a baniſhed man. Flanders, Namur, Auvergne were cloſed to him. Shelter he was forbidden. Louis willed it. Edward alone, of all his neighbours, was powerful enough to ſcreen him from his vengeance. Wearied of his exile, and to diſtract him of his cares, Robert, as yor. may ſuppoſe, was ever at the chaſe. A falcon on his fiſt, he rode upon the marſhes. But before he had time to caſt her off; a quarry in the ſky; the bird of itſelf eſcaping from him, preſently returned, a heron in her talons. Robert, indignant at the ſight of ſuch a prey, for the moment was diſcountenanced. But quick recovering himſelf, and having for a little reflected, Ha, my bird, he ſaid, for this I thank thee: this will I turn to my account. And with that he detaches the heron, and calling to him his gentlemen, gave them in charge to ſee that it were properly plucked, dreſſed and ſtuffed for the table. Then placing it between two ſilver diſhes; accompanied by two noble damſels, two minſtrels and a guitar, he boldly entered into the hall of banquet, crying as he went, Space, ſpace; back, ye ſcoundrel varlets, back; way for the doughty champions whom love and gallantry aſſemble to the feaſt. Here is your proper food, ye gallants, fine!

Here, Sire, I have a heron, which this day my falcon took. No meat, my faith, for cowards, this! It is the moſt cowardous of all the birds that float; the craveneſt of the feathered tribe; for let it but ſpy its very ſhadow and it quakes. And ſo, Sir, as is but meet, to the craveneſt of the human race I now preſent it. To Edward I give it; the diſinherited of France; right iſſue of the *fleur de lys*; who for his daſtardlineſs has forfeited a crown, is allowing it to paſs from his lineage, as had this carrion heron had it been born but England's king! Furious and indignant at ſuch an affront, the monarch trembled with very rage and vexation; and riſing ſwore, Coward I have been called; coward let me be ſeen. For by the great God of paradiſe, and by his gentle mother, or ever ſix years have paſsed, I ſhall have defied this King of St. Denis;[1] and I ſhall have croſſed the ſeas, I and my ſubjects. Though he be ten to one; let him not think for that to take away my birthright. What, and if I did do him homage? It was becauſe I was a brat, and knew no better. It is not worth a ſtraw. And I ſwear by St. George, St. Denis, that never ſince the times of Hector, Achilles; the great Alexander, conqueror of ſo many realms; has ſuch a raid been run in France, as, with the help of God, I propoſe to make. When Robert heard this, he was enchanted, and ſmiling malignly to himſelf, he ſaid: Thanks to thee, my

[1] See note C, at the end.

falcon, this day I am a reſtored man. And for this I praiſe the God of paradiſe. Is it not an infamy that I ſhould be baniſhed from this noble France, ſo dear; my kindred, my children, and my wife? He is my brother-in-law; yet has he not ſtuck to impriſon my children and my wife. But, let it pleaſe to Jeſu Chriſt, and, or ever I die, I ſhall ſo return to the preſence of this King of France, whoſe cry is *Monjoie, St. Denis*, that to his dying hour he ſhall remember it. I was of his counſel, and well did I ſerve him; yet thus are ſervants furthered! With that, taking the ſilver diſhes, the harpers with the guitar and the viols following; the two noble damſels ſinging as they went, *I'm away to the greenwood; 'tis love that me calls*, he next traverſes the hall, and addreſſes himſelf to the Earl of Saliſbury; telling him, that it was for him, as at once the moſt amorous, and the moſt valiant in all that aſſembly to ſet the example to the remainder; and that in the name of Jeſu Chriſt, the maker and upholder of the univerſe, he had to entreat of him, as Edward, to regiſter his oath. With all my heart, ſaid Saliſbury, turning to the daughter of the Earl of Derby, by whom he was ſitting, and of whom he was paſſionately enamoured. Ha, never need I hope again to find an inſpiration as the bright eyes of this fair one whoſe fetters I ſhall always vaunt to wear! Were but the Virgin among us; let her doff her divinity, and, by heaven, ſhe were not a fairer! As an only favour, all I would now aſk of her, who ſo

often has denied me more, is, that ſhe will but deign to lend me the tip of her delicate finger, and that ſhe will condeſcend to make it the inſtrument wherewith to ſeal my right eye, ſo that it ſhall remain entirely ſhut. Inſtead of one finger ſhe gave him two, and ſo effectually cloſed his eye, that farther uſe of it he had none. He then ſaid, Fair one, is it cloſed? Yes, certainly, ſaid ſhe, and with that withdrew her hand. On this he ſwore by God, and by His holy mother, that never again ſhould that eye be opened, for hail, for blaſt, for rain, or for ſtorm, till o'er the plains of France he had ſcattered fire, ſword, havoc and devaſtation. Nor, in fact, during the entire duration of the war, was the earl ever once ſeen to open his eye; and the whole army, witneſs of his exploits, was no leſs ſo of the exactitude with which he performed his vow. The Count d'Artois, to confirm him ſtill more in his reſolution, addreſſes himſelf to the lady, ſoliciting her, too, to deign to be a participator in the vows of the heron. Readily, ſaid ſhe, and with that ſhe ſwore by the God of paradiſe, that never till the oath of her vaſſal were accompliſhed, would ſhe hearken to, or permit the ſuit of any; be he who he might; duke, lord, earl or baron. Then, ſaid ſhe, let him come home to me alive, and I will make to him a free gift, without reſervation, and for ever, of my perſon. With ſuch a prize, incitement before him, the knight, tranſported with joy, felt himſelf to be endued with an almoſt ſuperhuman

courage. Now doubly burning to wreak his vengeance, Robert retakes the heron and tenders it to Sir Walter Manny. This brave knight, as became him, and to ſhow himſelf worthy of the heroes who had preceded him, ſwore by the Virgin, mother of that God, who heaven created, the dews and the damps, not only that he would take and burn a ſtrong town, flanked with towers, upon the marches of France, and of which Godenar de Fay was governor; that it ſhould be ranſacked, and the garriſon put to the ſword, but that he would come off, as ſhould alſo all thoſe who accompanied him, ſcatheleſs from the attack. For the remainder, ſaid he, I caſt myſelf upon the mercy of God, and with whom alone muſt reſt the ſucceſs of our endeavour. Robert then calls upon the Earl of Derby, requiring him, for the love of God, and of the Holy Trinity, to announce his vow, as the reſt. The earl, accepting the challenge, replies, Let the King of England once lead us beyond the ſeas, and we muſt needs ſee this terrible Louis, Count of Flanders, for ſo is he called of the followers of Philip de Valois, uſurper of the Crown of France, and which he holds in the teeth of our monarch. We ſhall ſee him; or not a corner but I will ſearch for him. So help me, St. Thomas; may I once get near enough to him to propoſe him a courſe! If he deny me; he cannot the ſatisfaction of deſtroying before his eyes the lands which he has not the heart to ſtand forth to defend.

This new triumph perfectly turns the head of Robert. Already, in imagination, he ſees the Valois in the duſt, his family at large, and himſelf re-entered upon his own. Reſuming the diſhes, he lays them before the Earl of Suffolk, requiring him too to append his oath to ſo noble a regiſter. Suffolk then ſwears in his turn, that, Let but Edward carry him to France, and he would purſue to the death the King of Bohemia, the Emperor's ſon; he would fall upon him, hand to hand, with ſword or with lance; and he would unhorſe him, and take him from him, by force or by ſurrender. On hearing this, John de Beáumont ſighed deeply. Such an outrage to be meditáted to a prince of his parentage, the conqueror of an hundred fights, ſtung him to madneſs and to fury. Yes, he may hate me; but never ſhall I forget, he is of my blood: nor ſhall I forſake to love him. Nor while this arm a ſword can wield, will I be found but by his ſide. Suffolk, renounce to your extravagant pretenſions, or by the Holy Virgin, mother of God, I ſwear that I will bury you in the dungeons of Bohemia. Yes! and where no eye can reach you, and from which no hand can pluck you. I have ſaid it, and no power ſhall hinder it. Suffolk, unwilling yet farther to provoke him, coldly replied, You are right. It had been wiſer to have kept our purpoſes to ourſelves till war had actually been declared. They had come with a better grace. We had equally been at liberty to have per-

formed, for the honour of our ladies, the feats to which our love might prompt. Menaces are but air. The grand point is — the concluſion.

Here the Count d'Artois cauſed the damſels to lead forth the dance, the harpers to ſtrike, and the minſtrels to chant yet louder, ſtill farther to provoke and to kindle the ardour of the heroes. On this, Robert, retaking the heron, advances to that intrepid adventurer, Fauquemont, requiring him alſo to paſs his oath upon the heron, and bidding him to cover himſelf with glory in the quarrel which were enſuing between the two monarchs. God, ſaid he, is it for me to talk of promiſes; I, who am but a poor pennileſs adventurer! However, what I can do, I will do. And this day, as well to mark my loyalty, as for the enhancement of my honour, I do promiſe and ſwear, that from the hour when the King of England ſhall have croſſed the ſeas, by Cambray into France, I ſhall ever be found in the forefront of his advanced guard, affronting the enemy, carrying fire, ſword and devaſtation upon every hand— that I will neither ſpare man, nor woman, nor child; nor woman with child, nor ſucking babe; nor old man, nor maid; nor convent, altar, church. At theſe terrible imprecations, it was who would loudeſt extol the zeal and the devotion of ſo faithful a champion of the honour and the cauſe of his maſter.

Again the diſhes are withdrawn, and the noble virgins proceed, ſinging, *True loves fond invite; which to*

voice we now go. All eyes are now turned upon that famous warrior, John de Beaumont, uncle to the noble Count of Haynault. Robert, reſpectfully approaching, begs him to enroll himſelf alſo among the Knights of the Heron. Diſguſted perhaps with the tedium of ſo many promiſes, John gravely recalled to the company the futility of all ſuch empty and tumultuous vauntings; exhorting them rather to reſerve their mettle for a ſeaſon when it were more likely to be needed, and turned to account. It coſts but little, ſaid he, in a hall, mid the tapers and the dance, ſtimulated by the preſence of the fair ones to whoſe favours we would aſpire, to put to the rout whole armies from the field. I know well, that there are among you of Rolands and of Olivers, and who will diſpoſe of the Aquilans and the Yaumonts: but let this be recollected, theſe paladins, in their turn, were compelled to ſuccumb to others. Is it not a very farce to ſee an army, well armed and well mounted, making a bravado and a parade of its proweſs, the enemy acroſs the Channel! Let us keep all theſe fine reſolutions to ourſelves; or at leaſt till they are more likely to be called into requiſition. How many a pretty fellow will then find a cellar, deep as hell, ſcarce dark enough to hide his diminiſhed head in! Again, I ſay, all this vaunting is but wind. And though I ſay this, fancy not that I want to elude the alternative which is placed upon me. I will explain myſelf. Let the King of England once penetrate

Haynault, traverſe Brabant and Cambray, ſet foot upon the French ſoil, and I will be ſeen, as marſhal of his army, faithfully ſupporting his ſide, and cauſing all the evil that I can to Philip. It is true, by this I ſhall lay myſelf open to the forfeiture, not only of my territories, but of all the little which I have. No matter. I accept my fortune. By the event I will abide. But let me not be miſunderſtood. If Philip, of his own proper counſel, and returning upon his better judgment, revoke my baniſhment, and recall me to France, I will at once break with Edward. And if I do, who is he who will impūgn? But if, on the other hand, the King of France will perſiſt in continuing me an exile from his country and my home, I will ſecond the King of England to the utmoſt of my power. I will either be his general-in-chief, or of his advanced guard.

To an explanation ſo manly, ſo generous, the monarch rejoined with the moſt touching expreſſions of his regard. Robert, the two ſilver diſhes in his hand, once more advances, accompanied by the minſtrels, the two noble damſels ſinging as they went; and now kneeling to the queen, aſſured her that there was but one thing wanting more to the diſtribution of the heron, and that was, that ſhe ſhould open to the company the dictates of her noble breaſt. Vaſſal, ſaid ſhe, by the laws and by the ties of holy church, it is not within my competence to enter into

any engagement unprivy to my lord and maſter; who, at his will, it can annul, or it can bid to ſtand. Stand not for that, ſaid the monarch; it is already ratified, at once, and beforehand. To the utmoſt of my power it ſhall be ſeconded; God but put the practicable into your mouth![1] Then ſaid the queen, riſing, with a voice undaunted, unſhaken and unmoved, I am with child; I know it, for I have felt it ſtir. And I ſwear this day to God; to Him who died and was crucified upon a croſs, and to the Holy Virgin, His mother, that never ſhall this precious fruit part from my womb, till, for the accompliſhment of this vow, you ſhall have carried me beyond the ſeas. And let but this infant think to void his priſon-houſe, or ever the allotted hour be come which I have proſcribed, and this dagger, to the haft, ſhall be buried in its and in my bowels: and thus let periſh, at a ſtroke, my body's ſoul and my body's fruit! Petrified with horror at an imprecation ſo terrible, Edward forbade that the matter, one other moment, ſhould be proceeded with. The heron was morſelled, and the queen and all the company partook of it.

The king, the neceſſary preparations made, embarked the queen with all his chivalry, conducting her and them ſafely to Antwerp. And there was ſhe de-

[1] See note D, at the end.

livered of a fine male child, ſince known as the *Lion of Antwerp*. Her vow accompliſhed, the king, with all his hoſts, departed for the plains of France. — ST. PELAYE, *Mémoires ſur l'ancienne Chevalerie.*

THE PITEOUS DEATH,

Through too long a Concealment of his Attachment,

OF A GENTLEMAN OF DAUPHINY.

ON the confines of Dauphiny and of Provence there was lately living a gentleman, richer much in every virtue, grace, accompliſhment, than in that wealth which this world's gear, poſſeſſions bring. And near him there was living, as is ſhe ſtill living, a young perſon, whoſe name I ſhall forbear, out of regard to her family, which is of the nobleſt, and of whom this gentleman was paſſionately enamoured. And though the names I may withhold, the ſtory is no leſs to be relied on. But ſeeing himſelf not to be come of ſuch an houſe as would entitle him to raiſe his eyes to ſuch an height, his paſſion he ſmothered in his breaſt; for ſo pure and unearthly was the love which he bore to her,

that ſooner had he died than ſo much as harbour a thought which might have redounded to her diſadvantage. Thus, inaſmuch as it were hopeleſs ever to attain to her hand, all that he propoſed to himſelf, as the ſummit of his felicity, was, to be enabled to worſhip her, unobſerved, and at a diſtance, with all that perfect piety of which ſo heavenly a ſpirit were capable. And this he long did; but not with ſuch a warineſs but that at the length it came to be ſuſpected of the lady. And ſhe, perceiving the affection which he bore to her to be of a texture ſo holy and ſo pure; ſenſible to all the diſtinction of the attachment of ſo clean a ſpirit, met him with ſo much pity, ſo much ſympathy, that the poor gentleman, who had never dared to hope for ſo much, could not even bring himſelf to wiſh for more. But malice, foe to all beatitude, quick nipped in the bud, an intercourſe ſo tranquil and ſo happy. For firſt it came to be whiſpered about, then repeated to the mother, how much it was wondered at, that ſhe could allow, as ſhe did, the gentleman to haunt her houſe: that the gentleman could not poſſibly have any other than one inducement, ſeeing he and her daughter were ſo much together, in being for ever about as he was. The mother, who would not allow herſelf, even for a moment, to doubt of the rectitude of the gentleman, and for whoſe honour ſhe would have anſwered, as for that of her own children, was beyond expreſſion hurt, to find that upon ſuch an intimacy, a conſtruction ſo

cruel could be placed. However, at length, fearing the ſcandal which was like to come of it, ſhe entreated of the gentleman, at leaſt for a time, to diſcontinue his attendance; a command to him none of the eaſieſt of digeſtion; conſcious to himſelf, as he was, that the innocence of his intentions might have guaranteed him from any ſuch ſuſpicions. However, as there was no help for it, and to ſilence the voice of ſcandal, he withdrew himſelf till ſuch time as the affair had been forgotten; returning, to be readmitted to all his old footing; and the privation of which, you may be ſure, had in no way palled his appetite. But about the very firſt news with which he was entertained, was, that the daughter of the houſe was as good as given to a gentleman, whoſe fortune he was unable to gather to be ſo much more conſiderable than his own, that he could bring himſelf to allow any ſuch make-weight to be balanced with claims, old and ſtanding as his own. And ſo, plucking up ſpirit, he ſet all his friends and kindred to work, hoping that if the choice could but be left to the maid, ſhe would give him the preference before his rival. However, the parents, as well on his ſide as on her's, decided for the other, inaſmuch as he was the richer; which the unfortunate gentleman took ſo much to heart, (knowing the poor girl to be as thwarted as himſelf,) that, by little and little, and without any apparent cauſe, he began to dwindle and to pine away; and in a very ſhort time was ſo altered a man in his

appearance, that the mark of death became enſtamped upon his features; that death to which right rapturouſly and joyfully he was haſting. Still, ſo long as he was able, he continued to trail himſelf to the ſide of her whom he ſo dearly loved. At length, all his forces ſpent, there was nothing for it but to take to his bed, which he did; concealing, while yet he could, his fate from his friend; willing to ſpare her the agony of ſuch a knowledge. Now abandoning himſelf a prey to ſorrow and deſpair, his ſleep went from him, and with it all care for his meat or his drink; and ſo thoroughly became he changed, that ſcarce longer was it poſſible to recogniſe him, ſuch was the ghaſtlineſs and the hollowneſs of his features. This could not but come to the ears of the mother, who, of her own nature, kind and compaſſionate, in reality at heart ſo much loved the gentleman, that, had it but depended upon her, her daughter ſhould have been given to him. But the parents on the father's ſide were not to be gained. So, taking with her her daughter, ſhe went the poor ſufferer to viſit, whom too truly ſhe found, as ſhe had been told, rather dead than alive; for he, perceiving his end to be at hand, had, that very morning, received the ſacrament, nor ever thinking face of mortal to look upon again. Nevertheleſs did he, within one ace of his extremity; as one ariſing from the dead; ſeeing to be before him her, who was at once his reſurrection and his life; raiſing himſelf, and with a bound, exclaim,

And what, Madam, may I aſk, can have poſſeſſed you thus to come, a man to viſit; one foot already in the grave, and of whoſe death you are the cauſe? Alas, ſaid the lady, and can it be that one ſo dear to us, death ſhould be receiving at our hands! Tell me, I pray you, how can this be. Madam, ſaid he, although I had ſtruggled, as long as concealment were poſſible, with the attachment which I bore to your daughter; yet have my family, in proſecuting my ſuit, ſomewhat more noiſed it, than, had it depended upon me, I could have ever wiſhed, ſeeing the misfortune which has overtaken me. Nor is it ſo much the ruin of all my earthly hopes which has brought me to this paſs, as the conſciouſneſs that with no other could ſhe ever have been bleſſed and loved as of me. The loſs which ſhe is about this day to make of the kindeſt, the gentleſt, and the fondeſt heart which ever woman loved, afflicts me more, at this moment, than does that of a life, which, for her ſake alone I had cared to preſerve, and which, as it never more can be of uſe to her, it is but a ſmall matter to me to part with. What was in their power to comfort him to ſay, was ſaid. At length, ſaid the lady, This will never do; come, cheer up, my friend, and I give you my honour, if God will but reſtore to you your wonted health, never ſhall my daughter have other huſband than you; and this I now require her, and with her own lips, to confirm. This, the poor girl, in tears, as faithfully con-

ſented to. But he, who too well knew, that though his health, indeed, again he might get, yet never would he get his love; that all theſe fair promiſes were but ſo many preſcriptions, remediate to his caſe, told them very plainly, that he was not to be ſo impoſed upon; that had they but held to him ſuch language, not three months gone, then had he been that day the blitheſt, the ſoundeſt and the happieſt gentleman in France; but that all ſuch comfort was now coming too late to be either credited, or to be available. However, preſently, ſeeing them to perſiſt in their ſtory, after a little pauſe, he continued, Seeing that you are promiſing me what never now can be, even ſuppoſing it to be ever ſo much your deſire; grant me, in its ſtead, a favour that, conſidering the ſtate in which I am, I think might ſafely be permitted to me; a leſſer than, alive, God knows, I have ever preſumed to aſpire to. They aſſured him that it ſhould be conceded; and that he might aſk, and hardily. Then, ſaid he, Let me take into mine arms her whom you are promiſing me to wife; and bid her that ſhe may embrace me, and may kiſs me. The poor girl, unpractiſed to ſuch a familiarity, was about to heſitate, nor knowing what to do; till her mother, ſeeing that there was no more life in him, expreſſly deſired her to do as ſhe had undertaken. On this advancing, and bowing herſelf upon the wretched man, ſhe ſaid, My good friend, for my ſake, be of good heart. Then ſtretching forth

his withered arms, ſcarce other now than ſkin and bone, he drew her to his breaſt with all the little ſtrength he had; kiſſing with his poor, cold, pallid lips, her at whoſe hands his death he was accepting. And thus having held her as long as he was able, unclaſping her, he ſaid, So holy and ſo pure has been the love which I have ever borne to you, that never, out of the church, did I ſo much as deſire a more perfect felicity than that which now I prove; at the expiration of which, and in the raviſhment of which, right joyfully I am about to render up my ſoul to God; that God who himſelf is complete love and charity, and who well can teſtify to the purity of my affection and the abyſſes of my regard; entreating him to take, my perfect deſire encompaſſed in mine arms, my parting ſpirit to his eternal keeping. And with theſe words, ſtraining her to his boſom with a redoubled vehemence, the heart, unable longer to ſuſtain the exaltation of ſo unwonted a beatitude, dilating to its full, its cerement burſt, and the ſpirit, eſcaped, to its Maker returned. And though the poor corpſe now lay without life, and for that cauſe could no more retain its charge; ſo apparent became the affection which the lady had ever borne to him, that it was not without the greateſt efforts that her mother, with the ſervants, could detach the body of the living, if living ſhe could be called, from the embraces of the dead; and whom they cauſed to be honourably interred. But the triumph of the obſequies

were the tears, the ſobs, the lamentations of the unfortunate girl; and which the rather declared themſelves after his death, as during his life they had been ſtifled; and as ſome ſort of reparation for all the cataſtrophe which ſhe had brought upon him. Nor ſince, as I have heard, let what huſband they would be propoſed to her, has ſhe ever known peace or joy of heart. — *L'Heptaméron.*

PAULINE AND HER LOVER,

Renouncing the World betake themſelves to a Monaſtic Life.

IN the time of the Marquis of Mantua, the ſame who had married a ſiſter of the Duke of Ferrara, there was living in the family of the Marchioneſs, a young perſon, called Pauline, ſo diſtractedly loved of a gentleman, ſervant to the Marquis, that the affair became the wonder, the talk and the theme of all; ſeeing that ſo poor and ſo pleaſant a fellow might not unnaturally have looked to match himſelf, through the influence of his maſter, into ſome noble or ſome wealthy houſe. But all the riches of the world, to him ſeemed centred in his Pauline; and whoſe hand in marriage he yet hoped to obtain. The Marchioneſs, no leſs purpoſing, through her own perſonal interpoſition, to ſee Pauline more advantageouſly diſpoſed of, as much as in her lay,

fought to diſcountenance the match: forbidding them to be together; and ſhowing them how, ſhould they perſiſt in their folly, they muſt inevitably reſign themſelves to becomie, as well the moſt unhappy as the moſt inconſiderable couple in the land—a light in which the gentleman never could be brought to ſee the matter; whilſt Pauline, on her part, ſo far as it were poſſible, ſtruggled openly with her affections; ſtill continuing, however, to nurſe them in ſecret as before. And thus matters lingered long; ſupported on either ſide by the hope, that, ſooner or later, time or chance would bring them victorious out of all their troubles; even till the war broke out; and in which war it was the fortune of the gentleman to be made a priſoner, together with a Frenchman, who, as it turned out, was no leſs in love in France than was his companion in Italy. And ſo it fell, finding themſelves to be captives together, that they came to know each other's matters; and the Frenchman plainly blabbed, that his heart, as his friend's, was equally a priſoner; though the *where* he kept to himſelf. But inaſmuch as they were ſervants alike to the Marquis, the French gentleman was not long in divining, that it was Pauline to whom his friend was attached; and out of the kindlineſs and the regard which he felt for him, no argument was left unattempted by which he might detach him from ſo unhappy a purſuit. But this the gentleman aſſured him to be a chapter beyond the reach of preach-

ment, hope or remedy; that he might desist; and that should the Marquis of Mantua persist to refuse him his love, as an indemnity for all the prison which he had undergone, and as a return for his services, his sufferings, he would constitute himself a friar, nor from henceforth to know, or to serve any other master than God; which staggered his companion beyond all belief, who had never been able to detect in him any other inkling toward religion than the adoration which he bore to Pauline. Some eight or nine months gone, the gentleman, Frenchman, his companion, was fortunate enough to find himself at liberty, and no less so, not long after, in purchasing as much for his friend; who, at the end of a very few days, was again at the court of the marquis, endeavouring, by every means that he could devise, to overcome the reluctance of the marquis and the marchioness to his union with his Pauline. But it was all but so much labour lost; nor would they deign to any other reply, than that the match was forbidden by the parents, as well on the one side as on the other; or a sermon upon all the remorse, the misery, the privation, which a step so ill-considered would necessarily entail. And by way of making matters sure; to preclude the possibility of farther misapprehension or mishap, it was strictly forbidden to them ever again to haunt one another's company; thus hoping, that with time and separation this

The gentleman, ſeeing that there was nothing for it but to obey and to retire, ſubmitting, ſolicited, if it were not too vaſt a preſumption, to be allowed at leaſt to bid to one he loved ſo dear, a laſt adieu; ſeeing that he never was to ſee her more. Which being granted to him; coming to her, he ſaid; It is even ſo, Pauline; heaven and earth are at one, not only to prevent our coming together, but even as friend and friend, to look upon or entertain each other more. For our maſter and our miſtreſs have this day given commandment ſo ſtrict, that well may they flatter themſelves to have despatched, at a blow, two hearts of which the tenements can never now but languiſh: clearly ſhowing, by ſuch an ordinance, that love and charity alike are ſtrangers to their breaſts. I know well that it is their meaning to marry us apart, and into wealthy portions. But ah, little know they, that there is no riches to true contentment! In ſum, I have ſuffered ſo much, and ſo heavily at their hands, that longer to remain in their ſervice, with me is impoſſible. And if I well know, ſuppoſing that I never had talked or thought of marriage, they would not have been ſo nice but what I had been permitted to court you as beforetime; reſt aſſured, had it been ſo, that ſooner had I died than harboured a farther thought towards one whom I had loved with ſo pure an affection; to whoſe hand I had pretended, and would have been ready to aſſert againſt all. But ſeeing that to be thus tantaliſed had

been to me too inſupportable a penance; and that, in thus beholding you, this poor heart, denied of its juſt contentment, would have been for ever filling itſelf, a prey to ſome terrible deſpair, and of which the end had been cataſtrophous; I have determined, and ſince long, to betake myſelf to the church. Not but what I know that ſalvation may be purchaſed in every ſtate and condition of life, but that, by an undiſtracted leiſure, I may be enabled more effectually to contemplate the divine Goodneſs, which, I truſt, will be merciful to the ſins of my youth; will give to me a new heart, as much to be enamoured of the things of heaven, as once it hath been of thoſe of baſeneſs and of earth. And if God will but vouchſafe to give to me the grace to be a partaker of his, my prayer to him for you ſhall ceaſeleſs riſe; [1] beſeeching you, in return, by all that very true and conſtant paſſion which has ever been between us, that, in your oriſons, I may ever be remembered; that in this, my extremity, I may be ſuſtained; that He will give to me an heart as great to ſupport our ſeparation, as, in your preſence, it hath alway found of joy and of contentment. And now ſeeing that we are about to part, and for ever; and that never more need I hope to have of you that perfect bliſs which comes of uniſon; ſuffer me, of a little charity, that, as a brother, I may embrace you. The poor Pauline, who till now had always treated him with rigour enough; over-

[1] See note E, at the end.

whelmed as well with the tenderneſs of the requeſt, as with the delicacy of the man, who, in ſuch a criſis, could content himſelf with ſo reaſonable a prayer, for all reply, flung herſelf, fainting and in an agony, into his arms; in ſuch a very deluge of tears, that, voice, breath, utterance choked; head and limbs both reeling alike; inſenſible, ſhe lay upon his breaſt. What with love, pity, agony, alarm, diſtreſs, the unhappy gentleman, incapable to the charge of ſuch a burden, was ſeen, from a distance, to ſtagger and to fall, as was the lady; he one way and ſhe another. However, as ſuccour was quickly at hand, with the help of reſtoratives they were each brought round. Pauline, on coming to herſelf, was beyond expreſſion mortified to learn the ſcene, into which, through her weakneſs, ſhe had been betrayed; placing, ſo far as ſhe could, to the ſcore of pity and compaſſion, the emotion which ſo unhappily had eſcaped her. Whilſt he, in his turn, unwilling as unable again to face ſo terrible an ordeal, hurried away, head and heart ſo full, that, on entering his chamber, he flung himſelf upon his bed, in ſuch a paroxyſm of deſpair, that ſure nothing leſs was concluded of all, than that that day he had made ſhipwreck of the laſt friend which he had in the world, or the laſt farthing in his poſſeſſion. And no ſooner was it light, and he had riſen, and committed himſelf to his Saviour, than, dividing whatever he had among his ſervants, taking ſome little refreſhment for his journey, and having ſtrictly forbidden to any to follow him, he went the

way of the convent of St. Francis; requiring himſelf to be admitted into the order; which, as he told the monks, it was never more his intention to quit. The abbot, familiar with the man, and with his paſt, having often ſeen him, could ſcarce believe his eyes, or allow the gentleman to be ſerious; almoſt fancying the whole to be a dream, or a pleaſantry; for ſure a gentleman in France who had naturally leſs about him, the air, the cut, or the mien of a monk; or was more abundantly ſtocked, by nature and by art, with all the graces and the accompliſhments of a gallant, he knew not. But coming by degrees to take in his meaning, and ſeeing the floods of tears which kept courſing down his cheeks, he came at length to abandon his firſt impreſſions; charitably conſenting to receive him. And in a little time, perſuaded as well of the conſtancy of his reſolution as of the unfeignedneſs of his repentance, he had him to be ſolemnly allowed. All which ſhortly, as could not but be, came to the ears of the marquis and of the marchioneſs, and to whom the whole appeared ſuch a myſtery, that at the firſt, it was as much as they could do to credit it. Whilſt Pauline, as if to ſhow how completely ſhe had learned to maſter ſo unhappy an attachment, diſſimulated ſo effectually her paſſion, that the world, whom no one thing can ſatisfy, began to ſcatter, that ſhe had ſomewhat too ſoon forgotten ſo faithful and ſo fond a lover. And in this manner rolled themſelves away ſome four or five months, and without any ſort of

ſignification, on the one part or on the other. In this interval there was ſhown to her, by a lay brother, an effuſion which had eſcaped from her lover, ſhortly after his entry into the convent; and which, though common enough in the Italian, I ſhall be obliged to turn for you into French, as beſt I can.

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No ſooner had Pauline read this tribute, and which ſhe did in the ſilence of a cloiſter, than ſhe was ſeized with ſuch an agony of heart, that the very letters were ſaturated with her tears. And ſo thoroughly was ſhe maſtered, that her firſt thought was, to bury upon the inſtant, and for ever, in ſome hermitage, a paſſion ſo rooted and unrootable. But that prudence which had never forſaken her, conjured yet a little to defer her purpoſe. And however, in her inmoſt mind, her determination might remain unſhaken, in public it was never allowed to eke; carrying with her a preſence, a countenance, a mien, ſo acceſſible, ſo unpreoccupied, that nothing leſs than what ſhe was, ſhe ſeemed more to be. And this, her reſolution, ſhe covered, ſome ſix months, in her breaſt; to all appearance, more radiant, more reconciled to the world, than the oldeſt who had known her could recall: yet not ſo long, but that it came, one day, that Pauline, in the train of her miſtreſs, found herſelf at maſs in the convent of St. Francis. And who ſhould be there and then approaching, the proceſſion iſſuing from the veſtry, but her unfortunate ſer-

vant, who, yet in his probation year, was officiating, in attendance upon the prieſts; carrying the cenſers, covered with a cloth of ſilk; and he the foremoſt; his eyes infixed on the ground! And no ſooner had Pauline detected him, mid all the glory and the halo of ſuch a veſture; and which, if anything, ſeemed rather to heighten, than to detract from the heavenlineſs and the comelineſs of his features, than in the endeavour to cloke, as much as poſſible, the miſery ſhe was in, ſhe compelled herſelf to be ſeized, as with a fit of coughing. Her poor ſervant, to whom were ſooner caught that little ſound, than all the clamourings of his pariſh peal, could not ſo far refrain himſelf, though turn his head he would not, but that his eyes would walk their wonted ways. And no ſooner had he ſeen her, than, dizzied and bewildered, he ſtaggered and he fell; each and every fire rekindled, which fondly and madly he had hoped to have been quenched. However, recovering himſelf, to ſome little inequality in the pavement, he was fain to have his trouble laid. And no ſooner did Pauline ſee, that though habit, indeed, he might have changed, heart and affections he had changed not, than ſhe came to the concluſion, to put into execution, upon the hour, a reſolution to which her mind had now been long made up—that the reſidue of their days ſhould be paſſed in the one manner, dedicated to the one Lord; as had their prime, in the one hotel, and in the ſervice of the one maſter and the one miſtreſs. And as it

was now many months ſince everything had been in preparation for ſuch a ſtep, one day ſhe demanded permiſſion of the marchioneſs, to be allowed to go to the convent of St. Clair, to hear the maſs; and which was accorded to her; the lady having no manner of ſuſpicion touching the real nature of her requeſt. And in paſſing before the Gray Friars, ſhe alighted, requiring the porter to ſend to her her lover, who ſhe told him was her kinſman. And no ſooner had they retired together to the ſolitude of a chapel, than Pauline firſt, and thus began. Had it been to be reconciled with mine honour, or my ſpirit, the ſtep which I am this day taking had not been till now deferred. Your retirement had been my retirement. But ſeeing that, at length, by patience and by colour, I have broken the malice and ſuſpicions of the world, ever prone rather to impute the worſer than the better motive, I have now determined to adopt life, garb, eſtate, ſuch as I perceive this day to be yours. Nor farther am I curious to inquire. If to you is well, then to me is alſo well. If to you is ill, that ill would I partake. The road that you do tread to paradiſe, that road would I; aſſured that He who is the fountain of the one, true, only, perfect love, us has knit, adopted to his ſervice, by a concord pure and unearthly; and which, by his Holy Spirit, he will transform to his eternal eſſence: praying you, my friend, that you and I, this day, may put off, and for ever, the body of the fleſh, which is of

the old Adam; to be regenerate, and to be born again, in that of our Lord and Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt. Who at this was raviſhed but this holy and this precious lover? — fortifying her, by every means which were in his power, in an agony of tears and of joy, in this, her pious concluſion, and telling her, that ſince never now could he have of her other joy than that of fellowſhip, he accounted it no mean bleſſing that they were to find themſelves together in ſuch a retreat, that, at leaſt with their eyes, they might behold each other: that ſuch an alleviation could not but be for the refreſhment of their ſouls; henceforth to live, participants of the one affection, the one heart, the one ſpirit; emanations of the mercy of that one God, whom now he prayed them to hold in his eternal keeping; and from which none, who ever yet did truſt in him, did periſh or did fall. And with theſe words, kiſſing her hand, in a very tranſport of rapture and of tears, ſhe ſignified to him to take the holy kiſs of love and charity, and which he did. And in this divineſt ecſtacy departed Pauline.

No ſooner was all this conveyed to the marchioneſs, and whom it ſtaggered almoſt beyond the reach of credence, than ſhe haſted, with the light, to the monaſtery; in the hope, that, by any chance, a ſtep ſo precipitate might yet be retraced. To all which Pauline made no other reply, than that ſhe might have been content; that it was enough to have divorced her from an huſband in the fleſh; the man of all men whom

ſhe the moſt paſſionately loved, without attempting to ſeparate her from one that was a ſpirit, immortal and inviſible; and which it ſhould neither be in her power, nor in that of all the powers of earth combined, to effect. The marchioneſs, ſatisfied as well of the vainneſs of her attempt, as of the ſincerity of her attendant, having kiſſed her, left her, with a remorſeful and an aching heart. And ſince lived ſo holily and ſo devoutly, Pauline and her ſervant, that it is not to be queſtioned but that He, the fulfilment of whoſe law is charity, to them, as to the Magdeleine, at the expiration of their days, did ſay, that, as much they had loved, much to them was forgiven; or that now they are gathered to that bliſsful ſtrand, the joy of which no eye hath ſeen, content of which no ear hath heard! — *L'Heptaméron.*

THE PROLOGUE

TO

THE CHRONICLES OF FROISSART.

IN order that the memorable achievements, with the noble adventures and paſſages of arms, performed as well upon the fields of England as of France, might be becomingly related, and tabled into a perpetual memory; whereby a bold poſterity might be fired to like, ſuch noble empriſe, I have determined with myſelf to treat of mighty and of imperiſhable matters. But, or ever I begin, I do firſt require of him; the great Saviour of the world, who, from out of nothing, all things did make, that He, in me, will create and will renew, an underſtanding clear and ſimple; ſo that not only every man and every woman who may ſee, or who may hear this, my book, may find in it their ſolace and enſample; but that into their grace, I alſo may be received. It is ſaid, and truly, that it is of every material that the

edifice is raiſed, and that the mightieſt river is but the gathering of the little rills. Similarly, of many clerks, is ſcience culled and deviſed. That which this one is ignorant of, another can declare; nor is there any one thing which is not known; that is, of ſome, or in part. In order then to attain to the end, which, as I have ſaid, I have purpoſed with myſelf, I ſhall take, as the baſis of this, my chronicle, (invoking firſt, as I do, the grace of God, and of the Holy Virgin; of whom all comfort and advancement come,) that which, now long ſince, was compiled by my lord, Maſter John le Bel, canon of St. Lambert, at Liège; a man very reverend, grave and diſcreet; and who, with an unwearied diligence, and at an incredible pains, collected the ſame; his whole life being ſpent in the purſuit. Nor however much he may have expended, was he ever heard to grudge it; for, not only was he a man conſiderable, and of ſubſtance, (and, as ſuch, could ſupport it,) but of his own natural, generous, equal, juſt and liberal; diſpenſing with a pleaſure the bounty of his hand. And moreover than this, he was, all his days, high in conſideration, and very near with my lord, Sir John of Haynault, who will often be remembered, as is but juſt, in this book. For not only was he allied to more than one king, but himſelf the mainſtay and the riſe of many a great and memorable event. And for theſe reaſons the aforeſaid John le Bel was enabled, being about him, to ſee and to hear all thoſe noble exploits which herein-

after are to be recited. And with this it is no leſs true, that by a very inſtinct I have undertaken this work; having always been curious into ſuch matters; and to this intent have viſited the courts of many great and powerful barons, as well in France as in England, Scotland, and ſundry other lands; and have never failed, on occaſion, to inform myſelf concerning all worthy matters; wars, battles, ſieges, combats, tournays; more especially since the great battle of Poitiers, where John, the noble king of France, was taken priſoner. For previouſly to that, I was very young, as well in years as in underſtanding. Howbeit, young as I was, I ſet myſelf reſolutely to work, to the chronicling of the aforeſaid wars; purpoſing from the first, to carry my work into England, as ſoon as completed. And which I lived to do, and to preſent it to the Lady Philippa of Haynault, queen of England, who graciouſly and condeſcendingly received it at my hands, and well rewarded me for all my pains. I will not deny, but it may be found, that this, my chronicle, has neither been compiled with the diligence, nor the exactitude which a narration, ſo memorable, would demand; for the honours and the ends of war, for the moſt part ſo dearly bought, ought, above all other, to be unweariedly inquired into, and ſcrupulouſly adjudged to thoſe whoſe meed they are. It is then to acquit myſelf towards all ſuch, and in all truthfulneſs, that I have entered upon this undertaking, and on the foundation already ſpoken

to; at the prayer, and upon the ordinance of my much loved lord and maſter, Sir John de Namur, Knight, Lord of Beaufort, to whom I owe all duty, love and reverence; and in whoſe grace and in whoſe favour, may God continue to me the gift for ever to abide.

FROISSART.

THE DEATH, & DYING INSTRUCTIONS

OF

CHARLES V. OF FRANCE.

AT this time the king of France was overtaken with a very terrible misfortune; at which he, as well as all who knew him, were grievouſly diſtreſſed. For there was no help for it, but he had to die, and that too in a very little ſpace. And all this the king well knew, as did the ſurgeons; and I will tell you how, and why. As the ſtory runs, the king of France, when in his youth, and at the court of the king of Navarre, had been ſo ſubtly tampered with by that monarch, that the poiſon became imbibed into his ſyſtem. So that not only came his fleſh to dry and ſhrivel like a chip, but the hairs to fall from off his head, and the nails from the tips of his fingers and his toes; ſo that he was viſibly periſhing,

in the eyes of all, beyond the reach of hope, art or remedy. And no ſooner had his uncle, the emperor of Rome, heard of it, than he diſpatched to him, in all haſte, a maſter phyſician, of his own houſehold, the moſt unparalleled in his ſcience at that time alive in the world, or that, it is ſuppoſed, was ever known, or lived. And no ſooner had this maſter phyſician been to the king, (at that time Duke of Normandy,) and had ſatisfied himſelf as to the nature of his affection, than he gave it, that he was poiſoned, and that it went for his life. And with that he performed for him, (the ſince king of France,) the moſt aſtounding cure which ever was heard tell of. For he cauſed the venom to be ſo mortified, or appeaſed, that he was, in a little time, reſtored to all his wonted ſtrength and vigour. And this by means of an iſſue which he practiſed in his arm, and through which, by little and little, the malice oozed and ran off. This effected, (and for no conſideration could he be induced to remain in France,) he left with the king a receipt, to be followed as long as he ſhould live; and diſtinctly told the king, as well as thoſe who were about him, that, ſhould the day ever come when that fiſtula would ſcab, ceaſing to run, he would there and then have to die, out of hand; without let, remedy or hope; and that ſome fifteen or twenty days were the outſide upon which he would have to calculate, for the ſettlement of his kingdom, and for the reconciliation and propitiation of his ſoul.

And well had the king carried all this in his memory, and ſorely and heavily had it lain upon him. And it was now the two and twentieth day ſince the iſſue had begun to ſlack. Nor could any other comfort be adminiſtered to him than of his phyſicians, who told him to be of good heart, for that with remedies of which he little thought, they would not yet fail to dompt the fiend; and ſo to be of good heart and to baniſh fear. Nor was this the only thing which troubled him; for to the toothache he was a ſore martyr and a prey. And well took the king meaſure, from all theſe admoniſhments, precurſors, that longer he had not to live. And the thing, above all others, which the moſt comforted him and ſupported him, in all his afflictions, was, the recollection that God had bleſſed him with three fair children; two ſons and a daughter; Charles, Louis and Catherine. And no ſooner had the iſſue begun to ſlack, no more to run, than the king recalled to himſelf, how, by the device of the maſter leech, his hour was come. And ſo, (like a wiſe and valiant prince, as he was,) all other matters ſettled and diſpatched, he cauſed to be called to his ſide, his three brothers; the Dukes of Berry, of Bourgoyne, and of Bourbon. His ſecond brother, the Duke of Anjou, he called not, as he well knew him to be of a nature ſo miſerably inſatiable. And no ſooner were they come together than he ſpake, Good my brothers, thus it is. By ordinance of nature I am now required to die; for

well I know, that longer I have not to live. My ſon, Charles, I commit into your hands. Be kind to the lad. Acquit yourſelves to him loyally in all things; as loving uncles to a nephew ſhould. As ſoon as may be, let him be crowned, after my deceaſe. Counſel him, in all his affairs, to the beſt of your underſtanding. All my hopes now reſt with you. The lad is young and thoughtleſs; reaſon the more that he ſhould be governed and adviſed of abler, and of older heads. See that he be indoctrined to all the ſtate and appointment of a king; as well in what is to be attended of him, as in that which it will be for him, from his ſubjects, to require. Marry him into ſome royal and ſome noble houſe; but, any now, that it be to the profit of the realm at large. I have long known by a famous aſtrologer, who told it me, and aſſured me, that in his youth he would have perilous affairs upon hand, and that it would be conſumed amid great and terrible commotions and aſſaults. As to what he can poſſibly have been referring to, I have had many a ſorry cogitation. And much have I turned in my mind from what quarter the blow is like to come, if not from Flanders. For, God be praiſed, the affairs of my kingdom were never in better caſe. The Duke of Bretaigne is a man to be looked to; for one very fickle in his nature, and of an infinite ſubtlety, and who has ever worn an heart rather Engliſh than French. And for this reaſon, ſpare not to keep on good terms, as well with the

nobles as the good towns of Brittany. In no other way is his malice to be defeated. Of the Bretons themſelves, I have no cauſe to complain; they have invariably and faithfully ſerved me, and helped me to defend my kingdom againſt my enemies. Alſo make Sir Oliver Cliſſon conſtable; for, all things conſidered, I know of none ſo fitting thereto as he. And for the marriage of Charles, my ſon; look firſt to Germany. If it be poſſible, ally him into that quarter. It will be for his and all your ſafety. You know how our adverſary of England is ſeeking to fortify himſelf, by alliance, in the ſame direction. Be beforehand. The poor are ſorely aſſeſſed and tormented. Remit the taxes you can, and as ſoon as you can. Theſe are matters which, albeit in my lifetime I may have been compelled to wink at them, ſit not, at this moment, too lightly upon my breaſt; though the endleſs undertakings, with the wars which we had on hand, in a meaſure conſtrained me to continue them. And many other like and memorable words were ſpoken by the ſaid King John, which, however, I have not deemed it neceſſary to repeat. And although the King of France refuſed to ſee the Duke of Anjou, upon his death-bed, or to allow him any part in the government of the ſtate, for all that, the ſaid duke was by him at the time. For he had poſts for ever on the road between Angers and Paris, and who appriſed him certainly, in all things, touching the king, his brother.

And he had, farther, ſpies, who brought him word, day and night, of the progreſs of his declination; ſo that he was enabled, the very day of his deceaſe, to be in an antichamber, and by which means he came to ſee and to hear everything as it paſſed, and as I have told it you. And now we will return to the matter of the Engliſh, and whom we left on their way to Bretaigne. — FROISSART.

AN ACCOUNT

OF

TWO OR THREE REMARKABLE DUELS.

IN the early part of the reign of the late King Henry II., there was a duel, at Sedan, between the baron de Guerres and the lord de Fandilles, and which originated in a diſpute that occurred between them, the very identical day that the ſaid majeſty made his entry into Paris. The cauſe I ſhall forbear, as it was a ſomewhat dirty one, and none of the moſt creditable.

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Theſe two brave gentlemen, then, to ſettle the matter between them, (for it trenched too cloſely, as well upon the honour as the reputation of the baron, to admit of any ſort of compromiſe,) demanded of the king the uſe of the liſts, and which the king, who ſince the unhappy affair of my uncle, Monſieur de la Chaſtaig-

neraye, which he never ceaſed to deplore, as flatly denied them. As they were not, however, to be ſo diverted, they had next recourſe to Monſieur de Bouillon, as prince ſovereign of Sedan; and where they were ſucceſsful. And accordingly, on the day appointed, neither failed to appear; accompanied on either ſide by their parents, friends, allies, godfathers, ſupporters; all preliminaries and formalities enjoined by the ancient and well-known laws of the duello, adjuſted and complied with. But firſt and foremoſt, nothing would ſuit the lord de Fandilles, (ſo confident and overweening was he,) but he muſt build himſelf a gibbet and roll himſelf a faggot, that he might be indulged in the ſatisfaction as well of roaſting as of hanging his opponent! However, fortune ſtood not ſo much his friend as he had thought for, for he had the worſt of it; but not, however, in ſuch a manner that his adverſary had any great cauſe to value himſelf upon his ſuperior proweſs. The upper parts of their perſons were in armour. For all attack, the baron choſe a ſhort ſword, and to the handling of which he was well up; having learnt his leſſon from a prieſt, himſelf an adept in the art. At firſt, however, this was proteſted againſt by Monſieur le Vidaſme, godfather to de Fandilles, on the grounds, that by one of the articles of the code, the uſe of every other weapon was forbidden, than ſuch as was habitually worn or uſed by military men and perſons of condition. But to this it was rejoined, that the Swiſs, as

brave a people as any upon the ſurface of the earth, avail themſelves of no other. So the end of the matter was, that Monſieur le Vidaſme, confident in the mettle of his godſon, made no more difficulty about it; eſpecially as the ſaid godſon ſeemed to hold, alike the man and his weapons, in a very perfect contempt. So now we have brought them to the camp; all the neceſſary preliminaries diſpoſed of and reſponded to. At the very firſt go off, Fandilles dealt the baron ſo hideous a gaſh acroſs the thigh, that, upon the inſtant, his ſtrength began to fail, through loſs of blood. And ſo, well perceiving the diſadvantage which he was at, and was ſtill more likely to be at, he determined, there and then, to cloſe with his man; a trick to which he was well up; and to which he had been of purpoſe initiated by a ſtumpy little Breton prieſt, almoner to Monſieur de Lenoncourt, his relative. And no ſooner had he brought him to the ground, himſelf above, than he ſet to to pommel him with all his might and main; for in buckling together, they had each of them neceſſarily been compelled to drop their weapons. But as his ſtrength was now faſt upon the ebb, it was a toſs up whether he would ever live to diſpatch him. Matters hanging in this doubtful ſtate; as luck would have it, a ſcaffold was firſt ſeen to totter, and then to give way, whereon were ſtanding a moſt unconſcionable company of lords, ladies with their daughters, knights, eſquires; ſpectators of this cruel paſtime. So that what with the

ſhrieks, the noiſe, the hubbub, the confuſion, the attention of the company was perfectly bewildered betwixt the rival entertainments; one part remaining rivetted upon the iſſue of the fight; the other hurrying away to the extrication of the diſconſolate and diſordered fair ones, with the gentlemen, their companions and fellow-ſufferers. Under cover of all this confuſion, the friends of the baron, making for the centre, began to holloa to their champion, *Stop his eyes and mouth! ſtop his eyes and mouth!* and which, on their lives, they durſt not have preſumed to do, had it not been for the ſcandal of the ſcaffold; it being forbidden, by the laws of the field, and on the forfeiture of life and limb, ſo much as to ſpeak, cough, ſneeze, ſpit, hem, blow the noſe, or make any ſort of an inkling toward a ſign or a hint. Profiting by the ſuggeſtion, the baron, though it was much as he could do, ſo effectually managed to bung his eyes and mouth with ſand, (and with which, to inſure their footing, the arena had been ſtrewed,) that he was compelled, at leaſt ſo ſay the friends of the baron, to give in; and who, accordingly, went about crying, *He has yielded! he has yielded!* Which the party of Fandilles as ſtoutly denied. But what with the confuſion of the breakdown, the uproar, the noiſe, the ſcuffle, it was found to be literally impoſſible to come at what had really taken place between them. Monſieur de Bouillon, as umpire of the field, deſired that they ſhould be ſeparated. And no ſooner had the

baron cauſed his wound to be ſtaunched, than he gave his priſoner to underſtand, that it was his intention to treat him to the ſame ſoup, which, before the fight, he had thought to have ladled out to him. On this there was a terrible ado between the parents and the allies, as well on the one ſide as the other; Monſieur le Vidaſme, godfather to de Fandilles, ſolemnly proteſting and affirming that he had never heard one word about the rendering, or anything to the purpoſe. The godfather to the baron, (if I recollect rightly, Monſieur de Pavan of Lorraine, a brave and worthy gentleman,) as ſtiffly aſſerted the contrary, and inſiſted that his godſon ſhould be permitted to diſpoſe of his priſoner as he thought right, and as, by the laws of war, he was perfectly entitled to do. But Monſieur de Bouillon, having thoroughly ſifted the matter, and conſulted with the divers captains and gentlemen preſent, forbade him to attempt to do anything of the ſort; and told the baron, that he might be content to let matters reſt where they were; ſeeing there was much to be ſaid on both ſides, and that there was very conſiderable doubt as to whether his adverſary really had ſurrendered or not.

In fact, they each of them acquitted themſelves like brave men; the vanquiſhed living to ſerve his king on many a hard fought field, and to fall, honourably, at the aſſault on Caunis, then beſieged by the Marſhal de Briſſac; and where, it is remembered, how-

he was the firſt to mount the breach, and on which he fell.

I may poſſibly have dwelt a little too long on this affair. However, as it was a remarkable one in itſelf, and as I myſelf had heard it related by the partiſans, as well on the one ſide as on the other, I did not chooſe it to be forgotten; and by which is to be ſeen the infamous and the miſerable penalties which the conquerors were permitted to impoſe upon the conquered. For, beyond any manner of queſtion, had the truth of what the baron aſſerted been but capable to have been come at, he would have burnt his man at the ſtake, and no power could have hindered him; and which God, who poſſibly may have known the wickedneſs of his quarrel, would not, for that reaſon, permit him to do.

Monſieur Olivier de la Marche, firſt gentleman of the houſehold to the Archduke Philip, Count of Flanders; as gallant a knight, unqueſtionably, as any of his time; able as well to handle his pen as his ſword, has left us, in his memoirs, an account of a combat which took place in his day, at Valanciennes, in the preſence of the ſaid duke; and which is aſſuredly uncommonly rich, as well from the character of the weapons with which it was waged, as for the pleaſantneſs of the ſolemnities with which it was celebrated. For in other reſpects, goodneſs knows, it was tragic enough;

as it ended in the hanging and the death of one of the parties. The circumſtance aroſe out of a privilege, long ſince conferred by the emperors and the counts of Haynault upon the town of Valanciennes; and which was this—That any man who had the misfortune to diſpoſe of another, fairly, ſo to ſpeak; that is, in the defence of his proper perſon; without any ſort of foul play or circumvention, might, on fleeing to it, claim the ſanctuary of the good town of Valanciennes—provided always, he were willing and ready to maintain, at the point, or rather with a crack of his ſhillelagh, that he had killed his man fairly, as a gentleman, and a man of honour. Nor could the challenger, any more, preſent himſelf with any other weapon. But to his ſtory. It appeared that a certain Mahuot had killed a relative of one Jacotin Plouvier, and by the which Plouvier the ſaid Mahuot had been purſued into the limits of Valanciennes; Jacotin perſiſting, all the time, that he had taken his kinſman at a diſadvantage, and not as any fair man would have done. So the end of the matter was, that on the complaint of Jacotin, they were ſentenced by the counſel of the town, and with whom it reſted, to have it fairly out between them. The duke, who did not wiſh to appear in the affair, nor indeed well could he, as it came not within his cognizance, was nevertheleſs preſent. And as ſoon as ever the multitude, which was incredible, was on the ground, proclamation was made by one carrying a

bludgeon, *Beware the orders! beware the orders!* So that all were as ſtill as mice; as it was forbidden, under penalty of loſs of life and limb, to ſpeak or ſtir. To the yard, which was round, there was but one entry; and facing one another were planted two chairs, covered with black, (juſt fancy!) on which the champions were to repoſe themſelves whilſt all the uſual preliminaries were being adjuſted. They were then reſpectively tendered the miſſal, and on which each of them, by oath, reſpectively confirmed his juſtification; in itſelf, by the way, a very old cuſtom. They were clad alike, in a ſhirt or jacket of boiled leather; and as well their legs and arms as their bodies. Their heads were ſhorn, feet bare. And as if this was not enough, the nails had been pared, as well upon their fingers as their toes! Of the beard, there is nothing ſaid; which to me is inexplicable; for nothing comes ſo handy in a ſcuffle, eſpecially when long, ſtiff and forky, as it was then the cuſtom to wear it, and as it is now being revived among us. For all defence, they were allowed a ſhield, pointed at the top; (mind you that; for it is not one of the leaſt pleaſant ſtrokes in this affair,) as to be piqued below is only permitted to the nobles. For the attack, they had each a formidable quarter-ſtaff, of white vine or medlar, and of a like length. This wood is exceſſively tough, and the beſt Naples bowls are made of it. The celebrated croſs ſtick of Friar John, in Rabelais, and of which he made ſo good a uſe, was

of a ſort of crab, which is alſo exceedingly tough and ſtrong. However, extremities were not proceeded to, till they had demanded, and been allowed, three boons; ſugar, greaſe and aſhes! So, firſt and foremoſt, they were handed, each of them, a tub of greaſe. Only imagine: what a ceremony! To the ſame end the wreſtlers, among the Turks, ſmear themſelves with oil, the better to evade the cloſe of their opponents. After that they were ſeverally permitted, and by way of ſoap, a ſhovel full of cinders, to waſh away the effects of the greaſe upon their palms, and the better to enable them to clutch their ſtaves! So much for formality number two. And for number three, there was inſerted with a ſpoon, into the mouth of each, the regulation allowance of ſugar; (and, mind you this, weighed firſt,) and this, the better to enable them to retain the ſaliva, and to hold their breath! a pleaſant myſtery, truly! In Turkey, the poſts and couriers are likewiſe ſaid to have recourſe to a ſimilar expedient when diſpatched upon long and exhauſting courſes. And mark you this, farther; that of each of theſe three precious condiments, eſſay was made, before their eyes, as at the tables, and before the repaſts of princes and of kings! A pleaſant and an honourable reſponſibility, truly! To cut the matter ſhort, no ſooner had they come to the ſcratch, than Mahuot let drive ſuch a cloud of duſt, of which the place was covered, full in the eyes of Jacotin, that ere he could recover himſelf, his head had been as good as

laid open with a fetch. But Jacotin, who, for all that, was the tougher of the two, ſo doggedly ſtuck to him, that, before he could well know what he was about, he had knocked the ſenſes out of him, jumped on him, gouged him, finally diſpatching him at a blow! After this, he dragged him, like a dog, from the liſts; and hung him, there and then, with the conſent of the court.

There is a ſtory told in the "Annals of France," how, in the time of Charles VI., the lord of Courragès, by judgment of the Coûrt of Parliament, at Paris, fought in the liſts with a gentleman, named Le Gris, in the vindication of the honour of his wife, whom the ſaid Le Gris had forced in his abſence; he, for the time, being beyond the ſeas, and in the Holy Land. The lady, who was aſſiſting at the ſcene, ſeated, and in her chariot, was peremptorily deſired by the King, (and which was a terrible affront,) to come down from it; as it was not for one lying under ſo grievous a reproach to aſſume herſelf innocent, till ſuch time as that innocence had been made to appear; and that ſhe was to deſcend from out of it, and place herſelf upon a ſcaffold, there to attend the mercy of God, and the iſſue of arms. And which, fortunately for her, declared for the ſide of the lord of Courrages, who was lucky enough to have been able to diſpatch his man, having firſt compelled him to confeſs his villainy upon the lady. After which he had him to a gallows,

and there hung him, to the triumph and juſtification of the unhappy counteſs. I remember well to have ſeen the repreſentation of this combat, upon an old arras, in the chambers of our kings at Blois, among other curious reliques of the paſt. And the firſt time too that I ſaw it; it was with Charles IX.; and who, as he was naturally curious in ſuch matters, had the whole explained to him. As to their perſons, they ſeemed to be in armour. Whilſt for weapons, they had but ſimply battle axes; in fact, neither more nor leſs than the pole-axe or halbert, which the gentlemen of the body guard carry to this day; to which, moreover, I ſhould add, a dagger or ſhort ſword on the thigh.

We alſo read, (it was in the time of Louis the Stammerer,) that Ingelgerius, Count of Gaſtinois, in bed with his wife, came ſo ſuddenly to die, without any ſort of ailing or warning, that it was not till the morning that the latter became aware of what had happened, in the night, to him and to her. And of which ſhe was no ſooner convinced, than ſhe diſpatched, in all haſte, for the gentlemen, ladies, knights, her friends and neighbours, to ſhew them all this piteous ſpectacle, and which ſhe did, in a viſible agony of diſtreſs; telling them how the whole had occurred. But there was one of the company, named Gothran, and of the family of the late count, who was not to be ſo eaſily ſatisfied.

For he roundly, before them all, accuſed the counteſs as well of his death, as of adultery; telling her that ſhe had not only played him falſe in his lifetime, but had now made away with him, the better to be enabled to carry on her infamous amours. As ſoon as all this ſcandal had come to the ears of the King, and with whom the count had always been a favourite, he had as well Gothran as the counteſs before him. And although everything was heard, on one ſide and on the other, nothing poſitive could be got at. It was but allegation. However Gothran, who had determined that the matter ſhould not reſt where it was, to urge on his quarrel, boldly caſt his wager upon the ground, calling upon the lady, or her champion, on her behalf, to take it up: the lady, all the while, ſhowing, urging and proteſting the maliciouſneſs of the charge. But Gothran, deaf to all reaſon, perſiſted in his tale, and in his determination to ſupport it, againſt all comers, with the weight of his ſword. Thus the matter was long debated before the barons, and everything heard which was to be heard. However, to little purpoſe. So the end of it was, (as was required by the immemorial precedent of France, when a challenger perſiſts in his charge, and is prepared to ſupport it at the hazard of his life,) that the lady was adjudged, in like manner, to provide herſelf with a champion to act upon her part — a verdict which was very terrible to the lady. So that turning, ſhe looked very piteouſly upon all the

company, her kinſmen, relatives, friends; imploring them, as well by her ſighs as her tears, to ſee if there was none who would ſtand forth in defence of her life and of her honour — a trouble which ſhe might well have ſpared herſelf. Not that any, for one moment, doubted of the virtue of the lady, or the righteouſneſs of her cauſe, but through an unwillingneſs to encounter an adverſary ſo terrible as was this Gothran. Accurſed and craven kinſmen! ſay I. As fortune would have it, among the ſpectators of this ſorry ſcene, was a certain young prince, Ingelgerius, Count of Anjou; a lad ſcarcely yet in his ſixteenth year; and whom this very counteſs had held, an infant, upon the font, giving to him, herſelf, the name of her own very huſband; and to whom, conſequently, he was godſon. This young count, ſeeing his godmother in ſuch extremity, abandoned and forſaken of all her more legitimate defenders, boldly ſtepped from the crowd, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before the King, told him, that his heart burned within him; and that he neither could nor would ſtand by, and ſee his godmother thus miſerably periſh; and that he would accept the defiance of Gothran. How touching, on the part of the lad; and how beautiful an exemplification of the virtues of that holy ſacrament! And there and then he caſt down his wager, which Gothran as inſtantly picked up. For cuſtom required, that he who dealt the challenge ſhould firſt throw his glove upon the ground, and

that the accepter ſhould take it up. Though it has ſometimes occurred, that both parties have inſiſted upon being the challengers; in which caſes, each would take up the other's glove; as once happened in the time of Charles V., in the perſons of John de Geriſtelles of Haynault and Peter de Bourzenel. But to this there was nothing that could be urged by the King, which was not, to divert him from ſo dangerous a game. His very words have come down to us. "My ſon," ſaid he, "youth and inexperience too often flatter thoſe "who are their minions, into undertakings, the nature "of which they but little know, and which invariably "will turn to their confuſion. You are much too "young to meaſure yourſelf with any ſuch man as this "Gothran. Let not your maiden ſpurs, my child, be "pled for on any ſuch field. My ſon, think well of all "this; for, 'fore God, this day it goes with your life." But neither could prayers nor remonſtrances ſhake the little count in his determination. So that the whole company was in an agony; crying, what a terrible thing it was to ſee ſo fine and ſo noble-ſpirited a lad, hurried, in this wretched manner, to butchery and to death! On the other hand, who was in ecſtacies but the counteſs? being with him, comforting him and encouraging him by every means which were in her power; convincing him of the truth of all the m[illegible] fortune that had overtaken her, and of the juſtice of their common cauſe. And ten of the clock, upon the

very next morning, was the hour appointed for the combat. And no ſooner was it light, and the young count had riſen, taken his laſt farewell of the counteſs, commended his ſoul unto God, confeſſed himſelf, heard maſs, diſtributed, aſſumed the glorious ſymbol of the Croſs, than he leaped upon his horſe, and gallopped boldly to the liſts, where already the terrible Gothran was in waiting. At this ſtage of the proceedings the lady was produced, and the uſual purgations were ſworn to, on the one part and on the other. On the very firſt encounter, the ſhield of the count was carried right from him and beyond him, ſuch was the violence of the ſhock. But in return, ſo rudely had he aſſailed his adverſary, that he had driven his ſpear, not only through ſhield, but breaſt-plate, belly, bowels, reins; coming clean out from his behind. With that, he ſprang from his ſaddle, and ſevering his head from his trunk, at a blow, preſented it to the King, who received it no leſs joyfully at his hands than though he had made him the maſter of a city. On this the counteſs was releaſed; and running to him, ſhe caught him in her arms, embracing him and kiſſing him before all the company; thanking him, in an agony of tears and of joy, for all the unſpeakable obligation which he had laid her under. And the very next day, as ſome approach to a return, ſhe made over to him, with the conſent of the King, the lordſhip of Chaſteau-Landon, with ſundry other fiefs and holdings in Gaſtinois; and

for which the count, there and then, did homage to the King.[1] And the remainder of her days were ſpent in retirement and ſeclusion, mortification, prayers, alms and charity.—BRANTÔME.

[1] See note F, at the end.

A SOMEWHAT NAÏVE ACCOUNT

OF THE

DUKE DE SULLY'S COURTSHIP.

IMMERSED, as I was, in this new ſort of life; obliged, in a manner, from the very nature of my avocations, to play my part amid all the gaieties and frivolities of the court, its emptineſs and its nothingneſs; in the flower of my youth; no one can be ſurpriſed to find that I paid to the god of Love the accuſtomed homage attended of us all. In fact, I had become over head and ears in love with the daughter of the preſident de Saint-Meſmin, and one of the moſt lovely women of her time in France. And in this mood I abandoned myſelf, without any ſort of reſtraint, to all the deliciouſneſs of a paſſion, the firſt aſſaults of which are ſo peculiarly bewitching; indeed, ſo much ſo, that when I came ſoberly to

reflect, how little deſirable, in other reſpects, ſuch a match would be, I found that all ſuch conſiderations had come too late to be pitted with the regards and the expectations of the lady's family, the prepoſſeſſion of the moſt eſtimable of fathers; but, above all, the charms of ſuch a miſtreſs — a chain in itſelf, which, had there been no other, I had found it difficult enough to have undone. Lafond, to divert me from her, entreated me but only once to ſee Mademoiſelle de Courteney, who, it ſeems, he had pitched upon as a party in every way more ſuitable; and which, accordingly, I did. And although I knew well, in my heart, that all he ſaid was true, the recollection of Mademoiſelle de Saint-Meſmin and her charms, as quickly drove all ſuch cold-blooded reflections from my mind.

Matters were in this doubtful ſtage, when, one day, I happened to be ſleeping at Nogent-ſur-Seine; the ſaid Lafond, with ſome few others, being with me at the time. And curiouſly enough, as fate would have it, there and then were both the fair ones; Mademoiſelle de Saint-Meſmin and Mademoiſelle de Courteney! The ſituation was delicate. For I well knew, that there was no eſcape for it, but I muſt break, upon the ſpot, with whichever of the damſels I ſhould the firſt decline to wait upon; in as much as it was beyond the nature of things to ſuppoſe that it could be within the wit of man, or mortal, to ſatisfy, in ſuch a conjuncture, the expectations of two ſuch women. At

this moment, a little ſiſter of Mademoiſelle de Saint-Meſmin happened to come into the room, where ſhe found me in all the ſtudy and heſitation of a man, drawn one way by all the weight of his affections, another by that of his better ſenſe, reaſon and conviction. And ſo, giving full play to all the vivacity of her temperament, after ſome pretty little rallying, ſhe ſet to to drag me off, by main force, a priſoner to her ſiſter's feet.[1] But before we could get there, I was overtaken by Lafond, who whiſpered in my ear, "The "other door, Sir; you will there find fortune, an "extraction royal, and charms as great, when they "ſhall have come to their maturity." Theſe few words, tendered ſo *à propos*, at once recalled me to my ſenſes, and fixed me in my reſolution. I ſaw that the counſel of Lafond was ſound, and that the only difference, in point of perſonal attraction, between Mademoiſelle de Saint-Meſmin and her rival, was, that the one was in the actual poſſeſſion of charms, which a year or two could ſcarce fail to develope in the other. I refuſed to viſit Mademoiſelle de Saint-Meſmin, which brought down upon me a perfect ſtorm of indignation and reproach. However, I ſtood my ground, making ſtraight for the apartment of Mademoiſelle de Courteney; and to whom the ſacrifice was repreſented in a ſomewhat more flattering light, than, to be candid, it altogether merited. With my reception, I had no

[1] See note G, at the end.

reaſon to be diſſatisfied. And in a little time, when I had come to ſee her oftener, I began to be more fully aware of all the virtues and the worth of my new miſtreſs; and whom, ſhortly after, I married. — *Mémoires de Sully.*

THE BIRTH OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

IT has never been preciſely aſcertained in what place Henry IV. was conceived. The moſt generally received opinion, however, is, that it was at La Fleche, in Anjou, where Antoine de Bourbon, his father, and the Princeſs de Navarre, his mother, are known to have been living from the end of February, fifteen hundred and fifty two, to mid-May, fifteen hundred and fifty three. But this much is certain, that the firſt time that ſhe became unmiſtakeably aware of her condition, or felt her child to ſtir, was in the camp, in Picardy, to which ſhe had accompanied her huſband, for the time being, governor of that province; having quitted La Fleche to put himſelf at the head of an expedition againſt the Emperor Charles V. And certes, it was but in character, that he, who was one day deſtined to become ſo mighty a prince, ſhould give the earlieſt evidence of

his being, in a camp, amid the roar of cannons, trumpets, and the clang of arms; like a true ſon of Mars, as he was.

His grandfather, Henri d'Albret, as ſoon as he heard that his daughter was with child, ſent for her, determining to take into his own hands the education of this promiſed fruit, and which, from a ſort of preſentiment, he was perſuaded would one day live to avenge upon the Spaniard all the injuries that they had inflicted on his houſe.

This courageous princeſs, then, taking leave of her huſband, ſet out from Compiegne the fifteenth of November, traverſed to the Pyrenees, the length of France, and arrived at Pau, in Bearn, where her father then was, the fourth day of December; thus allowing herſelf but ſome eighteen or nineteen days for her journey. And on the thirteenth of the ſame month ſhe was happily delivered of a ſon.

Previouſly to this, the King, Henry d'Albret, had made a teſtament, and which the princeſs was exceedingly curious to ſee; in as much as it was generally ſuſpected to have been drawn ſomewhat to her prejudice, and in the favour of a certain lady, whom the goodman, upon a time, had been a little too kind to. Otherwiſe than indirectly, ſhe dare not allude to it. However, to ſatisfy her, he promiſed, that as ſoon as ſhe ſhould have ſhowed him what ſhe was then carrying in her loins, the will would be placed in her hands; and pro-

vided alſo, that ſhe would undertake to ſing to him all the while that her infant were coming into the world; *ſo that*, ſaid he, *you may not be making me a whining and a reſty child.* All which ſhe engaged for, and was as good as her word; ſinging to him, in her native *Bearnois*, amid all her ſufferings and her pangs. It was remarked that the infant, contrary to the uſual courſe of nature, came into the world without any ſort of crying, or apparent ſuffering. And aſſuredly it was not to be ſuppoſed that a prince, deſtined to be, óne day, the glory and the joy of France, ſhould have come into the world, amid agonies and groans and cries.

As ſoon as ever he was born, his grandfather took him away in the folds of his robe, having firſt handed to his daughter the promiſed teſtament, and which was encloſed in a caſket of gold; ſaying to her, *Here, my daughter, this I give to you; this I reſerve to myſelf.* He then rubbed his little lips with a head of garlick, and poured a drop or two of wine into his mouth, in order to fortify his temperament, and render him more vigourous and hardy.

The Spaniards had formerly a trick of ſaying, by way of raillery, when upon the article of the birth of the mother of our Henry, *Miracle, the cow has brought forth a ſheep!* meaning, by the cow, the Queen Margaret, his mother. For ſo was ſhe dignified, and her huſband, *The cowherd*; in alluſion to the arms of

Bearn, which are two cows. And the King Henry, who never queſtioned but that his grandſon would one day become famous, uſed frequently, on receiving the felicitations of his friends, and in rejoinder to the cool irony of the Spaniard, to take him in his arms, and ſay, *See you not this; my ſheep has brought forth a lion!*

* * * * *

He was at firſt very difficult to raiſe; having had ſo many as ſeven or eight nurſes; with the laſt of whom, however, the honours remained. As ſoon as ever he was weaned, the king gave him into the charge of Suſan de Bourbon, wife to John d'Albret, baron de Moiſſens, who carried him to the chateau de Coaraſſe, in Bearn, amid the mountains and the rocks.

His grandfather would on no account conſent to his being brought up with all the delicacy and conſideration, too often beſtowed upon thoſe of his rank; knowing well, that a feeble and an enervate perſon is, for the moſt part, mated to a timorous and a creeping ſoul. He forbade him either to be becomingly dreſſed, or to be humoured with any ſort of toys or nonſenſe; or again, to be in any way fawned to, or remembered of his rank; for, ſaid he, all theſe things but ſerve to the puffing up of vanity, and rather to breed arrogance and pretenſion than noble or generous propenſities. In fact, he required him to be clad and to be treated, exactly as other children of his years. And he was made to run about and climb all day among the rocks,

ſo as early to inure him to danger and fatigue: the better to impart a tone and vigour to his ſyſtem. And which was, aſſuredly, aboye all things to be looked to, in the nurture of a prince who was deſtined to go through and to ſuffer ſo much, for the recovery, and for the ſake of his country and his rights. – HARDOUIN DE PEREFIXE.

THE DEATH OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

BUT amid all theſe preparations, there were others, and of a different kind, in progreſs, and which agitated him in a very extraordinary manner. It is of the coronation of the queen that I would ſpeak. To the very thought of it, ſo unſpeakable was his abhorrence, that nothing leſs than his known complacency toward that princeſs could ever have brought him to conſent to the ſame. And no ſooner had this conceſſion been wrung from him, than her majeſty cauſed all hands to be put upon the work. I have already touched upon the drift and the nature of the arguments with which ſhe was urged and poſſeſſed by her creatures to hurry the ceremony on; aſſuredly, either very prepoſterous or very criminal. Immediately after, Henry was to leave Paris. And as a fortnight, at the fartheſt, was the outſide which he could poſſibly be detained, marching orders

had been already diſpatched to all the troops, as well horſe as foot, and who, accordingly, had left by the way of Champagne.

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As a final warning, the king had announced to all the foreign courts, how he was about to quit his capital, and this, through the medium of a letter which he addreſſed to the archduke. Here it is, and exactly as it was couched and went; if indeed Villeroy, through whoſe hands, as ſecretary of ſtate, it had neceſſarily to paſs, allowed it to go unmended, which he had an uncommon reluctance to do. "My brother, unable "to refuſe to my old allies, friends and confederates, "the aid which they have prayed at my hands, againſt "thoſe who are perſiſting to trouble the ſucceſſion in "the duchies and counties of Cleves, Julliers, La- "Mark, Bergh, Ravenſperg, and Raveſtein; I am "preparing, with my troops, to go to their aſſiſtance. "And in as much as the route, which I am purpoſing "to follow, will lie through at leaſt a portion of your "territories, I have thought it but courteous to appriſe "you of the ſame; praying you, in return, to notify to "me, Will it be your good pleaſure, that I am to "ſalute you as a friend, or as an enemy? In the in- "terim, abiding your reply, I pray God to have you in "his ſafe keeping. HENRY."

I do not really know, what is either to be ſaid or thought of a report then current, and which was con-

firmed by Giraud, who had come direct from Bruſſels, the ſeventh of March, to the king, who was then at Fontainebleau; and which was to this effect — That it was very generally believed, as well at the court, as throughout the Auſtrian ſtates, that all theſe warlike rumours and preparations were but ſo many bugbears, on the part of Henry, to impoſe upon his enemies; and that this was the real reaſon why ſo little preparation was being made to oppoſe him. That but little preparation was being made might have been true; as, in fact, it proved; without, however, for that, the archduke being altogether, within himſelf, ſo ſatisfied, as to the world he affected to be. For had he really been ſo, then had he been of a very different complexion from all the reſt of thoſe who had the real intereſts of the Houſes of Auſtria and of Spain at heart. No words could picture their conſternation. For whilſt the faction of their adverſaries, or, as it was ſtyled abroad, that of France, was carrying its head erect, and confidently predicting the iſſue which, on all hands, was wiſhed to it; that of Auſtria was cowed into ſilence, paralyzed, amazed; the object of an execration to which it ſaw itſelf the devoted victim; no poſſible means preſenting themſelves whereby to evade the ſtorm which was about to deſcend upon it and to overwhelm it. But alas, how little is it in me thus to ſpeak of, or to ſlight them! They had unhappily but too many reſources at their diſpoſition to be thus lightly

taunted. But it was not the ſhock of arms, nor yet a noble deſpair, which they were to oppoſe to a prince whom Europe had pitched upon as her avenger, and advanced to be her ſhield and her ſupport. No, it but required to lop the head from off this vaſty power —an infamy. And never, ſure, did aſſaſſination, poiſon, treaſon achieve a triumph more worthy of themſelves: a triumph ſo baſe, ſo execrable, ſo heinous, that words are wanting to me to expreſs the one-tenth part of its villainy. I finiſh, trembling, what I have to tell the world concerning this moſt wretched tragedy; and the very thought of which, to this hour, wrings tears of blood from my heart.

What are we to, what can we think of all thoſe gloomy preſentiments with which the cloſing days of this unhappy prince were clouded; and with which it is but too notorious that he was poſſeſſed? They were really of ſo extraordinary a character, that they are ſomething appalling ſo much as to think of. I have already touched upon the almoſt inſuperable reluctance with which he at length conſented that the ceremony ſhould take place before his departure. And the nearer he found the day to be at hand, the more and the more did the agony and the trouble of his ſoul increaſe. He broke the whole to me in ſuch an abandon of bitterneſs and deſpair, that I could not refrain from rallying him on a weakneſs ſo unbecoming and

unpardonable in ſuch a prince. But his own lips will better tell their tale than any words of mine. "Ah, "my friend," ſaid he, "you cannot conceive how this "coronation is preying upon me! I cannot tell what "it is has come over me, but my heart miſgives me. "There is ſomething terrible about to happen." On this he threw himſelf into a little chair, that I had had made on purpoſe for him, and which never was allowed out of my cabinet; preſently to fall into ſo devouring a trance, tapping all the while, mechanically, the caſe of his ſpectacles, that he ſeemed completely loſt to everything about and around him; and from which at length he ſtarted, as from a dream, beating frantically his ſides and his hands; exclaiming the while, "O my God, my God! never am I more to "leave it: I am to die in this town. They will kill "me. It is their laſt chance. Ah, curſed, curſed "crowning; you will be the death of me!" "Good "God, Sir," ſaid I to him one day, "to what extra- "ordinary hallucinations are you giving yourſelf up! "If this is to be the way, better far to quaſh the whole "affair at once; war, coronation, voyage, and all to "boot. Will you that it be ſo? Say the word, and "they ſhall be countermanded; it is the affair of an "inſtant." "Yes," ſaid he, after that I had, on more than one occaſion, ſimilarly interrogated him: "Yes; "ſtop the coronation, and let me hear no more about "it. It is the only way to get out of my head, ima-

"ginations which nothing elſe will. I ſhall get off "from the city, and there will be nothing then to "fear." By what poſſible traits are the inſcrutable and unerring inſtincts of the heart to be detected, if not by theſe? "I will not conceal from you," ſaid he to me, on another occaſion, "how I have been told, "that I am to periſh in my coach, and at the firſt "ſolemnity which I may happen to attend." "Sir," I rejoined, "I never heard you refer to this before; "and now that I think of it, I have often been amazed "to ſee you ſo nervous in a conveyance; you, who "ever carry yourſelf ſo undauntedly amid the cannon, "the lances, the guns and the pikes." But ſeeing that "theſe preſentiments have now ſo unrootably taken "poſſeſſion of your mind; were I in your place, I "would be off this inſtant; and I would either allow "the ceremony to go on without me, or I would poſt-"pone it till a more propitious occaſion; and, for a "time at leaſt, I would forbear to ſet foot either in "Paris or in a coach. Will you that I ſend upon the "ſpot, to Nôtre-Dame and to St. Denis, and ſtop the "whole affair?" "I would certainly like it very "much," ſaid he, "but what will my wife ſay; ſhe "has this crowning moſt marvellouſly at heart." "Let "her ſay whatever ſhe likes beſt," ſaid I, ſeeing his eyes to gliſten at the ſuggeſtion; "but it is never to "be ſuppoſed, once ſhe comes to underſtand your "majeſty's repugnance, and all the miſchief which

"you are perſuaded to be like to come of it, that ſhe "will perſiſt in her oppoſition."

Nothing now were required but to obtain her majeſty's conſent, to proceed to the interruption of the whole affair. And it is not without very much reluctance that I find myſelf compelled to ſtate, that, do or urge what I would, I could not prevail upon her majeſty to gratify her huſband in this regard. I paſs without a comment the prayers, the arguments, the entreaties with which, for three ſucceſſive days, I continued to weary her. It was for the prince to yield. Though, to be candid, as he was the firſt, at times, to rally himſelf upon his apprehenſions, he at length ſo far maſtered them, as to be able to keep them to himſelf, and to forbid their being mooted to the queen. But no ſooner were the workmen again upon the work, than with them returned all his old miſgivings; for ever muttering to himſelf, and in my ears, "Ah, my "friend, I ſhall never leave this town. They will "murder me. O wretched, wretched crowning; you "will be the death of me!"—words which I ſhall not readily forget.

In all this affair, throughout, there were divers more ſecret paſſages, which I have judged it to be more judicious to ſuppreſs. This diſcretion, I would even have puſhed yet farther; were it not mere affectation to pretend to myſtery, or delicacy about matters known as well to my ſervants as to many. The following is

of this character. Schomberg, who was then living with me, and almoſt upon the footing of the houſehold, was one day ſitting at table, when I ſuddenly perceived a page to come, and ſtealthily ſlip a billet into his ſleeve. At firſt I amuſed myſelf in bantering him about it, ſuppoſing it to be a *billet-doux*, or to relate to ſome intrigue, nonſenſe, or affair of gallantry. He replied, without ſo much as looking at it, that he thought he might ſafely undertake to ſay, it was not of the character which I ſeemed to imagine; but that, let its nature be what it might, he would pledge himſelf to acquaint me with it. The ſcrap contained but two words. As ſoon as he had finiſhed, he retired to a window to make himſelf maſter of its contents; which, when he had done, he placed it in my hands, adding, that it was from Mademoiſelle de Gournai; a name in itſelf ſufficient, had I then been acquainted with that lady, to have diſabuſed me of all my previous imaginations. It was ſimply a line requiring him to wait on her immediately, and on a matter of the laſt importance. He promiſed me to return as ſoon as he could diſcover what it was all about; and, in fact, he was back within the half hour.

It appeared that Mademoiſelle de Gournai had learned, through a female who had been in the ſervice of Madame de Verneuil, that a conſpiracy had actually been entered into againſt the perſon of the

king; and having, farther, inquired of the woman, Who were the parties concerned; ſhe had named Madame de Verneuil herſelf, Monſieur N——, and certain others. Her firſt thought was, through one of the women in waiting, named Catherine, to acquaint the queen, who, in her turn, would appriſe his majeſty. But Mademoiſelle de Gournai, on farther reflection, alarmed leſt ſuch a courſe might be inadequate to the exigency, bethought herſelf of Monſieur de Schomberg, as a party who might ſafely be entruſted to break the matter directly to the king. Schomberg, as ſoon as he had put me in poſſeſſion of the facts, told me to obſerve in what a delicate poſition he was placed; at the ſame time aſking my advice as to how he was to proceed. The affair was by much too ſerious to be pooh, poohed, or concealed; on the other hand, to carry it to his majeſty, was infallibly to bring down upon himſelf the implacable hate of all thoſe who might be compromiſed, and whom the prince would queſtionleſs challenge. No one but my wife was preſent at this conſultation. And the concluſion which we came to was this; That Schomberg ſhould open the matter to the king, with all the tenderneſs and circumſpection poſſible; and that if his majeſty ſhould call on him to name the accomplices, he was to refer him to the two females, already mentioned, as his authority, and as the parties moſt likely to be able to ſatisfy him. It is notorious to all, that this Catherine was ſent for and

examined; that ſhe ſtuck unflinchingly to her depoſition, and, to her dying day, perſiſted in the ſame. This, I think, is ſomething which will not readily be forgotten by thoſe who may be diſpoſed to draw their own inferences from the unwarrantable manner in which ſo many pieces were ſuppreſſed, connected with the examination of this wretched parricide.

The ceremony of the coronation began, however, to be proceeded with, and on all the ſcale of uſual magnificence. It was to be ſpread over ſeveral days; the laſt and principal of which was to be Sunday, the ſixteenth of May. The king, out of complaiſance to her majeſty, conſented to aſſiſt at a ceremony, the very thought of which was a dagger in his breaſt. However, he had reſigned himſelf to it, determining, it once over, that nothing ſhould delay him another hour in Paris. And the very morning of the next day, Monday, the ſeventeenth, was the one fixed on for his departure. So far as I myſelf, perſonally, was concerned, I had been off ere then, had not the reopening of an old wound in my neck compelled me to place myſelf in the hands of my phyſicians, and by whom I was preſcribed the uſe of the hot bath for three ſucceſſive days. I had not a particle of curioſity to aſſiſt at all thoſe pageantries, which thoſe who, ſtill behind, were hurrying, on every hand, to ſee. The miſerable forebodings of our Henry had rendered the very mention of them as odious to me as to himſelf. To add

to this, the count de Soiſſons, willing to have himſelf thought to be diſſatisfied with the precedence aſſigned to him in the ceremonial, retired in a pet from the court.

The ceremony having been ſuſpended on Friday, the fourteenth of May; that moſt miſerable of days; the unfortunate king had been purpoſing to paſs a portion of it in conference with myſelf; as it was the laſt time that he would have an opportunity of ſeeing me previous to his departure. I know perfectly well what it was that he was wiſhing to ſay to me. A moſt malicious report was then abroad, to the effect, that at the very moment when he appeared to be the moſt determined to fall upon the houſe of Auſtria, with a power the moſt overwhelming, he had already, in ſecret, an underſtanding with it; not only, that he ſhould not proceed to extremities, but to betray his own proper allies; Auſtria, on her part, conſenting, that he was to retain for himſelf, Cléves, with the remainder of the ſucceſſion, in the cauſe of which he had oſtenſibly taken up arms. To this there was added another ſtipulation, that Spain was to give up into his hands, the prince and princeſs of Condé. Henry, no doubt, was wiſhing to reaſſure me againſt a report ſo prejudicial to his reputation.

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It was then, as I preſume, to give me ſome more preſſing injunctions about the commiſſariat, that Henry

ſent to me, by La-Varenne, early on Friday morning, to ſay that he wanted to take a little turn alone with me in the gardens of the Tuileries, and ſo I was to come. He found me in my bath, but ſeeing me about to dreſs myſelf, in order to obey the ſummons of his majeſty, he bade me to ſtay where I was, adding, that he was ſure his majeſty would ſooner prefer to croſs, himſelf, to the arſenal, than to allow me to go abroad in the ſtate in which I then was, and that he would be ſeriouſly diſpleaſed to find me expoſing myſelf without any ſort of real occaſion. At any rate, ſaid he, wait a moment: give me the time to go to him and to return, and let us hear what he himſelf will ſay. And, in fact, he was back at the end of half an hour; and theſe are the very words which he brought to me. "Sir," ſaid he, "his majeſty requires you to "continue in your bath, and, farther, forbids you to "leave the doors to-day, in as much as Monſieur du "Laurent has told him, that you are in no way fit to "be about. He alſo deſires me to tell you, that he "has a little errand to do today in town, and of which "he will acquaint you; but that tomorrow morning, "towards five o'clock, without any fail, he will be at "the arſenal, to have it all over with you; for he "was determined to be off, come what would, on "Monday morning. He ſays, that he has found "everything which you told him about his voyage, "and the reſt of his affairs, to come true; and that

"nothing now can ſtand between him and his pro-
"jections *but the default of one or other of us.*" (They are his very words which I am uſing.) "He farther
"orders you," ſaid La-Varenne, "to expect him in your
"dreſſing gown and night cap, as he will not have you
"to be huddled out of your bath;" and I was alſo to ſay, "that if he found you dreſſed, he would be ſe-
"rioufly angry with you." To all which La-Varenne added, on his part, that he had followed my advice in diſpatching the letter to the archduke, though indeed it was little better than an idle ceremony; as he was determined, one way or another, to let the world ſee that he was in earneſt. One and all my ſervants afterwards told me, that they had been ſtruck with the extraordinary laſſitude into which I fell immediately after the departure of La-Varenne, and the cauſe of which they were unable to ſurmiſe; nor, indeed, was there any.

I had juſt entered my wardrobe; it was at about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I heard a piercing ſhriek, and then another, as well from Caſtinet as from my wife; each of whom was crying wildly, Where was I? The whole houſe ſeemed, in an inſtant, to be filled with howling and lamentation. With every inſtant, blow upon blow, it came, "Ah, my God, my
"God; all is loſt; France has periſhed!" I ruſhed out upon the ſpot, all undreſſed as I was. At every turn I was met, "O Sir, the king has been mortally

"wounded in the ſide;" or, "Oh, Sir, the king has "been ſtabbed." I was not long left in doubt, for, almoſt upon the inſtant, Saint-Michel, who had as good as ſeen the blow ſtruck, came ruſhing in, the knife, which he had been able to ſecure, yet reeking in his hand. "Ah," I cried, with raiſed hands and eyes to heaven, and in a deſolation the moſt unutterable, the moſt inconceivable, "this, this is the hour "the wretched prince had always told of: God have "mercy on him, on us and on the ſtate. If he is "dead, then is it all over with us; for never would "Providence have permitted ſuch a violence, had it not "been to prepare the way for the pouring forth of the "veſſels of his wrath. Ah France, it is into ſtrange "keeping that thou art about to fall!"

No one need think here to find the details of this moſt execrable parricide; the recollection of which tranſpierces my very ſoul with agony, renews itſelf at every inſtant, and to the laſt hour of my exiſtence ſhall never be effaced from mine eyes. Nor can I, for the ſoul of me, conceive, of what mould they can be, who can talk, or coolly hear talked, to this day, of the greateſt calamity which poſſibly could have overtaken their country. And ſuch is the extremity of horror with which this loathing poſſeſſes me, that, even to this hour, I ſhut my eyes, as far as may be, upon this deplorable cataſtrophe; and that my tongue refuſes ſo much as to name the accurſed monſter, cauſer of all

our woes, as inwardly I invoke the vengeance of the God of heaven on him, and on all thoſe who ſteeled him to it. The public indignation has already ſufficiently indicated, and in a manner the moſt unequivocal, the originators of this thrice deteſtable conſpiracy. I cannot, however, refrain from ſtigmatiſing, with all thoſe who heard of it, a ſcandal, well nigh known to all, and which is this — That, when firſt ſeized, the aſſaſſin was ſo little looked to, in the houſe to which he was carried, that, for more than four hours, all ſorts of perſons had acceſs to, and were permitted to ſpeak with him. Among whom were ſome, (whoſe names it is no wiſe neceſſary ſhould figure in this place,) who ſtuck not ſo unſcrupulouſly to avail themſelves of that liberty, that they even went the length of conjuring him, all the while calling him, "*their good friend*," "to have a care," (theſe are their very words,) "*how* "*he would compromiſe good catholics, innocent and re-* "*ſpectable parties*; for that ſuch would be a crime irre- "miſſable in the eyes of heaven, and worthy of eternal "damnation." And it was not till more than one, ſcandaliſed at ſuch a licenſe, had begun loudly and everywhere to remonſtrate, that meaſures were at length taken to prevent an indiſcriminate acceſs to the priſoner.

From wherever it came, ſuch was the tragical end of a prince, on whom it would ſeem that nature had determined to heap her every boon, with the exception

of ſuch a death as had become him. I have already ſaid, that he had the frame and all his members caſt in that mould which conſtitutes, not only what we call a well built man, but farther, one firm, athletic, ſanguine, nervous. He was of a vigorous complexion, and all the features of his face were animated and pleaſing; ſo that the reſult of the whole was a phyſique the moſt ſprightly, gentle, engaging, bewitching. To all which were mated a carriage, an approach ſo familiar, ſo reaſſuring, that, let what majeſty might be thrown into his port, that airineſs would ever mingle with it, for which he was ſo notorious. I could add but little to what is already known as to his temperament and conſtitution, were I to ſay, that he was naturally kind, ſympathiſing, compaſſionate, affectionate; manly, ſtraightforward, generous; piercing, intelligent; in a word, endowed with all thoſe perfections which the reader will ſo often have had occaſion to admire in the peruſal of theſe memoirs.

His people he loved with the devotion of a father, and the ſtate, as a head of a family. And this it was which invariably recovered him, how apparently ſoever immerſed in his pleaſures, to the loadſtar of [redacted] courſe, namely, to the taſk to ſee his people happy, and his kingdom flouriſhing. Hence that fecundity of conception, that unwearied attention to the claſſification of the various offices and departments of the ſtate. No inconſiderable portion of his labours has been already ſpecified.

In a word, I may concludè by obſerving, that it were hardly ſo much as poſſible to conceive office, precedent, ſtate, profeſſion, function, calling, to which he had not turned his attention, or with regard to which he had not ſo contrived, that it ſhould not be in the power of any, after his deceaſe, to deſtroy the good foundation laid; as had but too often heretofore been the caſe in this monarchy. "It is my ambition," ſaid he, "that my cloſing years may be ſo paſſed, that "they may be alike pleaſing to God and uſeful to "man." Grand, noble and generous ſentiments; rare and exquiſite emotions and ſenſibilities, harboured themſelves, as it were naturally, in his breaſt; ſo that he had brought himſelf to look on adverſity but as a paſſing cloud; proſperity as his natural element. He had cauſed various marſhes to be drained, as a ſort of preliminary to a yet greater undertaking that he was contemplating, which was, to put in communication, by means of canals, the two ſeas and the great rivers. Time was the only thing which was wanting to the completion of theſe, his magnificent conceptions.

He often ſaid, that ten things he required of heaven; and whence came the ſaying, *The ten wiſhes of Henry.* To all of them, it was not his felicity to attain. They are theſe. 1°, Spiritual gifts and grace. 2°, To be permitted the enjoyment, to the laſt, of all the faculties of his ſoul, and of the members of his body. 3°, To ſee the church, to which he had formerly belonged,

ſettled and undiſturbed. 4°, To be rid of his wife, (it is of his firſt that he ſpeaks,) and to be fortunate enough to find another, more accommodate to his temper, and who would bring him children while he could yet reaſonably hope, in the courſe of nature, to be ſpared himſelf to rear and to inſtruct them. 5°, To reſtore France to all her ancient ſplendour. 6°, To take either Navarre, or Flanders and Artois from Spain. 7°. To gain a victory, in perſon, over the King of Spain, and another over the Grand-Signor; a diſtinction in which he envied Don Juan of Auſtria. 8°, To be enabled to cruſh, without having recourſe to extreme meaſures, the Huguenot faction, and of which the dukes de Bouillon and de La Trimouille were the chiefs. For a ninth, he joined this, that he might ſee theſe two men, with the duke d'Epernon, conſtrained to implore his clemency. It was long before he could be prevailed upon to name the tenth, which regarded the carrying through of his great deſigns; and which might be divided into two heads. The firſt was matter of religion. It was his wiſh to reduce to the three principal denominations, the infinite number of ſects with which Europe is overrun; ſeeing it to be impracticable to unite all the world in one. The other was purely politic, and regarded the number, the diſtribution, the balance of the different powers, and which he propoſed to conſolidate into one great republic, upon the baſis that I ſhall preſently refer to.

I ſhould be giving the lie to all thoſe profeſſions of candour which I have ever made, if, after having lauded this prince for an infinity of qualities, truly admirable in themſelves, I ſhould conceal, that they were balanced by frailties and defects, and thoſe even conſiderable ones. I have neither diſguiſed his paſſion for the ſex, nor yet his love of gaming, nor his eaſineſs, facility, too often degenerating into weakneſs, nor his propenſity to all ſorts of pleaſures. Nor have I, any more, concealed the indiſcretions into which they betrayed him, nor the ſums that they cauſed him ſillily to fool away, nor all the precious hours which they loſt him. But at the ſame time, I have taken care to qualify all this, by remarking, that his detractors have, beyond all conſcience, exaggerated on all theſe heads. He was, if you will, a ſlave to women; but when did one of them meddle either in the choice of a miniſter, or with the fate of a ſervant; or make her weight to be felt at the council table, or at the board? The ſame with the reſt. And to ſum up, in one word, the whole; we have but to recur to all which he had achieved and carried through, to perceive, that there is no manner of compariſon to be drawn between the more marked and the leſs defenſible ſides of his character. And ſeeing that the calls of honour and of glory had always been ſufficient and able to tear him from his pleaſures, it is but reaſonable to preſume that theſe were the maſtering paſſions of his ſoul.

I have ſtill by me a letter which he once wrote to me by Loménie, becauſe, ſaid he, owing to a ſlight hurt, I am unable myſelf to hold my pen. It is headed from Chantilly, and bears the date of an eighth of April. There is no year. The reader may not, perhaps, be altogether indiſpoſed to hear Henry himſelf upon ſuch an head. What firſt induced him to think of writing to me ſuch a character of letter, was, as he himſelf aſſerts, in the opening lines, a deference to public opinion; it being his amuſement to have retailed to him, daily, all the cenſure, news and goſſip of the town, by Roquelaure, Frontenac, La-Riviére, du Laurens, d'Arambure, Morlas-Salette, La-Varenne, Bonniéres, Du-Jon, Béringhen, l'Oſerai, Armagnac, Jacquinot, Perroton and others; who, for the moſt part, acquitted themſelves ſufficiently roundly with him; in obedience to his commands, to conceal nothing from him.

He commences by ſaying, (they are his own words,) that his enemies and detractors accuſe him of ſlighting, and even deſpiſing the greateſt and moſt conſiderable of the realm; and of ſquandering, in idle and frivolous expenditure, ſums which, according to them, had been more meetly appropriated to the gratification of their requirements. "Some," ſays he, "blame me as being "too fond of building and coſtly undertakings; others, "as too much attached to the chaſe, my dogs, my "birds; others, to dice, cards and different ſorts of "games; others, again, to women, good cheer, balls,

" the comedy, dancing, running the ring, and ſuch like " diverſions; whete, ſay they, I am ſtill to be ſeen, " deſpite my grey beard, as youthful as ever, as tickled " to have run a good hit, to have carried off the palm " two or three times; or, ſay they, laughing, to have " won a forfeit of a fair one, as ever I had been in my " younger days, or as the moſt conceited young raſcal in " the court that day could be. I will not deny," continues he, " but that in all this there may be ſome truth. " But it alſo ſeems to me, that, nothing being carried " to exceſs, all this ſhould rather be made a ſubject of " felicitation than of reproach to me; and that, in any " caſe, ſome little allowance ſhould be made for recre- " ations which no one can pretend to be the ſource of " either damage or incommodity to my people, and as " being, in ſome ſort, compenſatory for all the fatigues, " the dangers, the privations in which, from my youth " to my fiftieth year, my days have been conſumed." . . . " I have heard you yourſelf ſay," adds this prince, " when ſome one had happened to have been " blaming you in ſome particular or other, That ſcrip- " ture does not require of any man to be abſolutely free " from crimes or weakneſſes; in as much as theſe are " infirmities inherent to the very neceſſity of our " being; but only, never to ſuffer them to get the " upper hand, or to become the arbiters of our actions. " It is for this medium that I have always ſtriven, as " farther was not to be looked for. No one knows

" better, from many a ſcene which has paſſed between
" me and my miſtreſſes, (and women, every body knows,
" or at leaſt thinks, to be my maſter paſſion,) whether
" I have not often been on your ſide and againſt them ;
" even to the length of telling them, to their faces, that
" I had rather loſe ten ſuch miſtreſſes, as one of them,
" than one ſuch ſervant as you. And it is what, I
" give you my honour, you will yet ſee me do, when
" the proper moment ſhall have come to put in ex-
" ecution the glorious projects, which you know, ſince
" long, to have been occupying my mind. I will let
" you then ſee, that at the call of honour and of glory,
" I can quit, without a ſtruggle, miſtreſſes, dogs, birds,
" gaming, buildings, fêtes. It is my higheſt ambition,
" my duty to my God diſcharged, to my wife, my
" family, my faithful ſervants; my people, whom I ſhall
" always love as my own children ; to be accounted
" a prince to be relied on ; of his word and of honour."

But it is time to return to the painful narrative of the occurrences which followed upon the death of this good prince. However diſtreſſing it may be to me, theſe memoirs cannot, with any propriety, be brought to a cloſe ſooner than with the times when I ceaſed to be a participator in the affairs of the ſtate.

Miſerable as was the affliction into which I was thrown by a report ſo horrible, it ſuddenly occurred to me, that, even ſuppoſing him to be mortally wounded, he might yet have ſome little time to linger. And in

this imagination, fondly clinging to this poor ſpark of hope and comfort, I called in haſte to my ſervants, "Here, my things, my boots; ſaddle the horſes in-"ſtantly, I cannot wait for the coach. Let all my "gentlemen be in attendance: I will go and ſee for "myſelf." For the moment, but two or three of my people were forthcoming; for the remainder, concluding me to be ſafe, and in bed for the reſt of the day, were diſperſed right and left, all over the town. But before I could be ready, the rumour of the death of the King had recalled them, and with them an hoſt of others, more or leſs dependent on me. So that before we had fronted the reſidence of Beaumarchais, more than an hundred gentlemen, mounted, were following me; and in a very few minutes more than half as many again had joined in; as, at every ſtep, I was met by one or other loyal ſervant of the king's, haſting to me to know in what manner they were to carry themſelves in ſo unexpected a conjuncture. The conſternation and the general ſorrow bore a ſufficient teſtimony to how paſſionately this prince was beloved in his capital. It was really ſomething amazing to ſee in what various and what affecting ways, the citizens and the populace of this vaſt city evinced their ſorrow and their attachment. The tears, the groans, the cries, the ſtupefaction! One would claſp his hands convulſively; another raiſe his eyes diſtractedly to heaven, a third would ſmite upon his breaſt. Some, looking piteouſly

on me, kept ſobbing out, "Ah, Sir; we are all loſt: "our good maſter is dead."

In the rue de la Pourpointerie, a man whom I did not ſo much as ſee, let alone recogniſe, coming alongſide me, ſlipped into my hand a little note, which I immediately handed to thoſe who were about me. It conſiſted but of two or three words. "Sir, where is "it that you are going to? It is all over. I have "ſeen him dead. Enter once the Louvre, and you "will never leave it any more than he." This wretched note, putting paſt all doubt the terrible truth, and which was quickly confirmed through a thouſand channels, I could no more refrain myſelf, but burſt into an agony of tears. Du-Jon, whom I met near the Saint-Innocents, ſaid to me, "Sir, our caſe is paſt "remedy. God has even ſo diſpoſed of him. I "know it, for I have ſeen him. Look to yourſelf; "for this is not the kind of thing to reſt here." At the head of the rue St. Honoré, another warning of the ſame nature was thrown into my lap. However, in ſpite of everything, I ſtill kept making for the Louvre, probably ſome three hundred horſemen in my ſuite, when I was encountered by Vitry, at the place where the four roads meet. He came to me, and embraced me. I never ſaw, nor can I figure to myſelf, a man in a more deplorable condition. "Ah "Sir," he ſaid, "they have killed our dear maſter; "there is nothing now for it but to die. For my own

" part, I know that I have not long to live, and am " reſolved to quit the country, never to return. We " have ſeen the laſt of all that rectitude, good order " and diſcipline, by you and him eſtabliſhed." It was then to continue ; " But where, Sir, are you going to " with all this crowd ? You will neither be permitted " to enter, or to approach the Louvre with more than " two or three perſons. With ſuch a retinue, for ob- " vious reaſons, I cannot adviſe you to be ſeen. The " end is not yet, or I am much miſtaken ; for I have " already ſeen faces that ſeem to be ſo little pene- " trated with the loſs which they have experienced, " that they are unable ſo much as even decently to " wear the ſemblance of that ſorrow which all good " men, this day, are feeling. The very ſight of them " had like to have ſplit my heart in twain. And if " you, Sir, had ſeen them, as I have done, you would " think as I do of all this matter. It is my advice to " you," he concluded, " to return to where you came " from. You will have enough to look to elſewhere, " without going to the Louvre."

Such an accordance of counſel, notes, apprehenſions, warnings, finiſhed at length by ſtartling me. I halted clean ſhort ; and after ſome little conſultation with Vitry and ſome ten or twelve others of the more conſiderable of my party, I came to the concluſion, that it were the ſafer courſe to retrace my ſteps, and to content myſelf with ſending to the queen the tender of my

ſervices and of my duty. I cauſed her to be aſſured, at the ſame time, that till it ſhould ſeem good to her to tranſmit to me her commands, I would look, with a redoubled vigilance, to the Baſtile, the arſenal, the troops, artillery, and matters in general; whether governmental, or within my own more immediate juriſdiction.

I had hardly reached the rue Saint-Antoine, and by which time it was impoſſible that the meſſage which I had diſpatched to her majeſty could have been delivered, when I was overtaken by a gentleman, on the part of the princeſs, begging me to come, in all haſte, to the Louvre, and to be accompanied of as few as might be, as ſhe had matters to diſcuſs with me of the laſt importance; and adding, that immediately after, I was to be at liberty to return. A propoſition of ſuch a character; to go alone, as it were, to the Louvre; to deliver myſelf up, bound, into the hands of my enemies, with whom it was filled, was not exactly the one the beſt calculated to diſpel my already arouſed miſgivings. Add to this, that, at the very ſame moment, I was appriſed, how a captain and a detachment of the guard and archers had been already ſeen at the outer barriers of the Baſtile, and that others had been ſent to the Temple, where the powder was, and to the treaſury, to make ſure of the mint. All which appeared to me to be of ſo ugly an aſpect, more eſpecially as it had been done without any ſort of communication with myſelf, that I was not long in determining upon the

reply which I was to make to the queen. So I ſent her word, by her gentleman, that I was willing to believe, that, ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhould have heard the party whom I had had the honour of deputing to her, ſhe would allow for the reaſonableneſs of my apprehenſions, and come to be of my way of thinking; and that, acting on ſuch a preſumption, I would attend, at the arſenal or the Baſtile, the commands which ſhe would deign to ſend me; from which places it was not my intention to ſtir.

But her majeſty was not to be ſo ſatisfied. One after another ſhe ſent to me, and on her part, meſſieurs de Montbazon, de Praſlin, de Schomberg, La-Varenne; and, after them, my brother. I did not know what to make of theſe reiterated commands, coming thus one upon the top of another, every fifteen minutes. My imaginations increaſed; and I reſolutely determined to ſtay where I was, at leaſt for that day. And aſſuredly, if every other had been wanting, the condition to which I was then reduced, might have been a ſufficient apology for my ſo doing. The effort that I had made on quitting my bath, and on an almoſt empty ſtomach; the agony of my mind, even more diſtreſſing than that of my body, altogether had thrown me into ſo violent a perſpiration, ſo miſerable a proſtration, that, on entering, I was forced to change my ſhirt and to take to my bed, where I remained till the following day. Meſſieurs the conſtable and d'Epernon

ſent, by their gentlemen, to inquire for me, and with the tender of their ſervices. The manner in which they preſſed me to go and ſee the queen, and which in ſome manner ſatisfied me that the ſtep might be taken with ſafety, determined me at length to waive the reſtrictions which had been placed upon the viſit, namely, that my train was to be diſpenſed with; and I accordingly, promiſed to go on the following day.

Some three hundred gentlemen, on horſeback, had been in waiting, ſince daylight, as on the preceding day, to eſcort me to the court. They were all either of my friends or of my kindred; or of thoſe who, neither the one nor the other, were either hoping, from this viſit, to ſee me reinſtated; or more likely, aſhamed too ſuddenly to abandon me. I thanked them all; giving them, at the ſame time, to underſtand why it was that it would be more agreeable to me to be allowed to proceed with my ordinary attendance, and to diſpenſe with the company of any whoſe preſence, at ſuch a moment, could impart a ſignificance to my viſit. It was then ſimply with my own retinue, in all about twenty perſons, that I entered the Louvre. It was only upon the countenances of thoſe who had been more immediately attached to the perſon of the late king that I could perceive a trace of real ſorrow. Theſe all, ſubalterns as well as officers, ſeemed to be deeply ſenſible of the public loſs. As I paſſed ſucceſſively through the various doors, they kept coming to

me, the tears in their eyes, either to fall upon my neck, or to groan out in my face: "Ah, Sir, we are undone; "in loſing our good maſter, we have loſt all;" conjuring me, in the moſt affecting manner, never to abandon the children, after having, ſaid they, ſo faithfully ſerved the father.

But to ſcenes like theſe, the interior of the palace preſented, I am compelled, with pain, to ſay it, a very marked contraſt. For if I there met with ſome faces, comported indeed to all the livery of ſorrow, it ſimply diſtreſſed me the more, as it was too evident that it was only by a ſtruggle that they were ſo; or others, again, affrontingly enjoying themſelves, it was but to heap indignation to the unſpeakable anguiſh which oppreſſed me. And no ſooner had I come to the preſence of the queen, than all the little firmneſs that I had been muſtering up, completely forſook me, and I burſt into an agony of lamentation and of tears. Nor, on her part, was ſhe any more miſtreſs of herſelf; ſo that between us there was a pretty ſcene. She ſent for the king, and the endearments and careſſes with which he received me, were for me ſo new and ſo overpowering a ſhock, that it was as much as ever I could do to ſupport it. I have not the remoteſt recollection of what this young prince ſaid to me, or, again, of what I ſaid to him. I can only recall, that it was with the greateſt difficulty that they could tear him from me, ſo paſſionately did I cling to him: all the

time, the queen, his mother, repeating to him, "My "ſon, this is Monſieur de Sully. You muſt love him. "He was one of the beſt and moſt faithful ſervants of "the king, your father; and I have to truſt that he "will continue to be the ſame to you." Some farther diſcourſe paſſed between us, without, however, that either could find a moment to allay our tears. She has ſince allowed, that, with another, I was the perſon whoſe preſence the moſt deeply affected her.

A reception ſo marked, ſo full of confidence and diſtinction, put all the princes, lords, miniſters, who were about her majeſty, under a neceſſity of outvying one another in their proteſtations of ſervice, attachment, devotion. Moſt aſſuredly they did not impoſe upon me, for I knew as well what was paſſing in their inmoſt ſouls as they did themſelves. I could not but know, that, in the projects which they had formed; their determination to turn the preſent conjuncture to account; to raiſe themſelves to honours, to wealth, to diſtinction, at the expenſe of the realm at large, and to the derogation of the crown, I had nothing for it to expect, but to be ſacrificed, a prey to their machinations. For they ſaw clearly enough; that there was no other barrier now remaining to interpoſe 'twixt them and their practices, ſave the reſolution of my character and the ſeverity of my reſtrictions. They had had but too much experience already, on ſuch heads, not to be aware that there was no other chance

left to them of eventually attaining to their ends, than by reſolutely ſetting to, to work out of my hands all care of the adminiſtration. So that later, when they had brought all their ordnance to bear, to render me odious in the eyes of the queen; (even ſuppoſing that they had not already made a beginning, when the Jeſuits and their followers had ſet on the nuncio to pronounce the decree for my removal;) when my colleagues at the council board and in the finance, through Concini and his wife, had inſinuated to the two princes of the blood, how impoſſible it was that they could ever be poſſeſſed of any real power in the ſtate ſo long as I remained at the head of affairs; and that, were I once removed, the direction muſt neceſſarily fall into their hands: when they had made it clear to all the reſt, that to depend upon Concini was to depend upon the real Sully; when, in fine, I found all parties, with an equal ardour, labouring for my deſtruction; then, I ſay, did nothing come about which I had not, from the beginning, foreſeen and foretold.

The firſt proceeding of the parliament, as ſoon as it was certified of the death of the king, having been to confer the regency upon the queen-mother, it was deemed deſirable that the king himſelf ſhould aſſiſt in perſon at his own high court, there to confirm the nomination. The next day after the death of the king having been appointed for that ceremony, I was ſent for by her majeſty, about break of day, to accompany

her upon that occaſion. I exhauſted every ſort of excuſe; I even feigned myſelf to be ſo unwell as to be unable to leave my bed; ſuch was the indeſcribable repugnance which I felt to what they were requiring from me. However, I was compelled to yield; ſo preſſing and reiterated were the commands of her majeſty. Encountering on every hand, ſome new provocation to ſorrow and to bitterneſs of heart; transpierced with all this din of trumpets and of arms; conſcious that a face, now furrowed with tears, was but ſadly out of place amid all theſe tokens of joy and of feſtivity, I plunged into the crowd, and was among the firſt to enter the hall of the Auguſtins, where the parliament was then ſitting.

* * * * *

I was not long in divining, that, however much, upon the ſurface, it was affected to adopt the precedents which, for the moſt part, are preſerved under a legitimate regency; although it was wiſhed to be made to appear, that the alterations in operation were no other than ſuch as are neceſſarily called for under any change of government; in fact, though they laboured to convey the impreſſion, that the government had no other deſire than to impart a greater luſtre to the acceſſion of a king, a minor; thoſe who were about the queen had nothing leſs at heart, than to work, under ſuch a myſtification, their own individual ends. But coming to be enviſaged more cloſely, all theſe

ſeeming regularities clean vaniſhed away; and in their place were ſeen novelties and miſmanagement which could not but alarm, among the lookers on, the few really well meaning and well principled. I thought myſelf to be privileged, and, in ſome ſort, called upon, to make it to be felt and underſtood, that I both ſaw and diſapproved of theſe attempts. But the ſeaſon for remonſtrance, which the diſtreſs of the firſt, and the awkwardneſs of the ſecond day, had permitted to paſs, with the third had entirely diſappeared. Every effort at decency, or the ſemblance of regret; in a word, the inſufferable maſk which they had been compelled to aſſume, and was now no longer to be borne, was completely dropped. Sheer ſtupefaction, for want of a legitimate contentment, produced this effect on ſome; mere levity on others; in others, again, the natural and neceſſary reſumption of every day life, public or domeſtic; but, above all, the neceſſity of conforming to the deportment of thoſe, from the cue of whom the carriage of a court is to be caught.

This then, at the end of the third day, was the aſpect of this new world. To all outward ſemblance, and as far as the eye could reach, nothing appeared to be changed at the Louvre. The mournfulneſs of the decorations ſeemed to have caſt their awefulneſs over everything around. To judge from the hangings, the walls, the drapery, the furniture, with all the thouſand indications of a general and a nation's loſs, one had ſup-

poſed the ſtate apartments to have been the abode of ſorrow and the court of death. But things began to wear a very different aſpect, when the countenances of thoſe to whoſe lot it had fallen to be chief mourners, in this ſad ceremony, came to be more cloſely regarded. For if among them you might ſtill detect the falling tear, the ſigh, the ſob, there was ſtill too much to form a painful contraſt. But it was only on deſcending to the chambers beneath, or to the *entre-ſol*, as it is called, that ſome real idea could be formed as to the tone and direction of men's tempers and expectations. All that magnificence which had been baniſhed from every other portion of the palace, there found to itſelf a refuge, an aſylum. Gold, purple, embroidery, the moſt laviſh, coſtly furniture, were all in their profuſion; making of it, as it were, an enchanted ſcene. It was not without an aching heart, that I, with ſome few more true Frenchmen, could look on ſuch like orgies, in an hour of ſo unparalleled a viſitation. And I am aſhamed to ſay, that all the care which could be taken was unavailing, to conceal from the world this moſt heartleſs and moſt ſhameful expoſure. The roars of laughter, the ſongs, the merriment which were heard to eſcape from thoſe localities but too ſadly divulged it. So that they were filled with people who either were, or fancied themſelves to be happy. It was there that the real court had enſconced itſelf, and that were held ſuch public counſels, as, for decency's ſake, it was ſtill

judged politic to obſerve; or privy ones, in which any good, which might poſſibly have been reſolved on in the firſt, was as ſpeedily negatived, frowned on and made light of. — *Mémoires de Sully.*

BONS MOTS

AND

ANECDOTES OF HENRY IV.

HEARING this, he ordered the viſcount de Chartres, Palcheux, Braſſeuſe, Avantigny, with three or four others, to enter the wood, and, if poſſible, to ſecure ſome priſoners. They were quickly back, bringing with them the Count de Belin, whom they had taken. The King, recogniſing him, advanced to meet, and laughingly embraced him. The Count, who, with all his eyes, was looking for the army, could not, for the ſoul of him, refrain from expreſſing the aſtoniſhment which it cauſed him to find his majeſty thus poorly escorted. "But, my friend," ſaid Henry, in a like tone of pleaſantry, "you muſt remember that you do not ſee them all. "You have forgotten to take into the account, God and "a good cauſe; which both are on my ſide." Habituated, as I was, to be about the prince, even I was

amazed to ſee him, in ſuch a moment, with an air, a countenance, thus tranquil, calm and ſerene; blending, as it were, the moſt imperturbable coolneſs with the moſt uncalculating audacity; impreſſing his ſoldiery, and all who ſaw him, with the ſenſe of an almoſt ſuper-human preſence; inſpiring and firing them with the laſt of ardour.

Henry IV. to Pierre Grillon. Hang thyſelf, brave Grillon, we fought at Arques, and you were not!

Adieu, brave Grillon, through thick and through thin will I love you. *Henri.*

The mayor of this town, (Chartres,) which he had juſt taken, made him a long harangue; telling him, among other things, how he was at length compelled to allow, that the town had become the property of his majeſty, by the human law and by the divine law. "Yes," ſaid Henry, interrupting him, "and add, by "the *cannon law.*"

La-Varenne, having placed his ſon under the tuition of a gentleman, told the King, "how he had juſt put a "gentleman with his ſon." "Strange!" ſaid his majeſty, "to give your ſon to a gentleman, that I "could underſtand; but to give a gentleman to your "ſon is what I cannot underſtand." This La-Varenne was a man of the moſt egregious vanity. His firſt

introduction to the court had been in the capacity of cook to Madame. He excelled, above all things, in the faculty of larding, or *piqueying*, as it is called. If it be true, what is related of him, that, one day, ſhortly after his advancement, this princeſs, meeting him, accoſted him thus, "La-Varenne, you have made a "better thing of it by carrying pullets to my brother's "table, than you ever did by ſtuffing them for mine," one might be tempted to conclude, that the methods by which he had ingratiated himſelf with Henry were none of the moſt creditable.

I cannot ſay, ſays Sully, whether the following is anything better than a mere invention. If it is not, Sancy has much to anſwer for in ſpreading it. However, ſuch as it is, I give it. Alibour, firſt phyſician to the crown, having been ſent by his majeſty to Madame de Liancourt, who, it ſeemed, had paſſed a reſtleſs night; (it was about the time when his majeſty's aſſiduities, toward that lady, were firſt commencing,) returning, told him; "that, in fact, he had found her "to be a good deal agitated, but that his majeſty need "be under no ſort of apprehenſion, for all would come "right at laſt." "But will you not purge and bleed "her?" aſked the King. "God forbid," rejoined the plain old fellow, with no leſs abruptneſs, "it might coſt "them both their lives." "Ho! good man," ſaid the King, with all his eyes, angered and amazed to the laſt

degree, "where is it that you are allowing your tongue "to wander to? You muſt be either dreaming, or have "taken clean leave of your wits!" However, Alibour ſtuck to what he had ſaid, urging, for the ſatisfaction of his majeſty, the grounds upon which his concluſions were baſed: which, again, his majeſty as ſtoutly ſpurned; confidently hinting to the old gentleman, how very ſlight and recent was the intimacy between them. "I neither know, nor want to know," ſaid the old boy, with the moſt imperturbable coolneſs, "what "has been, or has not been between you," and finiſhed by telling him, "that if he could not ſooner be per-"ſuaded of the truth of the matter; ſix or ſeven "months hence he would know more about it." Henry broke from him in a moſt towering rage, making ſtraight for the chamber of the fair diſordered, who quickly found the means to ſet to rights all that the old fellow ſo unhappily had ſet to wrong; ſo that no one could ever detect ſo much as the trace of a miſunderſtanding to have been between the King and his miſtreſs. It is neverthelefs true that the prediction of Alibour was, to the letter, fulfilled. But it is to be ſuppoſed that Henry, on farther recollection, was diſpoſed to place the miſconception to his own account; for inſtead of diſowning the infant of which Madame de Liancourt was delivered, at Couſſy, during the ſiege of Laon, it was frankly placed to his own behalf, and baptized by the name of Céſar.

Sancy did not fail to embelliſh and make the moſt of his diſcovery; nor did he any more omit to let the world know, how La-Regſiardiere, who had taken the liberty of collating with his majeſty, certain paſſages touching the antecedents of the lady, and which were not, by him, particularly reliſhed; found himſelf compelled, a day or two after, to make himſelf ſcarce from court; or how it had been given out, as a blind, that he had broken a lance with the Admiral. Sancy had even ſomething to ſay on the death of the good man, Alibour; profeſſing that it would have appeared to him to have been more conſonant to the ordinary courſe of nature, had it not fallen out ſimultaneouſly with the fulfilment of his prediction.

"It is not counſel that I want," ſaid Henry, "but support:" to thoſe who were urging him to mount, and to flee upon a ſplendid Turkiſh courſer which they had in readineſs, "it is leſs perilous to "follow than to fly."

Certain deputies of the town of Arras, taking occaſion, in the courſe of their harangue, to enlarge upon the virtues of the third Henry, told him, "what a "good prince he had been." "Yes," ſaid he, "he "was a good prince, but he feared you. But I, I "neither fear you nor love you."

" There are three things," ſaid Henry, " that the " world will never credit, but which, nevertheleſs, are " true—that the Queen of England, (Elizabeth,) " died a maid; that the archduke is a great captain; " and that the King of France is a right good Ca- " tholic."

The King, during his progreſs, was wearied with endleſs receptions. L'Etoile has preſerved ſome few pleaſant enough repartees, on the part of his majeſty, to theſe moſt wretched haranguers. One of them having fairly worn him out with the recapitulation of all his various titles and attributes, moſt high, moſt mighty, moſt merciful, moſt gracious, &c. " And " add," ſaid Henry, interrupting him, " moſt weary." Another, clearing his throat with, " Sir; Ageſilaus, " King of Lacedemon," " Hold there, friend," ſaid the King, cutting him ſhort; " belly of St. Gris! I have " heard before of this ſame Ageſilaus; but he had " dined, and I have not." On another occaſion, having repeatedly beſought a mayor to be pleaſed to curtail his diſcourſe, and finding him ſtill to go on as before, he turned on his heel, telling him, " that he " might retail the remainder to Monſieur Guillaume." Monſieur Guillaume was the court fool.

One day, at Fontainebleau, his gardener lamenting to him, how impoſſible it was to get anything to thrive in

ſo poor a ſoil; "Stock it with Gaſcons," ſaid Henry, eyeing the Duke of Epernon as he ſpoke; "they "thrive everywhere." Another time, vaunting to the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, "that he would breakfaſt at "Milan, hear maſs at Rome, and dine at Naples;" this ambaſſador replied, "Sir, with ſo much expedition, "your majeſty may poſſibly be in time to attend his "veſpers in Sicily." He never reſented, or took ill, repartees launched in a ſpirit like this.

On a man who was a notorious glutton being admitted to his preſence; he told him, ſwearing by his uſual oath, *Ventre de St. Gris*, belly of St. Gris, "that "if he thought there were ſix other ſuch fellows as him-"ſelf in France, he would ſwing them all up; for they "would be enough to induce a famine in the land."

"All the foreſts in France," he uſed to ſay, "would "not ſuffice to furniſh gibbets, were he to hang all "thoſe who had written or preached againſt him."

When he was ſhewn the calumnies which were in circulation touching the late queen, his mother, he only ſaid, "O, the raſcal! Let be; he returned into "France on the faith of my paſſport, and I will not "have him queſtioned." He had, however, none of the like indulgence toward offences which did not, perſonally, regard himſelf. Once, upon his fête day, and on his way to church, where he was to receive the

ſacrament, Monſieur de Roquelaire, conceiving the occaſion to be propitious, advancing, craved his majeſty's interpoſition in favour of Saint-Chamaud, (François d'Hautefort,) who was his relative, and who, without any ſort of provocation, had groſſly inſulted Lt.-General de Tulles, (Pierre de Tulles, Lord du Teil,) and on whom the King had deſired an exemplary juſtice to be done. The King liſtened to him. But when he had got the length of telling his majeſty, "that he was willing to hope, that he would forgive "the offending for the ſake of Him, whoſe body and "whoſe blood he was about to receive, and who had "never profeſſed to pardon any but thoſe who, themſelves, did pardon others," Henry, looking ſternly upon him, interrupted him, and bade him to begone, and to leave him in peace; telling him, "that he "was amazed how he could have pitched on ſuch a "moment, when he was about to undertake, in the "face of heaven, to diſpenſe of juſtice in his realm, "and to crave of the Almighty, pardon for all the occaſions where he had failed therein, to make to him "any ſuch prayer."

At Ivry, as ſoon as the two armies were fairly facing one another, and the trumpets about to ſound, Henry advanced from the ranks, and with raiſed eyes and hands to heaven, called upon God, that day, to teſtify to the ſingleneſs of his purpoſes, and to be with him in

the fight; beſeeching him to bring home to the rebels, to make them to ſee and to underſtand, how it was in his perſon that the legitimate claims to the crown were centred. "But, Lord," he continued, "if it is thy "will that it be otherwiſe ordained; if of thoſe kings "I am to be, whom Thou, in thy wrath, doſt diſpenſe, "and giveſt in thy ſore diſpleaſure; withhold not thine "hand: life and crown rend from me. A propitia- "tion, accept me, in thine eyes! With my days, let "end the woes of France: let my blood be the laſt "which is to be ſhed in this unhappy quarrel!"

Immediately on this, he called for his helmet, with its three white plumes, and having placed it on his head, as he was about to cloſe the vizard, he thus addreſſed his ſoldiers; "Comrades all; if you this day "run my fortune, I, no leſs, run yours. It is my de- "termination, this day, to conquer or to die with you. "Above all things, ſtick to your ranks. If in the "heat of the melée, you are compelled to break them; "make for a rallying point. This is the ſecret of war. "Make for yon," ſaid he, (pointing to three apple trees, upon the right,) "and if any of you miſs, or "enſigns, trumpets, cornets, chiefs, then have a look "for my white feathers; and where the road to victory "and to glory is, there you will be like to find them."

The King, on his return from hunting, found all his army in a regular panic; the very generals in a ſtate

of deſpair. Neither heart nor head failed him. His concern he kept to himſelf. Giving his orders without any ſort of emotion, he wore his countenance as radiant, and talked as jauntingly as at the cloſe, or on the morrow of a victory. He marched his troops, upon the inſtant, to the field of battle, which he had pitched on three days before, being ſome eight hundred paces from his lines. From whence enviſaging the deliberate attitude of the Spaniſh troops, and the miſerable confuſion of his own; the weakneſs of his poſition, which it was now too late to fortify, he was moſt profoundly agitated; conceiving there to be no poſſible eſcape. Preſently he was ſeen to lean himſelf back in his ſaddle, and next was heard, with bared head and raiſed eyes to heaven, to cry, "Ah, Lord, if this be the day which "Thou haſt appointed to meet to me the meed of thy "wrath and of my deſervings: thy will be done! To "thy ſtroke, I bow. Spare not the guilty. Yet, Lord, "in thy mercy, think of this poor people. For the "fault of the ſhepherd, ſmite not Thou the ſheep!"

No one can ſo much as conceive the effect produced by theſe few words. They ran like wildfire through the camp; and it ſeemed as if heaven itſelf had interpoſed in their favour, baniſhing every fear of their foes.

* * * This threw him into incredible ſtraits, difficulties and embarraſſments; for, not only was he

unfurniſhed with the means to carry on the war, but he clearly foresaw, from the murmurings which were already afloat, that if he attempted to lay any farther burdens upon the people, it would bring down a perfect ſtorm of indignation about his ears. In this extremity, he had recourſe to the higheſt remedy which is ever proceeded to, and that only when the kingdom is emperilled—a convocation of the States-General. And in as much as the exigency was by far too preſſing to admit of all the formalities which had been requiſite to enable ſo heterogeneous a body to be aſſembled, he ſimply confined himſelf to ſummoning the princes, notables, the chiefeſt of the nobility, the prelates, the lords treaſurers and juſtices.

The aſſembly was held, by his orders, at Rouen, in the great hall of the abbey of St. Ouen; in the midſt of which there was placed a chair, in the form of a throne, and elevated upon a dais. At his ſide were the prelates and the great lords; behind him, the four ſecretaries of ſtate; beneath him ſat the firſt preſidents of the ſovereign courts, with the deputies of the high officers of ſtate.[1] He opened the ſeſſion with a fine harangue, well worthy of a true prince, who will ever know that real greatneſs and power do not ſo much conſiſt in the exerciſe or poſſeſſion of an unlimited prerogative, as in the welfare and ſalvation of a people.

"If it were my ambition," ſaid he, "to be ac-

[1] See note H, at the end.

" counted a great diſcourſer, I had rather come to you,
" this day, ſtocked with ſmooth and flowing phraſes
" than loving inclinations. But it is to a ſomething
" haughtier than merely to be eſteemed an eloquent
" orator that my ambition aſpires. I aſpire to the
" more glorious title of Liberator of France — Reſtorer
" of my country. Already, thanks to the favour of
" heaven, to the counſel of my faithful adviſers, and to
" the right arms of my brave and my chivalrous no-
" bility, (and among whom, you, my princes, too, I
" count; for, than *gentleman*, higher denomination there
" is not, below,) I have already recovered her from
" degradation and from ruin. It is now my wiſh to
" carry on the good work; to reſtore her to all her
" priſtine ſplendour, to all her ancient ſtrength. Con-
" tinue with me, my faithful ſubjects, fellow la-
" bourers to this generous concluſion, as you have
" been in the beginning. I have not bid you to my
" preſence, as princes, my predeceſſors, have done to
" their's; blindly to conform yourſelves to my impe-
" rious will. No, I have called you to this place, your
" counſels to hear, in them to put my truſt; to follow
" them; in a word, to lend myſelf generouſly and con-
" fidingly to your plans. This is not a fantaſy
" which oft will croſs the brains of kings; but leaſt
" of all of greybeards like myſelf; captains and con-
" querors as I. But ſuch is the love which I bear to
" my people; ſo ardent my deſire to the ſervice of the

" ſtate, that this declenſion is as delightful, as, I truſt, " it is honourable to me."

It was whilſt this affair, ſays Sully, was proceeding, that Henry, now returned from Fontainebleau, and giving the moſt of his time to pleaſure and the table, firſt heard tell of Mademoiſelle d'Entragues; his curioſity being piqued by the account of his courtiers, ever ready to pander to his weakneſs for the ſex. One ſo lovely, ſo attractive, ſo *ſpirituel* as ſhe was repreſented to be, he determined to judge of for himſelf; and no ſooner had he ſeen her than he was irrecoverably gone. Could he but have foreſeen, at that moment, all the miſery which that unhappy paſſion was deſtined to cauſe him in the end! But it was the doom of Henry, that this wretched penchant, which was for ever ſullying his fame and his reputation, was to be the empoiſoner and embitterer of his days.

The lady was neither a novice nor a ſimpleton. And though ſenſible enough to all the honour of ſeeing herſelf purſued of ſo great a prince, ſhe was no leſs ſo to the poſſibility, (viewed the preſent conjuncture of affairs,) of being able to throw in her hand, as a complement to the price of her complaiſance. She was, therefore, in no particular hurry to comply with his petition. Pride and modeſty, by turns, were interpoſed, and laſt of all avarice. She demanded no leſs a ſum than a hundred thouſand crowns, as the price of

her laſt condeſcenſion. When ſhe had thus, with her higgling; ſo much more calculated, as it would ſeem to me, to damp than to inflame the ardours of a generous attachment, ſtill farther wrought him to her purpoſe, it required nothing ſhort of violence, on his part, to extract the money from me. After ſuch a proof of his weakneſs, everything was felt to be attainable, and other batteries were brought to play. She alleged the watch which her family had over her, and the vengeance that would inevitably overtake her on her fall. All this ſqueamiſhneſs the prince talked down, as beſt he could; ſtill little to the ſatisfaction of the lady; who at length told him flatly, (having well choſen the moment for ſuch an exerciſe of her authority,) that ſhe would comply with nothing, till ſuch time as he had given her his promiſe, under his own hand, to marry her within the year. It was not on her own account, ſhe added, accompanying this moſt unheard of ſtipulation with all that diſtreſſing modeſty, remorſe, ſo well calculated yet farther to inflame the paſſion of the prince, that ſhe aſked for ſuch a pledge; his word had been enough for her; or, rather, ſhe had not required ſo much as that; aware, as ſhe was, that the diſtance between them was much too great, ever to permit of her pretending to ſuch an honour. All ſhe wanted it for, was, to be able to urge it to her parents, as ſome ſort of palliation of the weakneſs into which ſhe had unhappily been betrayed. Seeing the King to heſitate,

ſhe had the tact to ſlip in, that, for her own part, ſhe looked on the whole thing as a mere farce; as ſhe well knew, that it was not within the competence of any court, or tribunal to compel compliance on the part of his majeſty.

Aſſuredly a rare enſample of the power and tyranny of love! For Henry was not ſo blinded but he could very well ſee that the girl was determined to overreach him. Nor need I recur to other, and good cauſe which he had, to ſuppoſe her to be anything rather than a veſtal; nor yet to the conſpiracies in which her father, her mother, her brother, and even herſelf had been detected, and for which that whole houſe had been forbidden the capital: an order which I myſelf, by his majeſty's direction, had lately tranſmitted to them. Yet, deſpite all this, this weak prince conſented at laſt to the terms impoſed, and gave her his word that ſhe ſhould have it.

One morning, at Fontainebleau, as he was booted for the chaſe, he called me aſide to a gallery, and placed in my hands this moſt diſcreditable compact. It is but a piece of ſimple juſtice which I owe to Henry, ſeeing that I have never attempted to conceal his faults, to admit, that even to the moſt unjuſtifiable extravagancies into which he was betrayed, he was ever the firſt to allow; and to ſubmit them to the examination of thoſe whoſe cenſure they were the ſureſt to provoke — an inſtance of rectitude and of magnanimity ſuch as one

but rarely encounters in princes and in kings! During all the time that I was reading this document, and every line of which, to me, was a freſh dagger, Henry was in tortures; one moment averting his face, to conceal his confuſion; the next endeavouring, by a word, an ejaculation, to win me to his ſide; alternately juſtifying and condemning himſelf. For my own part, I was literally abſorbed and loſt in the contemplation of all the poſſibilities which might eventually come of this moſt fatal pledge. The clauſe, to marry a miſtreſs, provided that, within the year, ſhe ſhould bring him a male child, (for theſe were the very terms in which it was conceived,) appeared to me, on the face of it, to be prepoſterous, and palpably null. Though there might be conſolation in this; I could think of nothing to reaſſure me on the ſcore of all the miſery, bitterneſs, contempt, which, ſooner or later, could not fail, on the divulgation of ſuch a ſecret, to overtake his majeſty. Nor did the obſtacles that ſuch a diſcovery would throw in the way of the divorce, which was then in negociation, any more eſcape me: and theſe imaginations deprived me of all utterance.

Henry, ſeeing me to replace the paper in his hands, however coldly, with an agitation which was not to be miſunderſtood, ſaid to me, "La, la! out with it; and "do not be making ſuch a face about it." It was ſome little time before I could command words, that would be fitting to employ on ſuch an occaſion.

There is but little call to touch upon the cauſes of my embarraſſment. It were but too eaſy to account for it, at leaſt to thoſe whoſe misfortune it has been to be the confidants of princes, when called upon, by honour and by conſcience, to combat their reſolutions; ever rooted, fixed and imperious. His majeſty again aſſured me, that I might do and ſpeak hardily, and as my conſcience prompted me, without being in any way afraid of incurring his diſpleaſure. "It is an in-"demnity," ſaid he, "which I fairly owe to you, in "return for the three hundred thouſand livres that I "managed to get out of you." This aſſurance, I made him repeat to me two or three times over, and even to confirm with a ſort of oath. After that I did not heſitate another ſecond, to let him ſee me in my true character, and to let him know the man whom he had to deal with. I took it from his hands, and tore it to ribbons before his eyes. "God's blood!" ſaid he, altogether taken back with the hardineſs and the ſuddenneſs of the move, "what is this that you have "preſumed to do? I verily believe you are mad." "It is too true, Sir;" ſaid I, "I am mad; and would "to God I were the only man in France this day were "ſo!" I had made up my mind, within myſelf, to riſk everything ſooner than to betray, by a mean compliance, my duty and my conſcience. So deſpite the choler and vexation which were viſible upon the countenance of his majeſty, as he ſtooped to recover the ſcraps, I

did not forbear to impreſs upon him, with all the earneſtneſs of which I was capable, conſiderations which readily enough will preſent themſelves to the mind of every intelligent reader. Irritated as he was, he heard me to the end; but maſtered, no leſs, by his paſſions, his reſolution was not to be ſhaken. All the victory which he could gain over himſelf, was, to refrain from proſcribing a too faithful ſervant. He quitted the gallery without condeſcending to addreſs to me a ſingle word; and ordering Loménie to bring his writing materials, he went into his cabinet, and from which he iſſued, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, having employed that interval in the production of a duplicate. I was at the foot of the ſtairs as he deſcended. He paſſed me without deigning to appear to be in any way conſcious of my preſence, and mounting his horſe, took the direction of Maleſherbes, hunting as he went, and where he remained two days.

It did not ſeem to me, that this incident ſhould, in any way, interrupt the negociations in the affair of the diſſolution, or prevent our continuing to be on the look out for a wife for his majeſty; but, on the contrary, furniſh an additional reaſon for hurrying on the one and the other. So the repreſentatives of his majeſty, at Rome, were inſtructed to demand, on the part of the King, the hand of the princeſs, Marie de Médicis, daughter to the grand-duke of Florence. His majeſty left the matter entirely to ourſelves; naming, though

by ſheer dint of importunity, the conſtable, the chancellor, Villeroi and myſelf, as the parties who were to treat with the agents whom the grand-duke was to ſend to Paris. We did not let the iron cool. For no ſooner had Joannini, who was the duke's man, arrived, than, in leſs than no time, we had agreed, on each ſide, on the articles; had had them drawn, engroſſed, and ſigned.

It fell to my lot to have to appriſe his majeſty of the reſult of our labours; who, it ſeemed, had little calculated on ſuch an expedition. So when, in reply to his inquiry, as I entered, "Well, what is it that you are "all come about?" I rejoined, "Why, Sir, to marry "you!" he remained for a full quarter of an hour, for all the world like a man who had received a thunderbolt in his head. He then ſet to to pace the room with frantic ſtrides, tearing his hair, biting his finger ends; and altogether in ſo horrible a commotion, that it was ſome time ere he could find words wherewith to reply. During all this, I clearly saw, that what I had ſaid to him had not been without its effect. At length, coming to be cooler, and with all the air of a man who had ſcrewed himſelf up to go through with an unpleaſant piece of buſineſs, he broke out, working his hands, all the while, one in another, "Ha, well; "in God's name, if it muſt be, and there is no way of "getting out of it. Since you tell me, that it is for "the benefit of my people that I muſt marry, I ſuppoſe

" it muſt be done." He frankly confeſſed to me afterwards, that it was the dread of making, in a ſecond, as unlucky a choice as he had done in his firſt wife, which had been the real cauſe of all his unaccountableneſs. O, the inexplicable inconſiſtency of the human mind! to ſee a prince who had extricated himſelf, almoſt without an effort, from a thouſand ſcrapes, dilemmas, dangers, as well on the field as in the cloſet, trembling at the bare apprehenſion of familiar and domeſtic jars; and ſeemingly more agitated, at their very proſpect, than he had been in the preceding year, when, through the information of a capucin of Milan, he had ſeen an Italian ſeized, in the middle of the court, who had come expreſſly to Paris to diſpatch him! The marriage thus agreed upon was to be conſummated in the enſuing year.

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The month of June had now come; without, however, for that, Monſieur de Savoye ſhowing the ſlighteſt inclination to ſtand to his engagements. So that his majeſty began to ſee clearly enough, that it was only by dint of force that he need ever hope to get anything out of him. But in addition to the bias of the courtiers, who ſeemed, one and all, to have ſold themſelves to the Duke of Savoye, yet another, and more weighty logic was weighing with the prince. And that was, his attachment to his new miſtreſs, whom he had now raiſed to the dignity of Marchioneſs of Verneuil. He

could not prevail on himſelf to think of leaving her. And I am perfectly aſhamed to ſay, that when, by downright bullying, I had at laſt prevailed upon him to ſet out for Lyons, he ſtill kept heſitating, to the laſt moment, whether he ſhould not take her with him; a ſtep to which he was ſufficiently encouraged by but too many who were about him. She was then with child, and in ſuch a ſtate of affairs, the promiſe which ſhe had extracted from him, and then had in her hands, became for him a matter of the laſt anxiety. However, heaven, as uſual, ſtood his good friend. For the lady miſcarried of a ſtill born child, through the fright which ſhe had undergone in ſeeing the lightning, during a terrible thunderſtorm, paſs under the very bed on which ſhe was lying. It was at Moulins, which he had juſt reached, that Henry firſt heard of this miſhap; and many a wiſtful eye thence he turned toward the quarter where his miſtreſs lay. However, certain reflections preſented themſelves to his mind, and which were not without their ſobering influences. He kept on his courſe to Lyons, where his troops had been ordered to meet him.

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When the King arrived, (all this is gathered from the moſt credible hiſtorians of the time,) the Queen was at ſupper. And as he was curious to ſteal a look at her, ere formally announcing himſelf, he came in, exactly as he was, as far as the outer hall, which was then.

crowded with people. But he had no ſooner ſet his foot among them, than he was recognized by all about, who, of courſe, at once made way for him; ſo that he was forced, upon the inſtant, to retire. The Queen, from ſo unuſual a movement, immediately ſuſpected his majeſty to be preſent; of which circumſtance, however, ſhe took no ſort of notice, nor ſeemed to be in any way affected thereby, farther than by puſhing the diſhes from her, one after another, as they were placed upon the table; eating little or nothing; in fact, as if ſhe had rather ſat down for ceremony's ſake, than to ſatisfy her appetite. As ſoon as the cloth was removed, ſhe retired to her room. The King, who had only been waiting for this, immediately went to her, preceded by Monſieur le Grand, who knocked ſo audibly at the door, that her majeſty at once divined it could be no other than the King. And ſo, advancing, ſhe met them at the moment when Monſieur le Grand was about to announce his majeſty; inſtantly to throw herſelf upon her knees before him. The King immediately raiſed her and embraced her; on which ſome little time was dedicated to mutual congratulation, careſſing, kiſſing, felicitations. As ſoon as theſe compliments and ceremonies were ended, his majeſty took her by the hand, and led her to the fireplace, where, for ſome quarter of an hour, they ſpoke more ſeriouſly together. His majeſty then retired to ſupper; of which, however, he but ſlightly partook. After that he ſent

Madame de Nemours to the Queen; bidding her to tell her majeſty, "that he had foreborne to bring any ſort "of bed with him, as he was willing to hope that her "majeſty would be pleaſed to permit him a portion of "hers; and which he farther hoped would, from that "day, be common to them both." This meſſage having been carried by that lady to the Queen, ſhe brought him back word, in return, "That ſhe had "come to France for no other purpoſe than to oblige "his majeſty, and to conform herſelf, as his moſt "humble ſervant, to his very lighteſt wiſh." Henry, hearing this, immediately undreſſed and proceeded to the apartment of the Queen, who was already in bed.

This father Gonthier [1], a Jeſuit, launched out, in the preſence of the King, who was preſent at maſs on the Friday, Saturday and Sunday of Chriſtmas week, into the moſt terrible and reiterated abuſe of the Huguenots; calling them *raſcals*, *vermin*, *ſcoundrels*, &c. And falling foul, at length, of the newly appended article of their faith; that the pope was Antichriſt, he continued, "If, Sir, it be true that the pope is "Antichriſt, what becomes of your marriage? What "the worth of the diſpenſation? What becomes of "the Dauphin?" On this the Marſhall d'Ornano took occaſion one day to ſay to his majeſty, "Sir,

[1] See note I, at the end.

" had a Jeſuit ſo far forgotten himſelf, in my preſence,
" at Bourdeaux, as this man has done in your ma-
" jeſty's, I would have had him chucked clean into
" the river, as ſoon as ever he came down from his
" chair."

On another occaſion, as Henry was aſſiſting at the ſame church, at a ſermon preached by the ſame Gonthier; this father, juſtly ſcandalized at the irreverence diſplayed, at ſuch a time and in ſuch a place, as well by the Marchioneſs of Verneuil as certain other ladies preſent, who were laughing and giggling, and in divers ways endeavouring to arreſt the King's attention; ſuddenly ſtopped and apoſtrophiſed his majeſty thus; " When, Sir, will you forbear to come thus to the " houſe of God, with a whole ſeraglio in your train; " or to provoke ſo crying a ſcandal in ſo holy a place?" The King, inſtead of committing him to the Baſtile, as all the women were wanting him to do, came again to hear him the next day. 'All the notice which he took of what had paſſed, was, to whiſper him quietly in the ear, as he was on his way to the pulpit, " that he was " obliged to him for his reproof of yeſterday, and that " he had nothing to fear; only he had to requeſt, that, " another time, he ſhould not be made the ſubject of " public cenſure."

Biron, ſays Perefixe, had by him certain papers, written in his own hand, and wherein the articles of

the conſpiracy were detailed at length. Laffin repreſented to him, how dangerous it was for him to keep any ſuch documents, or even to ſhow them, as his handwriting was ſo well known; and that the beſt way would be, to let a duplicate be taken, and then to deſtroy the originals — advice which Biron conſidered to be ſo well worth attending to, that he immediately placed them in his hands; inſtructing him to make the copies as he propoſed; and which he did, tranſcribing them at a table, whilſt Biron was lying on his bed. He then handed him the copy; at the ſame time tearing up what was, or rather, what Biron conceived to be, the original, and throwing it in the fire; whereas he had adroitly ſubſtituted other papers in their place. Moſt aſſuredly a matter of ſo high an importance, the marſhall ſhould have looked to for himſelf; for this piece of negligence, with God's permiſſion, was deſtined, later, as we ſhall preſently ſee, to coſt him his head. * * * *

Biron was perfectly aware that Laffin had repaired to, and been ſeen in court. But it put him under no ſort of anxiety; feeling as confident of his man as he was of himſelf. Beſides, his boſom friend, the baron de Lux, had aſſured him, that Laffin had been as true as ſteel, and that not a breath had eſcaped. No doubt de Lux fancied that it was all as he ſaid, having overheard the King, on turning from Laffin, and as though an incredible weight had been taken off his

mind, to ſay, "I am right thankful to have ſeen that "man; he has completely ſet my mind at reſt, and "ſhown me that I was wrong in my ſuſpicions."

All this time Biron's friends kept writing to him, that he would be a fool to run his head into the lion's mouth, or to ſhow himſelf at court: that it was a much ſafer plan to place his affairs in the hands of an intermediary, than his perſon in thoſe of the King. However, in ſpite of all this, and of all his remorſe of conſcience, after ſome little deliberation, he ſet out, poſt, for Fontainebleau; arriving juſt as his majeſty was about to ſet out, himſelf, to bring him to reaſon, having long ſince given over all expectation of otherwiſe ſucceeding.

Many, and more or leſs circumſtantial accounts have been left, by the hiſtorians of the time, of the trial, impriſonment and death of this marſhal. I ſhall content myſelf with reſuming the whole.

It is hardly poſſible too much to wonder at the blindneſs and infatuation of this wretched man; or ſufficiently to extol the goodneſs and long ſuffering of the King, who exhauſted every conceivable means to ſoften, to tame, and to ſubdue him. Frankly to avow our faults is the firſt evidence of a ſincere repentance. The King, taking him aſide, moſt paſſionately beſought him to open to him the whole; to tell him frankly what was his underſtanding, and who were his agents, with the duke of Savoye; promiſing him moſt faith-

fully, if he would but make a clean breaſt of it, that all ſhould be forgotten, as though it had never been. He farther told him, that though he himſelf was in poſſeſſion of the lighteſt particulars, he would alſo wiſh to hear them confirmed from his own lips; and even went the length of ſwearing to him, that, let his crime be the greateſt which ſubject could fail in toward his prince, if he would but allow to it, all ſhould be forgiven. Biron, inſtead of humbly thanking his majeſty, or, at leaſt, warily and temperately parrying the thruſt, and as had become him, in the preſence of his juſtly-incenſed ſovereign, inſolently told him, "that he was "innocent, and that it was to vindicate himſelf that he "had come to court; to find out who were his calum-"niators; and to ſee, if juſtice were not inflicted on "them, whether he could not manage to take it for "himſelf." Although, by this haughty retort, his crime had become doubly aggravated in the eyes of his majeſty, he did not, for that, forbear to tell him gently, that he hoped he would a little reconſider his propoſition, and that the next time he ſhould ſee him he would find him better adviſed.

The very ſame evening, after ſupper, the Count de Soiſſons came to him, on the part of his majeſty, earneſtly entreating him to throw himſelf on the King's mercy; concluding his remonſtrance with the words of Solomon, "*That the wrath of a king is as the mes-*"*ſengers of death.*" But it was only to meet, if poſſi-

ble, with a loftier reception than that which had been deigned to his majeſty.

The following day, during a turn beneath his elms, his majeſty, a ſecond time, entreated him to confeſs his crimes; but he could get nothing out of him ſave proteſtations of innocence, menaces and recriminations. Seeing his perſiſtence, his majeſty found himſelf to be troubled to the very abyſſes of his ſoul; drawn now this way, now that, nor knowing in what manner to proceed. On the one hand, the ſtrong perſonal regard that he ever entertained for the man, the recollection of all the ſervices which he had done him, alike withheld his arm. On the other, the heinouſneſs of his crime, his horrible pride, his obſtinacy, called loudly for a public example, and urged him to let juſtice take its courſe. Joined to this, he no leſs clearly ſaw the danger to which he himſelf, perſonally, as well as the ſtate, was expoſed; and which there was no other means to avert, than by cruſhing, in the bud, a plot, the ramifications of which he were unable to trace.

In this agony of indeciſion, he retired into his cloſet, and falling upon his knees, beſought of God to put into his heart, the courſe which it would be befitting for him to purſue. For thus he was in the habit of doing on all momentous and perplexing occaſions. Providence he took to be his moſt faithful counſellor and his ſureſt ſtay. On riſing from his knees, as he afterwards ſaid, he found his agitation to have ſubſided;

and he determined, there and then, to place the marſhal under arreſt, ſhould his council, on view of the evidence which was then in hand, pronounce him to be guilty. To this end, he ſelected four from among the council, Bellievre, Roſny, Villeroy and Sillery; placing the papers in their hands. They declared, to unanimity, that the proofs were overwhelming.

Even after this, he determined, a third time, to attempt this haughty ſpirit. Prayers, remonſtrances, aſſeverations, promiſes of forgiveneſs, for the laſt time, were again employed, to induce him to avow his crime. But it was to little purpoſe; he ſtill replied as before; and, in fact, adding, "that if he could but make out "who his aſperſers were, he would knock their brains "about their ears."

At length the King, fairly wearied and diſguſted with all this bragadocio, madneſs and infatuation, turned on his heel, diſmiſſing him as he went; (and they were the laſt words that he ever addreſſed to him;) "Then "I muſt get it out of others: *Adieu, baron de Biron!*" A ſalutation which broke upon him, as the clap of thunder which precedes the bolt. The King, in thus, in an inſtant, and by a word, diveſting him of all the eminent dignities to which he had been raiſed, giving him clearly enough to underſtand, that it was his intention yet farther to degrade him.

As he was about to retire from the apartments of her majeſty, and where he had been playing at cards;

Vitry, the captain of the guard, demanded of him his ſword, telling him that he was to conſider himſelf his majeſty's priſoner. Another captain of the guard, Praſlin, made ſure of the count d'Auvergne; and in the morning they were taken together, under an adequate eſcort, by water, to the Baſtile.

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When they came to the confrontment and examination of the witneſſes, and Laffin was placed in the box; inſtead of impugning his evidence, as that of a man whom an hundred infamies might be objected to, Biron admitted him at once to be a man of honour and a gentleman. But no ſooner had he heard his evidence read, than he immediately turned round, calling him *traitor*, *ſcoundrel*, *ſorcerer*. A recognition which now came too late; his qualifications were no more attended to.

Renazé, whom he fancied to be his priſoner, faſt and ſafe, in Piedmont, but from whence he had eſcaped, ſome few days before, ſtepped next into the box. And when he firſt ſaw him to enter the court, he verily believed that it had been a phantom. After that, he never ſo much as opened his lips, allowing him to proceed, without any ſort of interruption, in his depoſition, which was in every way conformable to that of Laffin. They each depoſed, that an opportunity was to have been ſecured to the governor of the fort St. Catherine to cut off the King, whilſt engaged

in reconnoitring the place; that Biron was to have been with him, though walking a little ahead, and armed in a particular device, ſo that he might be the more readily diſtinguiſhed. They farther alleged, that another ſcheme was, to ſecure his majeſty whilſt hunting, or otherwiſe unattended, and to carry him away into Spain. * * * *

On the morrow, the laſt day of July, it was put to the vote, and out of one hundred and fifty voices, there was not one diſſentient. All were for his death. He was declared *to have been tried for, and to have been found guilty of high treaſon; of conſpiracies levelled againſt the perſon of the King; of having been in communication with his majeſty's enemies, he, the while, a marſhal of France. And as an atonement for the ſaid crimes, he was adjudged to forfeit all his lands; to be deſtituted of all his titles, honours, dignities; to loſe his head, upon the Place de Greve; his goods and chattels, moveable and immoveable, to be transferred and confiſcated to the crown. His patrimony of Biron was farther declared to be incapable of being again erected into a barony; and this eſtate, with all his others, to be annexed to the domain of the crown.*

The King, under colour of conferring a grace upon the family, but in reality out of the apprehenſion of a tumult; for the marſhal had many friends at court, and was the darling of the ſwordſmen; remitted the place of execution, conſenting that it ſhould be at the Baſtile

The chancellor, with the firſt preſident, conducted him to the chapel, where, at ſix o'clock in the morning, his condemnation was read to him; and which he liſtened to ſubmiſſively enough, and on his knees, till they came to the charge of *attempts upon the perſon of the King*. For at them he roſe, exclaiming, "*That is* "*falſe; take that out.*" After this, the chancellor, with the uſual formalities, demanded of him the collar of his order, his ducal coronet, with the truncheon of his office. The two latter, he had not about him; the firſt he drew from his pocket and handed to him.

It would be idle to recall the thouſand exculpations, exclamations, recriminations, extravagancies, (for they were nothing leſs,) to which he abandoned himſelf.

At ſix o'clock in the evening, he was conducted to the ſcaffold, where his head was ſtricken from his body. It was remarked that the head poſitively bounded three ſeveral times from the ground, ſuch were the effervescence and exaltation of the ſpirits of the man, and ſuch the prodigious quantity of blood which had mounted to his brain. And, in fact, a greater ſtream was noticed to come from the head than from the body. He was laid in the ſepulchres of St. Paul's, without any ſort of ceremony; but in the preſence of a marvellous aſſemblage of people, among whom there was ſcarcely to be found a dry eye: every one lamenting to ſee ſo noble a ſpirit thus brought, through an overweening and a pre-

poſterous ambition, to a miſerable and a ſhameful end.

The coronation of the Queen, ſays the marſhal de Baſſompierre, was being proceeded with upon a ſcale of unuſual magnificence. His majeſty was in the higheſt ſpirits. . . . . The King ſaid one day to him, (Monſieur de Guiſe,) and to myſelf, "Ah, you people "little know me now, but when I am gone, and taken "from you, as I ſhall be, one of theſe days, you will "then better underſtand my real worth, and all the "difference that there is from me to other men." "Good God, Sir," was my reply, "will you never "ceaſe to be diſtreſſing us in this manner; telling us "that you have but a little time to live! Sir, theſe are "not pleaſant things to hear. You will yet be ſpared, "an' it pleaſe God, many a long and a happy year. "Sir, there is no felicity on this earth which is com-"parable unto your felicity. You are in the very "prime of your life. You are in the poſſeſſion, and "in the enjoyment, of every faculty of your mind and "member of your body. Honour is yours; if ever it "was permitted to mortal. You are now ſeated, and in "the moſt undiſturbed tranquillity, upon the throne of "your progenitors—the greateſt in Chriſtendom; loved, "adored of your people; every bleſſing is heaped upon "you—lands, houſes, wealth, inheritance; a lovely "lady to your wife; fair miſtreſſes; a beauteous off-

" ſpring growing up around you; what farther, Sir, is " it in the power of man or mortal, to conceive of, to " wiſh for, or to want?" " Ah, my friend," ſaid he, with a ſigh, " all theſe things muſt be forgotten; they " muſt be all left." — Various Sources.

THE STORY OF PATIENT GRIZZEL.

IN Lombardy, upon the confines of Piedmont, there is ſituated a noble land, and which is called, The country of Saluces; and the lords of which, time out of mind, have ever borne the rank of marquiſes. And of all theſe marquiſes, the moſt powerful, as well as the nobleſt, was one known by the name of Walter. He was fair, pleaſing, well built, handſome; adorned with every bounty, gift of nature; but he had one fault, and that was, to be a little too much enamoured of the freedom and the licenſe of a ſingle life, and a little too much indiſpoſed to allow for the natural uneaſineſs of his barons and his vaſſals, upon ſuch a head. For ſeriouſly diſquieted they were. So that at length, with one accord, they came together, and, deliberation made, an embaſſage was deputed to carry to him the following remonſtrance. "Marquis, our only maſter, true and "ſovereign lord; it is the love alone that we bear to

" you which has now begotten in us the boldneſs to
" addreſs you. Your lighteſt action, Sir, is meet and
" pleaſant in our eyes; and happy do we account our-
" ſelves in ſuch a lord. But, dear Sir, years, years are
" rolling over us apace, and time adventured returneth
" not again. And be it, Sir, that now you are in the
" flower of your prime; yet age, with ſtealthy ſtep, is
" creeping on; and death, which never yet did ſpare,
" approaches faſt. And ſo, our lord, remembering of
" theſe, we, your vaſſals, whoſe chiefeſt joy will ever be
" to love and to obey you, humbly entreat they may be
" permitted to take upon themſelves the pleaſing taſk,
" to find to you a noble dame; high, fair and virtuous;
" ſuch as it would become ſo great a prince to take to
" wife. Deign, Sir, ſo far to meet the wiſhes of your
" faithful people; ſo that, ſhould, by any unforeſeen
" event, which heaven avert, our lord be taken from
" us, to ſuch a ſorrow might not be added the miſery
" of ſeeing the marquiſite expoſed, a prey to litigation
" or to arms."

To this diſcourſe, Walter, profoundly touched, replied as follows—" It is true, my friends, that it is a de-
" light to me to paſture in that freedom which my ſtate
" allows, and which in wedlock is not to be looked for;
" that is, if the teſtimony of thoſe who have already
" entered it is in any way to be relied upon. And there
" is another, and a very ſerious drawback attached to
" matrimony; and that is, that we cannot always be

"perfectly certain that thoſe children which we have "been ſo ardently deſiring, when we do have them, "have been of our own begetting. However, my "friends, your wiſhes ſhall be attended to. I promiſe "you, the wife ſhall be had; and I truſt, with the "divine mercy, to be enabled ſo to chooſe, that ſhe will "prove one with whom I ſhall be permitted to live in "harmony and in happineſs. But firſt and foremoſt, "there is one ſtipulation which I muſt make with you, "and that is, that you will pledge yourſelves; be ſhe "whom ſhe may that I do chooſe; be ſhe rich man's "daughter, or be ſhe poor man's daughter; to reſpect "and to acknowledge her as your ſovereign lady; and "that there ſhall not be a man among you who will "preſume either to blame or to cavil at the object of "my choice." To the conditions impoſed by the marquis, the company as faithfully ſubſcribed, humbly thanking him for having thus graciouſly acceded to their prayer. And there and then was the day fixed for the approaching nuptials, to the unſpeakable delight of the country of Saluces.

Now, not far from where the palace of Saluces ſtood, there was a village, inhabited by poor, ſimple, labouring people; and this village the marquis often had had occaſion, in going to, or in coming from the chaſe, to paſs. And among theſe poor people there was one, an old man, named Janicola, wearied and worn with age and with infirmities; and who could now no more ſo

much as walk. But as often will the ſun of heaven deſcend upon and light the wretched hovel, as the palaces of princes and of kings. Of which this good old man was proof. For with an only daughter, Griſélidis, God had bleſſed him; of a perſon the moſt matchleſs; but the graces, perfections of whoſe mind, no tongue or pen could paint. And in her was all his comfort and his joy. His ſheep, by day, upon the hills ſhe fed; with eve them to the fold returned; his wretched ſupper on the hearth to warm, or help him to his ſorry bed. In a word, every duty, return, which daughter to a father could extend, did this admirable woman to her's.

Now, for a very long time, the marquis, by common fame, had heard ſpeak of the extraordinary virtues, and the devotedneſs of this moſt glorious and incomparable girl. And often and often had it happened, in going to and returning from the chaſe, that he had involuntarily loitered to behold her; and communing with his heart, to himſelf had ſaid, "If ever I take to myſelf a "wife; that woman ſhall be the one."

And now the day was come which the marquis had appointed for the wedding. The halls were thronged with lords and ladies, knights, burgeſſes, and citizens of all degrees. With one exception, the company were aſſembled. It was to little purpoſe that they ſtared for the bride. Nay, ſo much as who or where ſhe was, not a man of them could divine. At length the marquis,

as though he would have gone to her encounter, placing his hat upon his head, ſtepped forth of the hall; the lords and company following, to ſee how all this myſtery would end. And in all this ſtate he proceeded to the village and the door of the good man, Janicola; and announcing himſelf, ſaid, "Janicola, I know that "you have ever loved me; I am now going to put "your profeſſions to the proof. I want you to give "me your daughter to wife." The poor man, aghaſt at ſuch a propoſition, humbly and reverently replied, "Sir, you are my lord and my maſter; it is but meet "that your pleaſure ſhould be my pleaſure."

All this time, the poor girl, crimſon with confuſion, ſtood, trembling behind her old father; for, ſure, never before had ſhe entertained ſuch an aſſembly within her doors. Preſently the marquis, turning to her, ſaid, "Griſélidis, it is my wiſh to take you to be my wife. "Your father, you ſee, has paſſed his conſent. Yours, "I flatter myſelf, will not be withheld. But before "we proceed any farther; one queſtion, and in his "preſence, I muſt put to you. The woman who is "to be my wife, I expect to be ſubmiſſive to me in all "things; to be one who will never will but what I "may will; and who, let my whims or my commands "be what they may, will be conſentant, on the inſtant, "to conform to them. In agreeing to become my "wife, will you farther undertake to abide by theſe "conditions?" "My lord," ſaid Griſélidis, "ſince

"ſuch be your deſire, never ſhall word, or thought, or "deed eſcape from me, otherwiſe than conformable to "your expreſſed will. Bid me to lay down my life, "and it ſhall cheerfully and unheſitatingly be done ſo, "at your feet." "It is enough," ſaid the marquis, and with that he took her by the hand, and led her forth, preſenting her to all his barons and his people, to whom he ſaid, "My friends, behold my wife. See "your future lady; and whom, as you love me your-"ſelves, I now require you to love and to honour." And having ſo delivered himſelf, he cauſed her to be conveyed to the palace, where, by her ladies, ſhe was ſtripped of all her ruſtic habiliments; enrobed in ſatins, in jewels and in ſilks; in fact, as became the bride of ſuch a prince. That ſhe trembled and ſhe bluſhed, I need not ſay. And had you, yourſelf, reader, but ſeen her, one moment a poor peaſant wench, and in a hovel, and the next a crowned queen, and in her palace; doubtleſs, your amazement had been no leſs palpable.

The marriage and the feaſt were alike celebrated on the one day. The tables groaned; the halls reſounded with mirth, the viol and the ſong. Everything was forgotten in the general joy. The people, no leſs than their lord, were enchanted with the object of his choice. Till then Griſélidis had been famous for her virtue and her devotion; but from that day, gentle, affable, winning, conciliating, ſhe began to be as be-

whether from among thoſe who had known her before her elevation, or thoſe who came to know her after, there lacked not one to rejoice in her good fortune.

Soon after this ſhe found herſelf to be with child, and gave birth to a daughter, which promiſed, one day, to be no leſs fair than herſelf. And though as well its father, as the commons, would have preferred a ſon; there was not, for that, the leſs rejoicing throughout the country. The child was brought up by its mother, at the palace. But no ſooner was it weaned, than the marquis, who had long been deviſing with himſelf in what way to put to the proof the virtues of his wife; though every day more enamoured of her; having come to her, addreſſed her thus; "Griſélidis, "you have not, doubtleſs, forgotten who you were, "and what you were, ere you came to be advanced by "me to the poſition which you this day hold. For my "own part, I had well nigh forgotten it; as all the "kindneſſes which you have received at my hands "abundantly muſt ſatisfy you. But now for ſome "time, in fact, ever ſince the birth of your daughter, "my barons murmur, and loudly complain, that one "day they muſt ſee themſelves vaſſals of the grand-"daughter of Janicola. So that I, ſomething more "than whoſe mere intereſt it is to conciliate theſe men, "now find myſelf compelled to make this cruel ſacri-"fice; the very thought of which is like to rend my "heart in twain. However, I could not bring myſelf

"to put it into execution till ſuch time as I had broken "it to you. I now come to aſk your conſent, and "have to implore you to call into requiſition all that "patience which you avouched for in the day that "you became my wife." "Dear Sir," was her meek reply, nor ever once allowing ſo much as a ſymptom of emotion to eſcape her, "You are my lord and are "my huſband; I and my child are yours. Diſpoſe, "as you will, of it and of me; for never ſhall I forget "or betray that ſubmiſſion which I undertook for at "our marriage, and which I owe you." So much gentleneſs and condeſcenſion amazed the marquis, who retired, ſeemingly a prey to ſorrow and to thought, but, in reality, penetrated to the very ſoul, with fondneſs and admiration of his wife. And no ſooner was he alone, than he called to him an old and faithful domeſtic; one who had been ſome thirty years under his roof, and breaking to him his purpoſe, diſpatched him to his miſtreſs. So coming to her, he ſaid, "Madame, "I do beſeech you to ſee before you the unwilling "inſtrument of a very ſad commiſſion. I am charged "to demand of you your child. My lord requires this "ſacrifice at your hands." From the nature of the commiſſion, recalling ſo fearfully the commotion and the dark hints of the marquis, ſhe at once concluded the terrible fate which was reſerved to it. Nevertheleſs, her tears ſhe ſtifled, her apprehenſions ſhe ſmothered; nor even once ſo much as indulging herſelf

with a ſigh or a ſob, ſhe ſtepped to the cradle where the child was ſleeping, took it in her arms, kiſſed it, ſigned it with the croſs, making it over to the man, who as faithfully recounted to the marquis all the admirable courage and devotion, to which he had been witneſs, on the part of his lady. Walter was perfectly loſt in admiration of the fortitude and virtues of his wife; and when, on the top of this came the tears and the innocence of the poor little babe, it was as much as ever he could do to ſteel himſelf to ſo rude a trial. But ſuch better determinations too quickly paſſed, and he gave it into the hands of his ſervant, deſiring him to carry it quietly to the counteſs d'Empêche, his ſiſter; and to charge her to ſee it brought up with ſuch a warineſs, that no living ſoul, no, not ſo much as her own huſband, ſhould have any inkling of the myſtery. The ſervant, to the letter, diſcharged his commiſſion; and the counteſs undertook to gloſs the affair, even as her brother had required.

From the time of this exciſion the marquis continued to live, as aforetime, with his wife. And often as he would peer into her eyes, as though to read her inmoſt ſoul; were ſorrow or remembrance there? ſo often would ſhe meet him with all the fondneſs and the love of yore. Nor did ſhe ever allow ſo much as the ſhadow of a bitterneſs to appear; or the name of her loſt one, either in his preſence, or behind his back, to croſs her lips.

Four years paſſed away, and again ſhe found herſelf to be with child. This time it proved to be a ſon; to the joy and the enchantment of its parents and Saluces. And from her breaſt ſhe nouriſhed it, as ſhe had done her daughter. But no ſooner had this long deſired and dearly loved infant attained to its ſecond year, than the marquis, determined, yet a ſecond time, to put to the teſt the patience of Griſélidis, coming to her, as before, again inſiſted to her the murmurings of his barons and his ſubjects.

O what, at ſuch a moment, muſt have been the agony, the yearnings, of this incomparable woman; already bereaved of a daughter, and now her ſon, her only hope, her only joy, about to be taken from her and deſtroyed! Where is, I will not ſay, the tender mother, but the mere ordinary, ſympathiſing, human breaſt, which, on hearing ſuch a ſentence, could ſtifle the pangs of nature in its depth? Queens, princeſſes, ladies, women of all degrees, harken the reſponſe of this one to her lord; attend, and profit by it! "Dear Sir, I have ſworn to you before, I ſwear "to you again, never to know or harbour other will "or thought than yours. What you will, I will. "The day in which my wretched rags I dropped, that "day my proper will I doffed; no other than my "lord's to know. And were it but within my power "to divine, or ever they were expreſſed, the wiſhes of "my lord, his lighteſt thought had been anticipated.

"Wiſh me but to die, and I ſhall die; for death itſelf "were not ſo terrible to me as the misfortune of in-"curring your diſpleaſure."

Walter was more and more aſtoniſhed. Another, or a ſtranger, might have been diſpoſed to place all this ſtoiciſm to mere inſenſibility and apathy of heart. But he who, a thouſand times, her infants at her breaſt, had witneſſed the yearnings, the abyſſes of her maternity, could place it to no other account, than a ſenſe of the affection and the duty which ſhe bore to him. Nevertheleſs, as before, the ſergeant came to claim the child, and carrying it to Bologna, it was brought up together with its ſiſter.

After two ſuch terrible ordeals, the marquis might well have remained ſatisfied on the ſcore of the patience of his wife, and have foreborne to ſubject her to yet a farther. But there are ſome diſpoſitions, by nature, ſo incorrigibly imaginative that nothing can, or will cure them; whoſe jealouſy, once arouſed, never can be allayed; and whoſe chiefeſt pleaſure is the torture of another's breaſt. Not only did ſhe appear to have ſtifled all the memories of the cauſes of her former ſorrows, as though they had never been, but ſhe daily ſeemed to be becoming, if poſſible, even more devoted, attached, tender and ſubdued. Yet for all this did he ſtill determine to try, to torment and to prove her.

By the time his daughter had reached her twelfth year, and his ſon his eighth, he at length bethought

himſelf to recall them to their homes. And accordingly to his ſiſter he ſent, praying her to come and ſee him, and that his children might be with her. And at the ſame time he cauſed a report to get wind; how he was about to put away his wife, and to take another. It was not long ere this heartleſs ſcandal was whiſpered to Griſélidis. It was told to her, that a young perſon, of a noble houſe, accompliſhed, lovely, fair as a fairy, was about to arrive and to be new lady of Saluces. If ſhe was thunderſtruck at ſuch a blow, I leave you to conſider. However, ſummoning up all her reſolution, ſhe awaited in ſilence the hour when he, whoſe will was her will, ſhould think proper formally to acquaint her with it. Nor had ſhe long to wait. For the marquis, ſending for her, and in the preſence of all his court, addreſſed her thus. "Griſélidis, during all the "time that we have lived together, now twelve years "gone, I owe it to you to ſay, that never but content-"ment have I taken in your ſight; for it was to your "virtues and not to your deſcent that I looked when "I took you. But one thing is wanting. Saluces "muſt have an heir. My barons require it; Rome "permits it. I muſt have a wife worthy and becoming "ſuch a prince. Such an one is already upon the "road, ſo prepare yourſelf to cede to her your place. "The portion which you brought, you may retake. "You are at liberty now to retire, and you muſt bear "all this as beſt you can." "Sir," ſaid Griſélidis, "I

"am not ſo ignorant as not to know, that the daughter
"of Janiçola never could have been deſtined to be the
"wife of ſuch a prince. And I take my God to wit-
"neſs, that, day by day, as, in this palace, and of
"which you raiſed me to be the queen, I have re-
"turned him thanks for all the mercies which he had
"heaped upon me, I have never ceaſed to confeſs,
"how unworthy I was, ſo much as of the leaſt of
"them. Since ſuch is your pleaſure, the ſcenes, the
"haunts of all my former joy, I quit, my lord, without
"a pang; returning, in my cabin, theſe eyes to cloſe,
"as firſt they ſaw the light; and where, happily, again
"I may repay to an helpleſs father thoſe duties that
"I have been compelled to deviſe to another. As to
"my dowry, Sir, of which you ſpeak; you know, that
"to my chaſtity, I did but bring my hodden, ſub-
"miſſion and devotion. My jewels, my robes, my all
"are yours. Allow me a moment to change them,
'for thoſe that once I wore. They are yet by me.
"Here, Sir, is the ring with which you wedded Gri-
"ſélidis. Naked came I from my father's door, and
"naked will I thither return; nor ſhall I carry any
"other conſolation with me than the truſt to be re-
"membered as the ſpotleſs widow, as I have lived the
"wife, of ſo great a lord."

So paſſionately moved was the marquis that he was forced to retire; unable in any way to maſter his emotion. And preſently Griſélidis, deſpoiling herſelf of

all her bravery, her jewels, her finery, and caſting on her back her peaſant's frock, returned on foot to whence ſhe came, accompanied by an hoſt of lords, of ladies and of knights, melted to tears at the beholding ſo ſad a change. She alone, of all, appeared to be unmoved; walking in ſilence, with bended eyes upon the ground. Thus eſcorted, ſhe arrived at her father's, who did not ſeem to be in any way ſurpriſed at ſuch a viſit. From the firſt, he had invariably continued to look on the match as unſuitable, and always feared that, ſooner or later, the marquis, ſick of his daughter, would not ſcruple to return her upon his hands. The old man tenderly embraced her, and without evidencing any ſort of emotion, whether of joy or the reverſe, kindly thanked the company for the honour which they had done his daughter in thus accompanying her; exhorting them to love their lord, and to continue faithfully to ſerve him.

Now juſt fancy what Janicola muſt have been inwardly undergoing; thus to ſee his daughter, who had paſſed ſo many years in abundance and in ſplendour, condemned, for the remainder of her days, to penury and want! But to look on her, one never could have ſuppoſed her to have known other, or better. All her joy, her care, was to comfort and beguile her aged father.

But by this, the count and counteſs d'Empêche were arriving, with the two children; accompanied of many knights and nobles, ladies, followers. Already they were within two days' journey of Saluces. The marquis,

to carry through his terrible experiment, ſent again for Griſélidis, who inſtantly appeared, on foot, and as ſhe was, in all her peaſant trim. "Daughter of Janicola," ſaid he, "to-morrow, as you know, I am to receive my "expectant bride; and ſeeing that there is no one of "all my court who is ſo well acquainted as yourſelf "with all its ins and outs, and all the ways that pleaſe "me; and as it is my wiſh to ſee her, as well as my "brother and my ſiſter, with all their company, enter-"tained in a befitting manner, I have determined to "place in your hands the entire charge of their recep-"tion; but more eſpecially of that of the young perſon "of whom I ſpoke." "Sir," ſaid Griſélidis, "ſo many "obligations am I under to you, that, ſo long as God "ſhall ſpare me days, it ſhall be my choiceſt pleaſure to "do to you that which ſhall be pleaſing in your eyes;" there and then retiring to give her orders to the ſervants and purveyors. Her eyes were everywhere. With her very hands ſhe made the bed in which but yeſter-night ſhe lay, and that now was deſtined for another. And on the appearance of the young people, far from allowing to eſcape, as one might have anticipated, a ſigh, a wince, or a tear; or being in any way aſhamed of the homelineſs of her appearance, ſhe went reſpect-fully to meet the bride, ſaluted her, and led her to her appointed chamber. By a ſort of inſtinct, and the bottom of which ſhe could not fathom, ſhe found her-ſelf to be irreſiſtibly drawn towards theſe children; nor

could ſhe keep from marvelling at their beauty, or once take her eyes from off them.

[1] The day of the feaſt being come, and all the company at table, the marquis, having ſent for Griſélidis, and indicated to her his deſtined bride, now radiant with beauty, youth and every charm; attired in all her finery, bid her tell him, what ſhe thought of his intended? "Sir," ſaid ſhe, "your choice could "neither have fallen upon a lovelier or a worthier "object. And ſhould, Sir, God but hear the prayers "which daily to his throne for you I raiſe; long and "happily ſhall ſhe live in your poſſeſſion. But, Sir, if "it may be, ſpare to her the trials which have been "proved of another. She is but young; too tenderly "has her youth been led. Alas, Sir, ſhe knows not "what it is to ſuffer. May hap ſhe might want the "ſtrength: if ſhe came to die. . . . . ."

At theſe words the marquis could no more refrain himſelf, nor one other moment diſſimulate. Loſt in admiration of the immoveable firmneſs and the indomptable virtue, which nothing could cauſe to falter, or recoil, he cried aloud, "Griſélidis, dear Griſélidis, this "is paſt endurance: this is too much. To put to the "teſt the force of your affection, I have paſſed you "through a ruder proof than ever man who lived be-"neath this ſun ſo much as dared to think of; yet

[1] See note J, at the end.

"never have I found in you but obedience, lovingneſs, "fidelity." With that he drew her to his arms, watering her, as he leant over her, with his tears. Preſently, recovering himſelf, before all the company he cried, "Incomparable woman, yes, yes, you alone "are fitting to be my wife, and you alone ſhall be. "You have thought me to be the murderer of my "children: ſo did my court. They were but removed. "My ſiſter, to whoſe hands I committed them, this "day reſtores them. See them with your eyes. And "you, my children, come and throw yourſelves at the "feet of your admirable mother." It was too much: So perfect a felicity was not to be borne. Swooning, ſhe ſunk upon the ground. And no ſooner was ſhe reſtored to herſelf than ſhe ſtrained them to her boſom with ſuch an abandonment that it was as much as ever could be done to tear them from her. The whole aſſembly was in tears, nor was there any one thing heard but exclamations, ſhouts and rapture. And thus this fête, which the marquis had ſo inauſpiciouſly inaugurated, was turned, for his wife, into a ſource of felicity, of joy and of triumph.

Walter cauſed the old Janicola to be carried to the palace of Saluces; and whom, up to this time, if he had neglected, it was ſimply to try his wife. And he was had in honour for the remainder of his days. And the marquis and his wife lived together yet twenty years, and in an intercourſe the moſt undiſturbed.

They ſaw their children married, and they ſaw yet their children again. And after them their ſon inherited the land, with the unqualified conſentment of Saluces.

Fabliaux ou Contes du xii et xiii Siècles.

THE LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THOSE who may, at any time, propoſe to themſelves to write of this illuſtrious Scottiſh queen, will ever find two very ample themes to be at their diſpoſition; her life and her death. The one as unhappily befriended as the other, of a countenancing fortune; as will, by the following ſketch be ſeen, and which I merely offer, as a ſort of abſtract; leaving to thoſe who may be better informed, and abler penmen than myſelf, the charge of an higher and an ampler expoſition.

This queen, then, had for her father, King James, as well a gallant and an able gentleman, as, at heart, a right ſtaunch Frenchman. This James, having become a widower, by the death of Magdaleine, a daughter of France, beſought the French king to find him ſome worthy and virtuous princeſs of his line, or kin; being deſirous, above all things, to perpetuate the alliance with France.

The French king, who could not think of any party more likely to be acceptable to this good prince, propoſed to him the daughter of Monſieur de Guiſe, Claude de Lorraine, the then widow of Monſieur de Longueville; a lady whom the king diſcerned to be ſo beautiful, ſo excellent, ſo wiſe and ſo virtuous, that he was delighted with the offer, eſteeming himſelf moſt fortunate in the tender of ſuch a choice. And as he judged her at firſt, ſo he found her, as did the eſtates of Scotland, which ſhe continued to govern with an happy ſucceſs, upon his deceaſe, which fell out ſome few years after their marriage, but not till ſuch time as he had begotten upon her a noble ſcion, who became this beautiful, and, for the time in which ſhe lived, moſt beautiful princeſs of the univerſe, our queen, of whom I write. Scarcely was ſhe more than born, for ſhe was yet at the teat, when there came ſo hideous a raid, on the part of the Engliſh, that her mother was obliged to fly with her from one corner of her kingdom to the other, to avoid its imminence. And had it not been for the timely ſuccour which ſhe received from Henry II., ſhe had almoſt infallibly been taken. At length, for her more perfect ſecurity, it was deemed adviſable, committing her to the mercy of the winds and of the waves, to tranſport her into France, where alone ſhe could be ſafe. And certes, the maliciouſneſs of that ill fortune, which, till that day, had perſiſted to perſecute her, nor daring to ſtep with her on board, was

contented to remain upon a more congenial ſoil, ceding to the good to take her by the hand. And there, in meaſure as her young years budded, proportionally was her every charm unfolded to the world, and did her rare perfections diſplay themſelves. So that, coming to her fifteenth year, her glories began to break upon the world with all the refulgence of the mid-heaven ſun, ſo perfect an emanation was ſhe of the divine. And as for her ſoul, it was the fitting prieſteſs of ſuch a temple. So thoroughly had ſhe maſtered the Latin, that ſhe delivered, publicly, being but thirteen or fourteen years of age, in that tongue, before the king and all his court, in the great hall of the Louvre, a diſcourſe which ſhe had written herſelf, maintaining and aſſerting, in the teeth of prevalence, that it was becoming for the female mind to be adorned with, and inſtructed in polite literature and in the liberal ſciences. Juſt fancy, how rare and exquiſite a thing, to ſee this lovely and accompliſhed queen thus haranguing in Latin, which ſhe could exceedingly well deliver as well as write. * * * * Two hours a day were regularly ſet apart for ſtudy and reading, that is, as long as ſhe remained in France; ſo it came that there was hardly any conceivable ſubject on which ſhe could not enlarge herſelf with felicity. Above all things, ſhe revelled in poetry, and delighted in the frequentation of the maſters of that art, but more eſpecially of Monſieur de Ronſard, Monſieur de Belley and Monſieur de

Saint-Fleur, who had dedicated to her many an elegy and a noble effuſion, and which, oft and oft, on a time, have I ſeen her read, as well in Scotland as in France, the tear in her eye, and the bur in her throat. Sometimes, too, ſhe toyed, herſelf, with poetry. And I have ſeen ſome admirable lines of hers, and quite another thing from thoſe amorous ditties that have been laid to her door, and were ſaid to have paſſed between her and Bothwell. They are far too groſs, coarſe and unfiniſhed, ever to have proceeded from any ſuch pen. Monſieur de Ronſard was entirely of my way of thinking about them, as, one day, together, we happened to be reading them. She wrote in an incomparably higher and a rarer vein, and with an admirable facility; running into her cabinet, and coming out again the next moment, to read what ſhe had written, to us, or to whoever elſe might happen to be preſent. Farther, ſhe could expreſs herſelf admirably in proſe, eſpecially in her familiar letters, many of which I have ſeen, and which were very high and eloquent. With her converſation it was different. For nothing could exceed the faſcination, the prettineſs, the gentleneſs of her demeanour and intonation; blending, in the moſt charming manner, all her incomparable majeſty with a certain indeſcribable, bewitching and enchanting familiarity, but, above all things, grace. Even the language of her native Scotland, in itſelf outlandiſh, heatheniſh and barbarous, either to ſpeak or to hear, as

dropping from her lips, became poſitive muſic to the ear; which, moſt certainly, it was very far from being, in thoſe of others.

And ſuch was the triumph of all this beauty and this grace, that it was able to tranſmute very heatheniſm into an acceptable propriety and a felicitous conformity. And believe me, when I ſay, that, when attired, (as I have ſeen her,) *à la ſauvage;* after the barbarous manner of the ſavages of her own country, ſhe appeared, all mortal as ſhe was, and under all this hideous diſguiſe, a very goddeſs. And none who have ſeen her thus dreſſed, or her picture, ſo taken, but muſt be compelled to admit as much. And I have heard it ſtoutly argued before our king and queen, that never was ſhe ſeen to more advantage, or did ſhe appear more lovely, more attractive, than in this coſtume. If ſo, judge how incomparable muſt ſhe have appeared, arrayed in all the majeſty of France or Spain; or ſay, with an Italian bonnet on her head; or again, in all the tranſparency of her white court mourning, which ſo ſurpaſſingly became her. And ſure it was a ſtrife, from the marble of her cheek to the milkwhite of her veil, which would outvie the riven of the ſnow. But it was to the fuller to ſuccumb. No artifice could touch the matchleſs brightneſs of her fleſh; as an ode, which was once written upon her, in her mourning, commemorates.

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So that from whatever point of view this lovely princeſs was enviſaged, it was to be ſeen to advantage; were it barbarous, courtly or auſtere. And as if this was not enough; ſtill farther to turn the heads of the beholders, ſhe was poſſeſſed of this other attraction; a ſilver and a ſweet toned voice. For ſhe ſung uncommonly well, accompanying herſelf to her lute, and which ſhe touched divinely, with thoſe exquiſitely moulded fingers; fingers which Aurora herſelf might have envied. And though this may be enough, I ſhall yet an inſtant revert to a conceit which was drawn betwixt this queen and the ſun of her native Scotland, and not a little to the diſparagement of the latter. For it was alleged, that, whilſt he, for a certain portion of the year, was but ſeen above the horizon for ſome few hours, ſhe, on the contrary, never ceaſed to ſhine, by day or by night. So that, of her own proper rays, ſhe heated and ſhe fired that diſmal realm, of all others the darkeſt and the dreareſt, by reaſon of its hyperborean altitudes.

Aha, Scottiſh land; dark now thy days, I ween; thy days more ſhort, thy nights more long, bereaved of the light that lit ye! Ye were too unkind to her, ye were ungrateful to her; ye were unworthy of her, in that ye knew not to pay her your duty and devotion; and as even now I will bring home to you!

In fine, this lady and this princeſs was ſo acceptable to France, that, in return, ſhe prayed the French king

to admit her into his family, and that ſhe might be given to the Dolphin, his dearly loved ſon, and who, on his ſide, was paſſionately attached to her. The nuptials, then, were ſolemnized at Notre Dame and in the palace, at Paris; where this lovely queen was ſeen to move, an hundred times more airy than any goddeſs of the ſky; whether, as with the dawn, ſhe marched, in all her glittering majeſty, to her eſpouſals; or, as, in the evening, ſhe tripped it, at the dance; or with the taper, as maidenly, half frightenedly, half ſcornfully, ſhe retired to the bridal couch, to ſlacken and to render up her virgin zone. So that it was the theme of all the court, of every tongue; to be re-echoed and reſponded to, throughout the length and breadth of that vaſt city; bleſſed an hundred-fold were the prince to whoſe lot had fallen ſo peerleſs a woman; and that, let the worth of Scotland be what it might, it was never to be weighed with its queen: and that even, ſuppoſing her to have neither been poſſeſſed of crown, or of ſceptre, her perſon alone, in itſelf, were to be priced with a realm; but ſeeing that ſhe was a queen, ſhe brought with herſelf a double dower.

And this is no more than was in the mouth of everyone. And preſently ſhe was ſtyled, The Queen-Dolphin, and her huſband, the King-Dolphin; they two living together in the moſt perfect love and harmony.

But preſently upon this, this great king coming to die, they reſpectively became king and queen of two

moſt potent kingdoms; France and Scotland. And happy, moſt happy, might they have continued together, had not the King Francis, her huſband, died, thus leaving her a widow, in the young April of her bloom; having barely taſted of all theſe felicities, enchantments, delights, a good four years.

A ſhort-lived felicity truly! And after ſuch an aſſertion of the imperiouſneſs of her power, one would have thought that fortune had been content to waive her reſting ire. But ah, the falſe one, thus miſerably to purſue this wretched princeſs, who, herſelf, on the occaſion of her ſorrow and her loſs, indited theſe following lines:—

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It was thus that this unhappy queen diſburdened herſelf of her ſorrows and her cares, and which declared themſelves, if poſſible, yet more piteouſly in the withering of the pallor of her face. Nor from the day in which ſhe became a widow, did a trace of the carnation e'er flùſh afreſh upon her cheek; at leaſt for ſo long as I had the honour to be about her, whether in France or in Scotland; where, to her inſupportable ſorrow, and at the end of her mourning, ſhe found herſelf obliged to go, for the pacification of her kingdom, then torn to pieces with religious diſſenſions. I have heard her, myſelf, many a time to ſay, That ſhe dreaded the thought of that change, as ſhe did the thoughts of death itſelf; and that ſhe would infinitely

rather remain in France, a ſimple dowager, contenting herſelf with Poitou and Touraine, which had been ſettled on her at her marriage, to returning to her own barbarous country. But her uncles, or at leaſt ſome of them, were ſo inſtant with her, that ſhe was compelled to ſubmit. The grounds which moved them, I am not going to give. Suffice it to ſay, that, till it was too late, they ſaw not their miſtake.

And touching this departure, it is not to be queſtioned, but that if the late King Charles, her brother-in-law, had been then of age, for he was but quite a lad at the time, and had he alſo been poſſeſſed of the ſame predilection for her, which he later betrayed, never had ſhe been allowed to leave, and infallibly he had married her. For ſo inordinately was he taken with her, that, once having allowed his eyes to wander to her portrait, it was as much as ever he could do to bring himſelf to withdraw them; ſo entranced, ſo faſcinated was he with its brightneſs. And he was wont to ſay, that ſhe was, beyond all compariſon, the moſt peerleſs princeſs, the moſt lovely conception which ever alighted on our orb, and that too happy did he eſteem his brother to have enjoyed ſo beauteous a woman; proteſting, that by no conſtruction, could he be ſaid to have been unfortunate, or, young as he died, to have been cut off from his portion of felicity, ſeeing that for ever ſo brief a moment he had been permitted to taſte of ſo ſupreme a pleaſure, which, in itſelf, were worth

the price of ſceptres. So that, had ſhe remained behind, beyond a doubt he would have married her, all ſiſter-in-law though ſhe were. The then Pope would have made no difficulties about according him the neceſſary diſpenſations; eſpecially as he had already granted as much to one of his majeſty's own ſubjects, Monſieur de Lové. And alſo ſince, and in Spain, we have ſeen the Marquis of Aguilar procuring ſuch a licenſe, and many others, in different countries, where ſuch impediments are not allowed to weigh, as in France, with the inconveniences and prejudices which too often accrue to the children from the neglect of ſuch conſolidation.

Everything which was agitated, as well on her part, as on that of others, touching this affair, I purpoſely omit, not to wander too far from the matter of our queen; who, having been at length perſuaded, as I have already ſaid, to return into her own country; the voyage now remitted to the ſpring; ſo manœuvred, on one pretext or another, that ſhe did not finally leave till the month of Auguſt. And it may be worth while remembering, that that ſpring in which ſhe had originally purpoſed to ſet out, came ſo late, and when it did come, ſo ſad, ſo cold, ſo diſconſolate, that it was not till the month of May that ſhe had the heart to deck herſelf in all her robes of green, to paint the meadows, or to clad the groves. So that all the gallants of the court went moralizing and publiſhing about, How the

ſpring refuſed to doff her wintry and her mourning robes, or to array herſelf, in ſuch a moment, in all her frolic, budding, young and piony attire; the very ſeaſons deploring the departure of this princeſs, the crown and glory of the year. Monſieur de Maiſon-Fleur, a right accompliſhed knight, famous as well for letters as for arms, dedicated to this occaſion, a very happy elegy.

The beginning of autumn being at length at hand, it was no longer poſſible for our queen, now at the end of her reſources, any more to dally. So ſhe ſet out, by way of Calais, accompanied by her uncles, Monſieur de Nemours, the greater part of the court, together with their wives; and with them, Madame de Guiſe; alike diſconſolate, and with burning tears, lamenting the departure of ſuch a queen.

Two galleys which were lying in the port, one of them commanded by Monſieur de Mevillon, and the other by the captain d'Albize, together with two ſtore ſhips, compoſed her whole fleet. And having remained but ſix days at Calais, as ſoon as ſhe had taken a laſt and piteous farewell of all the company, from the greateſt even to the leaſt, ſhe ſtepped on board the galley of Monſieur de Mevillon, as it was the moſt commodious; and with her, of her uncles, Meſſieurs d'Aumale, grand-prior, d'Elbeuf, Damville, the now conſtable; and ſundry other nobles, among whom I was one.

And, behold, no ſooner was the anchor weighed and had the oars begun to play, than under our very bows a ſhip went down, and with her moſt the hands on board; having accidentally miſſed the channel or the tide! So that ſhe burſt out into tears, paſſionately exclaiming, *Hah, my God, what an augury is this!* And as ſoon as ever the galley had gotten out of the port, a gentle breeze ſprung up, the ſails were hoiſted, and the oars were ſhipped. All this while, the poor queen, loſt to everything which was going on around her, kept hanging, her head upon her hand, upon the poop; the great tears rolling down her cheeks, her ſad eyes fixed on the ſhore and ſpot, where laſt her France ſhe left. Or if ſhe woke, it was in her choked utterance to ſob, *Adieu France, France adieu!* And in this piteous exerciſe ſhe continued ſome four or five hours; even till the ſhades of night were cloſing faſt around her, and it had been aſked her, Would ſhe not deſcend and partake of a little refreſhment? It was then that with redoubled vehemence ſhe began to cry, her tears even falling faſter than before, *Ah, France, dear France, now is the appointed hour that for ever I muſt loſe you; ſeeing that the dark and envious night, jealous of my too much joy, is about to caſt her mantle o'er thee! Farewell, then, deareſt, deareſt France, now fading on the ſcene; for never, never more ſhall I behold you!* With that, withdrawing her eyes, ſhe obſerved to thoſe who were around her, How oppoſite was her caſe to that of

Dido's; for that Dido had never ceaſed to peer upon the waters, when Æneas had but lately quitted her, whilſt that ſhe, ſhe never ceaſed to gaze upon the ſtrand. She refuſed to ſup, or to retire to the berth which had been prepared for her below; ſo that they had to knock up a ſort of pallet for her upon the deck; and where ſhe lay all night, in a very ſtupor of ſorrow and diſtreſs. But before ſhe had lain down, ſhe charged the helmſman on no account to fail to ſignify to her, if, with the break of day, the ſhores of France were ſtill in ſight; and not to be afraid of wakening her. In which, her deſire, fortune favoured her; for, with the night, the wind had dropped, the mariners betaking themſelves again to the oars. So that but little way had been made, and yet were to be perceived the cliffs of France. And no ſooner had the helmſman told her, that France was ſtill to be deſcried, than ſhe ſtood up in her bed, and fixing her eyes upon it, never once refrained to gaze on it, till it had paſſed for ever from her ſight. For as the galley continued to retreat, ſo did her contentment; till at laſt it was for ever gone. Then it was, that in a very paroxyſm of emotion, ſhe cried, *It is finiſhed: adieu France; France adieu; a long, a laſt adieu, for never more ſhall I behold you!*

The navy of England, which ſhe knew to be riding in the channel, above all things ſhe prayed that they might encounter, ſo that they would be forced to carry her back to France. But Providence did not think

proper to grant her this interpoſition, for, without any ſort of let or hinderance, we arrived ſafely at Leith. Of the incidents of this voyage, I ſhall only notice one; how, as it was drawing on to dark, on the firſt evening that we were at ſea, and they were about to light the lanthorn, the lord de Chartelard, the ſame who was ſince decapitated in Scotland, for his ſelffufficiency, and not for his miſdemeanours, (and he was an exceedingly worthy gentleman, and as well a ſwordſman as a man of letters,) hit upon this happy word; *That we had little call for flambeaux or for lamps to light us o'er the deep, for that the bright eyes of our queen were in themſelves ſufficiently luſtrous and conſuming, to illumine, nay, to fire the very depths.*

It is to be noted, that the previous day, a Sunday morning, to that on which we landed in Scotland, ſo unaccountable a fog aroſe that we could not ſo much as ſee the length of the ſhip; which put the captains and the pilots to their wits' end. So that we were obliged to caſt anchor in the main deep, and to heave the ſound, in order to aſcertain upon what land we had fallen. This fog continued the live-long day and night. And the next morning, about eight of the clock, we firſt deſcried ourſelves to be in a ſhoal water, and ſo lying, that, had we drifted, but ever ſo little, to right or to the left, we had infallibly foundered, and all on board periſhed. When they told this to the queen, in return, ſhe aſſured them, "that ſo far as ſhe herſelf

" perſonally, was concerned, ſhe could have gone down " without a pang, nor would it have coſt her a ſtruggle; " as, than death, there was nothing now which ſhe " more ardently deſired; but that in her capacity of " queen, it was her duty and her wiſh to live. She " owed it to her country." With the light, the ſhores of Scotland appearing, there were not wanting thoſe who augured of this ſame fog, how it ſignified, that they were about to ſet their foot upon a land of darkneſs, and mourn and terrible.

[1] We made for and took footing at Leith, where were already in waiting, the principal inhabitants of the country and of Edinburgh, which was ſome little way off. And incontinent were mounted the queen and all the lords and ladies of her train, upon the ſcurvy ſhelties of the country, with harneſs, as ſcurvy, to match.

No ſooner did the poor queen perceive herſelf in ſuch a cavalcade, than ſhe began to weep. " Where " now," ſhe cried, " the pageant and the pomp; the " prancing palfreys and the rich capariſons of France! " but let me be patient." And as if this was not enough, in the evening, after ſhe had retired for the night, there came together, under the windows of her lodging, which was in the palace of Holy Rood; (unqueſtionably, a noble edifice, but altogether out of place in ſuch a country,) ſome five or ſix hundred ſcoundrelly fellows

[1] See note K, at the end.

of the town, forſooth to give her a concert on their accurſed drones and violins, which they are for ever ſtrumming throughout the length and breadth of the land. And, above all things, it was pſalms that the raſcals were ſinging, and with ſuch a whining and a twang, that nothing more confounded could be conceived. Ha, what a reception, and what a repoſe for ſuch a night!

'The very next morning, they had like to have finiſhed her almoner; and if he had not taken refuge, on the inſtant, in the chamber of the queen, they had ſerved him, as they after did her ſecretary, David Rizzio, who, although he happened alſo to be a man of wit and parts, the queen had merely taken into her ſervice on the ſcore of his facility to buſineſs. Yet they ſtuck not to diſpatch him before her eyes, in her apartment, and at her feet; ſo cloſe that her very robe was drenched in his blood. What an indignity! And many another, like it, did they offer her. So that we have little cauſe to be amazed, that men who could preſume to make ſo free with the perſon of their ſovereign, ſhould have the effrontery to make themſelves equally ſo with her reputation. After ſuch an experiment as this, ſhe became dolent and foreboding. *This is certainly a notable earneſt*, ſhe ſaid, *of the promiſed attachment and ſubmiſſion of my ſubjects. What the end of all this will be, I cannot tell. But certainly, ſo far, it has an ugly complexion.* And in this, her prophecy, the

poor princeſs proved herſelf to be as true a Caſſandra, as, already, in beauty ſhe was allowed to be.

Once there, ſhe remained, in her widowhood, three whole years. And had it only depended upon herſelf, ſo would ſhe have continued to the end, nor wiſhing to diſturb the manes of her huſband. But ſhe was overruled by the States-General of her kingdom, who never ceaſed to be inſtant with her, requiring her to marry, ſo that ſome noble prince might be engendered of her, ſuch as he who, this day, is ſitting upon her throne.

There are not wanting ſome who ſay, that, at the beginning of our wars, the king of Navarre was anxious to marry her; in order to which, he was prepared to put away his wife; taking religion for his pretext; but that the queen would not ſo much as liſten to it; proteſting, that ſhe had a ſoul to be ſaved, or to be loſt, and that ſo ſhe would not emperil it, were it to ſit on the throne of the univerſe; evidencing an invincible averſion to connect herſelf with an actually married man.

However, at the length, ſhe remarried with a young nobleman of England, who, though of a great houſe, was yet ſtill far from being her equal. This union was anything but a felicitous one, either for the one ſide or for the other. It is no part of my purpoſe to relate, how the king, her huſband, was murdered; ſent flying, through an infernal machine which had been introduced into his apartment. All about it is

in print, and has now become matter of hiſtory. But hiſtory though it be, yet is that part of it falſe, which has not ſcrupled to aſſert, that it was compaſſed with the privity of the queen. It is nothing but lies and ſcandal, for never was this queen cruel; on the contrary, ſhe was all heart and gentleneſs. Never, when in France, was any ſuch charge laid to her account; nor did it ever give her any pleaſure to hear of poor criminals being quartered or butchered, nor had ſhe the bowels to ſee them, as had many another fair and great one, whom I could name. And during all the time that ſhe was on board, never once would ſhe allow one of the galley ſlaves to be corrected; and ſo ſhe told the Grand-prior, her uncle; and expreſſly forbade the mates to do anything of the ſort; telling them, that the very ſight of men condemned to ſo grievous a ſervitude, was enough to drive her ſick at heart, without being called upon to witneſs ſuch an enhancement of their miſery.

To conclude, never did or could inhumanity harbour in ſo tender and ſo fond a breaſt. And they are nothing else than impoſtors who have had the aſſurance to aſſert, or to inſinuate the contrary. Among others, Miſter Buchanan. And in the article of which, he made to his queen, a very unequal return for all the obligations that ſhe had conferred, when in France, as well upon the man, perſonally, as upon his order. He might have turned his matchleſs diſcernment to a

very much better account, than to the artifice of detecting ſonnets to be hers, which any one, ever ſo little familiar with her ſtyle or her endowments, would know never to have proceeded from any ſuch pen. And as much might he have divined of the gallantries, which he has aſcribed to her and to Bothwell, had he but had the candour, or the indifferency, to look cloſer into them. For this Bothwell was as ugly and ungainly a fellow, as one would care to lay eyes on. But if there are thoſe who have written ſcandalouſly of her; again, there are not wanting others who have undertaken her vindication. I myſelf have ſeen at leaſt one admirable book, wherein her innocence and her life were aſſerted and eſtabliſhed; and that, too, in ſo convincing a manner, that the moſt incredulous were compelled to come over to her ſide; however it may have been cried down by her detractors. But her deſtruction being now determined upon, they never ceaſed to perſecute and to hunt her, till they had her into a ſtronghold in her own country; I think it was St. Andrew's; and in which ſhe lay, miſerably, a captive, for about a year, till at length ſhe was delivered by a ſtout and valiant gentleman, a ſubject of her own, and of a good family, named Betoun, whom I both knew and had often ſeen; and who told me the whole manner of it, one day, when we were together on the river, near the Louvre. He had come over expreſſly to carry the intelligence to our king. He was nephew to

that archbiſhop of Glaſgow who was ambaſſador to France; one of thoſe excellent men and worthy prelates, the like of whom are but rarely to be encountered. To her lateſt hour, he proved himſelf to her, a ſtaunch and a faithful ſervant, and after her deceaſe, a no leſs loyal one to her memory.

Once again, the queen at liberty, there was no more temporizing; and in an incredibly ſhort time ſhe had gotten together an army, compoſed of thoſe whom ſhe fancied were the likelieſt to be relied upon. And next we have her at its head, ſtraddled on a ſturdy cob; no other defence upon her than a ſimple petticoat of taffeta, white, and a veil of cobweb lawn upon her head. And many a one have I ſeen loſt in wonder and aſtoniſhment, and among others, the queen-mother; to ſee a princeſs, ſo tender and ſo dainty, nurſed in the lap of eaſe and of indulgence, thus ſternly reſigning herſelf to all the hardſhips and the miſeries of war. But, in return, what is there which mortals will not undergo, to taſte the ſweets of abſolute power; or princes, to be avenged of a rebel race, and to compel them to reenter into their duty?

So now we have brought our princeſs, bright and magnanimous as another Zenobia, to the forefront of her army, conducting it to glory and to the battle! But woe, the change; and in how little! Juſt on the inſtant, when the pikes were levelled, and as ſhe was exhorting them with words that might have touched

the very ſtones; behold, as ſuddenly, the pikes are raiſed, and, ruſhing into each others' arms, an eternal amity is ſworn, on the one ſide and on the other. And there and then, it was ſettled of the whole pack, confederated and ſworn friends, to ſeize upon her body, and to carry her away, a priſoner, into England. Monſieur de Croſy, ſteward of her houſe, (he was a gentleman of Auvergne,) recounted the whole matter to the queen-mother; having croſſed expreſſly to that end. I, after, ſaw him at St. Maur, where, with ſome others, we had it all over.

So the end of it was, that ſhe was hurried away into England, where, for eighteen years, ſhe was retained in a captivity ſo cloſe, that never again did ſhe leave it, even till the day of her death, which was perſiſted in, on the ſtrength of a too cruel ſentence; baſed upon ſundry charges that had been ſcraped together, and may be ſeen in that inſtrument. But not the leaſt inconſiderable of them, as I have good reaſon to know, and from the firſt authority, was, that the queen of England never could endure her, and had been, from the firſt, and all her days, jealous of thoſe ſuperior attractions, which ſhe ſo well knew to eclipſe her own. What a demon is this jealouſy; eſpecially, when is mated to it, the fury of religious hate! So the long and the ſhort of it was, that this princeſs, after all this cruel incarceration, was condemned to loſe her head. And this ſentence was paſſed upon her two years before

it was carried into execution. Some ſay, that all ſuſpicion of it was ſtudiouſly kept from her, till the moment had arrived when they were prepared to go through with it. Others, again, that ſhe was informed of it, two months previouſly; among whom the queen-mother was one, who firſt learned it at Cognac; and was marvellouſly cut up with ſuch a knowledge, at the time. And in connection with this, another curious thing was aſſerted, that, as ſoon as they had officially broken it to her, they changed the tapeſtry and hangings of her room and bed to black. When this was told to the queen-mother, nothing could exceed her pity and admiration; proteſting, that ſhe had never encountered, nor heard tell of ſo invincible a conſtancy, as that which was ſhown by the queen of Scotland, in all her adverſities. I, for one, and I was then preſent, was not of thoſe who imagined, that the queen of England would ever have allowed extremities to be proceeded to, or could have ſteeled herſelf to it; not judging her, in her natural, to be cruel. However, in this caſe, ſhe proved herſelf to be ſo. And Monſieur de Bellievre, no leſs, whom the king had commiſſioned to intercede with her majeſty, was of our way of thinking; but it all came to nothing.

So, in fine, to come to this piteous death, and which it is impoſſible ſo much as to touch upon, but with commiſeration; on the ſeventeenth day of February, fifteen hundred and eighty ſeven, the commiſſioners

deputed by the queen of England, (the names, I need not give; for to what good?) arrived, betwixt two and three of the clock, in the afternoon, and there and then, in the preſence of Paulett, her guardian or keeper, opened to her the nature of their commiſſion; at the ſame time telling her, that on the following morning it was to be carried out, and admoniſhing her, on her part, to be prepared for the ſame, by the hour of ſeven or eight.

She, without evidencing any ſort of emotion, thanked them for their welcome tidings; aſſuring them, that nothing could be more acceptable to her, than to find herſelf, at length, to have arrived at the goal of all her miſeries; telling them, that ſince long, ſhe had held herſelf in readineſs, and was willing to die; even from the day when ſhe had firſt been carried into England. The only favour which ſhe had to aſk of them was, that they would accord to her ſome few moments, to diſpoſe of her teſtament, with one or two other matters which required to be attended to; a competence which ſhe believed to be within the latitude of their commiſſion. To which the Earl of Shrewſbury only replied, and rudely enough, for that matter, *Not ſo, Madam, you muſt die. And ſee that you are forthcoming between the hours of ſeven and eight o'clock; for not another inſtant will be granted to you.* One of them, as it appeared to her, with more of the milk of human kindneſs in him than was in his fellows, did what he could to comfort her

and to fortify her, at the aſpect of ſo terrible an hour. But ſhe told him, in reply, that ſhe had no need of any conſolation, at leaſt from ſuch a quarter; and that if they would but allow her poor conſcience to depart in peace, her almoner be admitted to her, ſo that ſhe might confeſs herſelf, it would be conferring an obligation upon her which would ſurpaſs every other; adding, that as to her body, ſhe could never ſuppoſe that they would deny to it the rites of ſepulture. But he told her, that ſuch a thing was not to be thought of; ſo that ſhe was forced to leave her confeſſion under her hand, and which runs as follows.

" Father, I have this day been buffetted for con-
" ſcience' ſake, and been compelled to entertain the
" conſolation of the heretic. You will hear by Bour-
" yong and others, that firmly I ſtood by that faith, in
" which I am about to die. What was in my power,
" I did, to be permitted to make to you my confeſſion;
" and to receive, at your hands, the body of our
" Lord. But they have been barbarouſly denied to
" me, as has alſo, to my bones, the right to reſt amid
" the ſepulchres of my fathers. Nor have I, any
" more, been allowed to leave a teſtament behind me;
" unleſs, indeed, ſuch an one as I ſhould be prepared
" to indite in their preſence, or with their hand. So
" ſeeing, then, father, that it cannot be otherwiſe; I
" now confeſs to, in the block, the grievouſneſs of all
" thoſe ſhortcomings, which, in detail, had it been per-

" mitted to me, you ſhould have heard; beſeeching
" you, for the ſake of Him who died for us, that you
" will watch and pray for me this night, for the propi-
" tiation of my ſins, and that you will ſend me your
" abſolution and your pardon for all the offences, by
" me, committed in the fleſh. I will make a laſt
" endeavour to ſee you, though it muſt be in their
" preſence. They have promiſed me as much; and,
" if practicable, you ſhall give me abſolution. Haſten
" to me the moſt proper prayers for this night, and for
" the coming morn; for the time is ſhort; nor more,
" can I ſpare to write. You ſhall not be forgotten,
" any more than the reſt. Your benefices ſhall be
" continued and aſſured to you; and you have been
" ſpoken of to the king. I have no more time. Let
" me know, by a line, what you may conceive to be
" moſt conducive to my welfare. After that, I ſhall
" have but to dedicate my thoughts to heaven. MARY."

Whatever ſhe did, ſhe loſt no time. And the little which remained to her, (enough, God knows, of its ſort, to blanch the ſtouteſt heart; but contrary, to her, who never knew the fear of death, and even longed to be eſcaped of all her miſeries,) ſhe employed in writing to our king, the queen-mother, whom ſhe had always reſpected; to Monſieur and Madame de Guiſe, and other private friends; letters, one and all, moſt piteous certainly, and tending alike to let them know, that up to her lateſt breath, ſhe had not forgotten them;

and expreſſive of all the ſatisfaction with which ſhe was about to be releaſed from the calamities, that, for twenty long years, had overtaken her. She ſent them all mementos; ſorry enough in themſelves, but, ſuch as they were, all that yet remained to this poor captive princeſs to beſtow.

After this, ſhe ſent for her houſehold, from the greateſt to the leaſt, and requiring her coffers to be opened, ſhe took out any little money which remained, dividing it among them, as far as it went, and in proportion to their ſeveral claims. Among her women, ſhe diſtributed her jewels, her nicknacks and her robes, telling them, that ſhe was only diſtreſſed, it were no better in her power to recompenſe their ſervices; that, however, they need be under no anxiety, as her ſon would ſee that they ſhould not be loſers on her account. And ſhe farther charged her maſter of the houſehold, to tell her ſaid ſon, and to whom ſhe now ſent her benediction, that he was on no account to think of attempting to avenge her death, but to leave all to God, and to his divine appointment. With that, and without even a tear or a ſigh, ſhe bid them all adieu. On the contrary, ſhe comforted and conſoled them, telling them, that they had no occaſion to diſtreſs themſelves, ſeeing that ſhe was about to make ſo bleſſed an iſſue out of all the miſeries of this wretched life. After this, ſhe cauſed all but her maidens to withdraw.

As ſoon as it came night, and ſhe had retired to her oratory, ſhe prayed, and upon her bare knees, for two hours together; for ſo ſhe was ſeen, by her women, who watched her. After that ſhe aroſe, and coming into her chamber, ſaid, *Sweet hearts, I think that I had better eat a mouthful, and then lie down, a little, ſo that to-morrow I may not be betrayed into any unbecoming weakneſs, or anything unworthy of myſelf.* What a ſpirit and greatheartedneſs! And this ſhe did; eating a morſel of the fillet, dipped in wine. After that ſhe threw herſelf on her bed, hardly ſleeping, however; the remainder of the night being ſpent in prayer and heavenly offices.

Two hours before the light, ſhe roſe; dreſſing herſelf as expeditiouſly as poſſible; though, however, with a more than ordinary regard to appearances. Fixing on a robe of black velvet, which was the only remnant that remained to her of her former eſtate, ſhe ſaid to her women; *My friends, I had ſooner bequeathed to one of you this gown, than that which yesterday I wore; and I had done ſo, only, you know, it is neceſſary that I ſhould appear in ſome little ſtate and grandeur on the approaching occaſion. See, here is a handkerchief, which I alſo kept; it is the one with which my eyes are preſently to be bandaged. To you, ſweet heart,* turning to one of them, *I give it; for it is you whom I count upon to do for me this laſt charitable office.*

Again ſhe withdrew to her oratory, having firſt bid-

den them all farewell, and kiſſed them round; and, farther, charged them with many particulars to be carried to the king, the queen and all her kin; none of them ſuch as would, in any way, tend to inflame them to vengeance on her account; but the reverſe. She then proceeded to take from her own hands the bleſſed ſacrament; adminiſtering to herſelf a conſecrated wafer which the good pope, Pius the Fifth, had ſent to her, to be availed of in her agony; and which ſhe had kept by her, right curiouſly and hallowedly treaſured.

Her oriſons finiſhed, which were long, and it being now high day, ſhe came forth to her chamber, and ſat herſelf down by the fire; all the while talking to her women, and comforting them, when one would have ſuppoſed, that it had been for them to have comforted her; and telling them, "How poor and inconſtant a "thing was this world's felicity, by her example, might "be ſeen and read of all, from the greateſt even to the "leaſt. Here was ſhe, a queen of Scotland and of "France; the one by birth, and the other by fortune; "after having plunged over head and ears into a very "ſea of triumph and felicity, and ridden the lighteſt "there, reduced at laſt to end her days upon a ſcaffold, "all innocent as ſhe was; and which, her innocence, "was her only conſolation. The hardeſt thing that "they could ſay againſt her was, that ſhe was a good "catholic; and for which, her faith, ſhe was now "called upon to die; and which, to her lateſt breath,

"ſhe would never ceaſe to profeſs; for in it, ſhe had "been baptized." She told them, "that ſhe had only "one thing more to aſk of them, and that was, that "they would undertake to carry to France, where they "were about to return, the conſtancy with which ſhe "died; that all her ambition was now limited to that; "and that, although ſhe well knew it would be to them "a bitter draught, to be the ſpectators of ſuch a tra-"gedy, ſhe muſt ſtill entreat them to be preſent, ſo "that they might be faithful witneſſes to the death "of Mary Stuart."

She had ſcarcely finiſhed theſe words when a horrible rapping was heard at the door. Her women, in their agony, were about to bar it. But ſhe bade them to deſiſt; ſaying, *Good friends, to what purpoſe? open it.* And in there ſtalked a fellow with a white rod in his hand, who, without ſo much as ſaluting a ſoul, began incontinent to ſtrut about the room; parenthetically informing himſelf, that, *Ha, here he was; here he was.* The queen, convinced by this, that her hour was come, immediately took into her hand, a little crucifix of ivory.

Preſently after, entered the commiſſioners. And as ſoon as they were ſeated, the queen ſaid to them, *And ſo, gentlemen, you have come to fetch me. I am both ready and willing to die. I am under an infinite obligation to your queen, my good ſiſter, for this, her laſt and greateſt courteſy; and to you, my lords, no leſs, who have made*

this tedious journey, to convey it. Let us proceed. They, beholding ſo much firmneſs, mingled with ſuch a gentleneſs, and all, too, in ſo incomparable a perſon, were beyond expreſſion amazed; for never, even in her beſt days, had ſhe appeared to more advantage; a gentle fluſh o'erſpreading every feature.

Boccacio has told as much of Sophoniſba, in the preſence of Maſaniſſa, when in her adverſity, and after the capture of her huſband and her capital. You would have thought, ſaid he, that her very misfortunes but ſerved to the heightening of her beauty; rendering her every grace, more glowing, more chaſtened and ſubdued.

Theſe commiſſioners found themſelves ſorely tempted to ſhow her ſome little indulgence. However, as the proceſſion was being formed, they were for refuſing to allow her women to accompany her; alarmed, leſt by their tears or their lamentations, the executioner might be unnerved; or, otherwiſe, a ſcene induced. But ſhe, turning to them, ſaid, *What, gentlemen, may not my women be with me at the block? of a little charity, I pray you, ſuffer it.* At length, on her undertaking for their ſilence, the point was waived, and it was engaged that they ſhould be called in at the proper time.

The place of execution was a hall, in the midſt of which they had erected a ſort of ſcaffold, of twelve feet ſquare, and two high; the whole covered with a dingy piece of black cloth. And into this hall ſhe

marched, with a no leſs ſtately port, a no leſs majeſty and grace, than though it had been the ſalon of the Louvre; where, ſo often, ſhe had figured in the days of her magnificence. Nor did her countenance ever once falter.

As ſoon as ſhe arrived at the foot of the ſcaffold, ſhe beckoned to her maſter of the houſehold, ſaying to him, *Friend, lend me your arm to mount; it is the laſt favour which I ſhall ever aſk of you;* at the ſame time recalling to him all that ſhe had already charged him with to carry to her ſon. Now planted upon the ſcaffold, ſhe next inquired for her almoner, entreating of the officers preſent, that he might be ſent for. But this they refuſed her flat; the earl of Kent telling her, that he could not but admire, to ſee her thus infatuated with ſuperſtitions which long ſince had been exploded; and that it was in the heart, and not the hand, that the croſs of Chriſt was to be carried. To which ſhe replied, that, for her part, ſhe thought that it would be a very difficult thing to carry ſuch a ſymbol in the hand, and the heart not to find itſelf thereby ſympathetically touched; and that the courſe which it were moſt befitting for all true chriſtians to purſue, when in the article of death, was, to bear upon them the true mark of their redemption. But perceiving that the point was not to be carried, ſhe ſent at once for her maids, as they had promiſed her that ſhe might. One of them, on entering the hall, and ſeeing her miſtreſs in

ſuch a plight, mid the headſman, the axe and the black, broke out into a paroxyſm of wailing and of tears. And it was not till the queen, by raiſing her finger to her lips, had recalled to her her promiſe, that ſhe was at length enabled to compoſe herſelf.

Her majeſty then began diſtinctly to proteſt, that never had ſhe practiſed againſt the government, or the perſon of the queen, her good ſiſter; though admitting, that ſhe had ſought to recover that liberty of which ſhe had been deprived; as, by nature, ſhe ſuppoſed, all captives were inclined, or permitted to do. She ſaid, ſhe well knew that religion was the true cauſe of this ſentence; and affirmed, that it was a cauſe in which ſhe rejoiced that it was given to her to die. She prayed her good ſiſter of England to pardon her poor ſervants, now in priſon, and whoſe only crime had been the efforts which they had made to releaſe her, and a too much attachment to their miſtreſs; requiring, that her blood might be allowed to expiate for all.

They then brought to her a miniſter of their own church, that he might pray with her. But ſhe only rejoined to him in Engliſh, *Ha, my friend, be patient;* telling him plainly, that ſhe could not communicate with him, or with any of his ſect; that ſhe was prepared to die without any other conſolation than that which came from within; for that ſuch as he could tender, would neither bring to her comfort nor ſupport.

Deſpite her entreaties, ſeeing that he would perſiſt in

his jargon of a prayer, ſhe had nothing for it but to continue her own in Latin; elevating her voice, ſo as to drown that of the miniſter. Theſe finiſhed, ſhe then entreated them to believe, that it was accounted of her, a greater privilege to be permitted to ſeal with her blood, the teſtimony of her faith, than longer, as ſhe had done, to continue to drag on her days beneath the ſun; and that ſhe could not any more tarry to be diſſolved; proteſting, that ſhe had ſo unbounded a confidence in Him, whoſe image was expreſſed in her hand, that ſhe was ſatisfied, that this tranſitory moment, which, in his cauſe, ſhe was about to traverſe, would open to her the way, and prove the cartel to the abodes of angels and of bleſſed ſouls, departed; who would receive, and would preſent her about to be ſpilled blood, as a propitiation, at the throne of grace; interceding with God, that it might be accepted, as an atonement for all her vileneſs in the fleſh.

Such were, in ſubſtance, the prayers that ſhe offered up, on the ſcaffold, and on her knees, and which were tendered in a ſpirit of the deepeſt piety. To which, alſo, were added others, at the ſame time, for the pope, and the kings of France and of Spain. Nor even was the queen of England forgotten; beſeeching God to illuminate her with the light of his ſpirit; remembering too her ſon, as alſo the nations of England and of Scotland, that they might be recovered to the true faith.

This finiſhed, ſhe called for her women, that they might help her to remove her veil, her head dreſs, with her other ornaments. And as the executioner was offering to aſſiſt her, ſhe ſhrunk, inſtinctively, from him, exclaiming, *Ha, my friend, forbear.* However, do what ſhe would, ſhe could not manage to ſhake him from her. For after they had lowered her robe to the waiſt, the infernal villain laid hold of her by the arm, and tore her linen and her under garments from her back, ſo that her matchleſs breaſts and form, more whiter than any alabaſter, were left naked and expoſed to the company.

Seeing herſelf in ſuch a plight, ſhe made all the haſte which ſhe could, obſerving, that ſhe was not in the habit of unrobing in a hall, or in the preſence of ſuch a company; (ſo many as four or five hundred, as I have heard, were preſent), nor yet to be waited on of ſuch a gentleman of the bedchamber.

The headsman next craved her pardon, on his knees. She told him, that ſhe forgave him and all thoſe who were partakers in her death, as heartily as ſhe truſted that all her ſins, too, would be forgiven of God. She then called for the woman, to whom ſhe had committed the handkerchief, deſiring it to be given to her. In her hand ſhe held a crucifix of gold, on which were relieved the image of our Lord, graven in a morſel of the true croſs, and which ſhe was purpoſing to preſent to one of her ladies. But this, the executioner would not conſent to; even though ſhe paſſed him her word,

that the lady would make up to him the worth, three times over.

At length, everything being ready, and having kiſſed her maids, ſhe deſired them to leave her; firſt, however, ſigning them with the croſs. But ſeeing one of them to perſiſt in her tears, ſhe impoſed upon her ſilence, telling her, that ſhe had paſſed her word for them all, that they would be compoſed, and that the proceedings ſhould not be diſturbed with their diſorder. Again ſhe told them quietly to retire, and, till it were over, to occupy themſelves in prayer to God for her; and, after that, to be true and faithful witneſſes of her end, and of how ſhe had died in the catholic, true, only and ancient faith.

As ſoon as the laſt of them had bandaged her eyes, incontinent, ſhe threw herſelf upon her knees, and with a moſt invincible courage; nor even allowing so much as a ſymptom of alarm or agitation to eſcape. Such was her conſtancy, that there was not one preſent, even of her enemies, who was not melted to tears; ſo ſtricken were they with her undauntedneſs, and with the remorſe and miſgivings of their own conſciences.

And in as much as theſe miniſters and executioners of Satan; of whom the one, fain, would kill the soul, as the other the body, were diſtreſſing her; the former, diſtracting her with his prayers, and swelling his voice, ſo as to throw her out, ſhe commenced, as ſhe could, in Latin, this pſalm of David, *In te, Domine, ſperavi, non*

confundar, in æternum; which, being interpreted, is, *Lord, in thee have I truſted; let me never be confounded;* continuing through with it, to the end. This finiſhed, ſhe laid her head upon the block; and as the words were paſſing from her lips, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo ſpiritum meum; Lord, into thy hands, I commit my ſpirit,* the headſman gave her a terrible gaſh, driving her head gear right into the nape of her neck. Nor was it till the third deſcent, that he had been able to ſever the head from the body; as if determined, by this butchery, to render yet more illuſtrious, this ever memorable martyrdom. Though, in truth, it is not ſo much ſuffering, as the cauſe, which conſtitutes martyrdom.

This over, he takes the head, and holding it aloft, to all the company, pronounces, *God ſave queen Elizabeth; thus let periſh the enemies of the Goſpel!* And having ſo delivered himſelf, as if to mock her, he undid her hair, diſcovering all her treſſes, already gray. Not that ſhe had ever been aſhamed, when yet alive, to let them be seen; or to dreſs, or to curl them, as in her beſt days, when ſhe had them ſo ſilken, graceful, fair. For it was not age which had blanched them, ſeeing ſhe was but five and thirty when they turned; (and at her death ſhe was no more than forty;) but the cares, the reverſes, ſorrows, privations, that ſhe had undergone, as well in her priſon as in her government.

This wretched tragedy over, her poor women, naturally ſolicitous for the honour of their miſtreſs,

came to Paulett, her keeper, begging of him, that the executioner ſhould not be permitted to meddle with the body, and that they might be allowed to lay her out, after all the company had retired; ſo as to preclude the poſſibility of any indignity being offered to her perſon; and undertaking faithfully to place in his hands whatever they might find upon her, and to conceal nothing. But the inhuman brute ſent them gruffly about their buſineſs; telling them to be off out of the place.

So it was left to this fellow to ſtrip her, and to handle her, juſt as he choſe. Nor can any man ſay, that ſhe was not ſerved of him, as was the unhappy lady, whom the queen of Navarre tells of, in her *Cent Nouvelles*, of another like furious monſter. More prodigious luſts than that, have paſſed through the brains of men.

As ſoon as he thought proper to have done with it, the body was removed into a chamber adjoining to that of the women, and there ſecured, forſooth, leſt any ſhould preſume to watch, or to pray with it! But what doubly aggravated their miſery, was, that they could plainly ſee, through a chink in the door, the poor body lying, and not a thing to cover it, ſave a wretched ſcrap of green baize, which they had torn from her billiard table. What raſcalineſs, ſpite and indignity; not to have had the decency to buy her a yard of ſilk, or ſatin black!

And thus the poor body lay, even till it began to

corrupt, ſo that they were compelled, at length, to embalm it. Which they did, any how, ſo to ſpeak, ſo chary were they of expenſe. After that, they placed it in a leaden coffin, and ſo kept it ſeven months; after which, it was committed to unhallowed ground, in the cathedral of Peterborough. It is true, that that church is dedicated to St. Peter, and that the queen Catherine, of Spain, was interred there, and after the rites of the catholic faith. But now it is profane, as, indeed, are all the churches in England.

Some have publiſhed and aſſerted, and Englishmen among them, in different verſions of her death, and of the cauſes which provoked it, that the effects found upon the body of the queen were taken from the headſman, he being indemnified in money for the worth of her habiliments and her royal ornaments.

As much was aſſerted, of certain Spaniards, in the caſe of Francis Pizzaro, whom they, too, put to death, and as I have elſewhere ſpoken to.

The covering which had been ſpread upon the ſcaffold, the very boards, the flooring; everything on which her blood had fallen, was immediately either burned or ſcoured; for fear leſt, with time, they might come to be regarded as objects of a ſuperſtitious veneration! That is to ſay, for fear that devout and reverential catholics might one day come to purchaſe them, and to behold them, with awfulneſs, reſpect and

prophetic, in this their apprehenſion!) even as the good old fathers of the church were in the habit of treaſuring the holy reliques, and viſiting, with devotion, the reſting places of the martyred dead. But this is not of yeſterday; for it was ever the ſame with the heretics. *Quià omnia quæ Martyrum erant, cremabant,* ſays Euſebius, *et cineres in Rhodanum ſpargebant, ut cum corporibus interiret eorum quoque memoria.* That is, that the reaſon why they conſumed every mortal thing belonging to the martyrs, throwing the aſhes into the Rhone, was, ſo that not only their bodies but their very memories ſhould periſh. Yet deſpite of all their littleneſs and their malignity, the memory of this queen will live, to lateſt time, in the admiration and the praiſe of men.

Such was the laſt of this queen, as I had it from two of her ladies, who had been preſent, and who right worthily acquitted themſelves towards their miſtreſs, in the teſtimony which they bore to the conſtancy of her faith and of her end. They returned to France immediately after her death, for they were both of them French; one of them was daughter to Mademoiſelle de Raré, whom I remember to have ſeen in France, about the perſon of the queen.[1] Nor did theſe two poor ladies ever fail, when on this chapter, to draw tears from the flintieſt, with their paſſionate and moving words.

Much alſo I learned from a book which was writ-

[1] See note L, at the end.

ten and publiſhed, entitled, *The martyrdom of Mary, queen of Scotland, and dowager of France.* Alas, what did it all avail her to have been our queen! One would have thought, that they would have heſitated twice, ere venturing to ſuch a length. It is not a ſmall thing, the ire of France. And moſt aſſuredly they would have been a little longer about it, had our king been diſpoſed to take the matter up. But in as much as he deteſted the Guiſes, his couſins, he would not put himſelf out of the way, in the matter. And what he did do, was only, apparently, out of a ſenſe of decency. And where elſe, unfortunately, could the poor innocent look! and this is the account which ſome have given.

Others, again, as poſitively affirm, that he ſtrongly remonſtrated with the Engliſh queen; and, in fact, he did ſend Monſieur de Bellievre to her, one of the moſt conſiderable, wary and able miniſters in his dominion, who did not fail to carry to her all the arguments, prayers and menaces of the king; telling her, among other things, how unbecoming a ſpectacle it was, for one king or ſovereign to be putting another king or ſovereign to death, and over whom they could neither exerciſe juriſdiction, by the laws of God or the laws of man.

It is even ſaid, that he went the length of telling her ſternly, and to her face, all the ſtory of Conradin, who was ſimilarly diſpoſed of at Naples; and of predicting

that a like vengeance might yet overtake her, which did the other. And in as much as it is to the point, very piteous in itſelf, and in ſome degree parallel to that of our queen; having thus touched upon it, I may as well give it at length.

* * * * *

There you have the hiſtory of Conradin, and, for the matter of which, I have heard more than one, of the more great-hearted ſort, obſerve, that the queen of England would have purchaſed to herſelf an immortality of glory, had ſhe only condeſcended to have ſhown to the queen of Scotland, a little of that forgiveneſs which was diſplayed by this good queen, Conſtance; and, farther, that by ſuch a courſe, ſhe had been ſpared all the machinations of that vengeance, which, for ever, to heaven crying, ſeldom, ſooner or later, fails to be recompenſed to the guilty.

Some ſay, that the queen of England carried herſelf politically and adviſedly in this matter; for, that not only did ſhe proceed upon the approbation, and with the conſent of her own people, but at the inſtance of many of the great proteſtant chiefs and princes, as well of Germany as of France; who all gave it for her death. True, they could get over it for ſome few qualms of conſcience; as the matter did not touch them, directly, one way or the other. Yet, for all that, in the long run, the mere countenancing redounded

They ſay, too, that when the meſſenger, charged by Elizabeth, to carry to her the fatal determination, was endeavouring to convince her, how bitterly his miſtreſs lamented being driven to ſuch a courſe, and that nothing ſhort of the preſſure which her ſubjects and her counſel had brought to bear upon her, ever could have wrung ſuch a ſentence from her; she immediately rejoined, *that the queen of England was powerful enough, when it ſuited her purpoſe, to make her ſubjects' will to be her wiſh; for that there was not a prince, in Chriſtendom, more feared or revered, than ſhe was, of her people.*

For the reſt, I leave the diſcovery of the truth to time, which brings all things to light. And however it be, this queen Mary right glorioufly will live, as well in this world, as in the world to come. And doubtleſs, ere long, ſome good pope will ariſe, and at the hands of whom ſhe will be canonized, as a memorial of all the martyrdom which ſhe had undergone, in defence of the honour of God and of his law.

It is not to be queſtioned, but that, had that great, chivalrous and valiant prince, the laſt duke of Guiſe, been ſpared, the vengeance due to ſuch a death, of ſuch a queen, and his couſin, had not, at this day, been in abeyance. But enough of this ſad ſtory, which I now finiſh.

There was one that wrote her epitaph in latin verſe, and of which the ſubſtance is as follows. "Nature "having appointed this queen to be the glory of the

" univerſe, ſo was ſhe held in a wonderful admiration,
" as well for her beauty as for her virtues, even ſo
" long as ſhe lived. But England, out of the envy which
" it bore to her, expoſed her upon a ſcaffold, vainly
" thinking to hold her up a deriſion and a ſpectacle to
" all. But ſuch, her malice, only ſerved to render this
" queen more acceptable, in the eyes of God and in
" the eyes of man."—BRANTÔME.

SELECTIONS FROM THE

KNIGHT OF THE TOWER, HIS BOOK,

For the Inſtruction of his Daughters.

And firſt, the Prologue.

IN the beginning of April, in the year of our Lord, thirteen hundred and ſeventy one, I was in my garden, in the ſhade, all ſad and penſive; or if I was a little comforted, it was at the carolings and the chirpings of the wild young broods, with all their quainty notes; the merle, the tit, the throſtle; which were welcoming in the ſpring, ſo gay and ſprightly. Raviſhed with this gentle muſic, my ſoul was pierced; and back my memory ſtrayed to times long gone; and I began to turn with myſelf, how, in the days of my youth, I had been held in thraldom to the God of Love, and of all the miſeries which I had undergone in his ſervice, as had many another lover. But, for all my ſufferings,

he more than recompenſed me, in the gift which he made me. For ſhe was practiſed to all honour and to every excellence, and her's was courtly carriage and demeanour. Of the good, ſhe was the beſt; and, as it ſeemed to me, the flower. In her was all my delight. For in thoſe days, I wrote ſongs, odes, lays, roundelays, ballads, and the beſt that I was able. But death, who harries all, took her, which coſt me many a pain and ſorrow. So that for more than twenty years I remained ſad and inconſolable. For never, with any diſtance, or with any time, can perfect love forget; but ever will paſture with the paſt.

And thus, as at the time, I was moralizing, and as I looked before me, I ſaw my daughters coming, and to whom my ſoul's deſire was, that all honour and advantage might be their's; for they were but young, and ſmall; nor, poor things, overburdened with experience. So that they would require to be early taken in hand, and to be gently broken, by happy inſtances and ſentences, after the manner of queen Prines, of Hungary, who knew ſo well to diſcipline and to train her daughters; as may be ſeen in her book. And ſo it was, as I ſaw them coming, that I bethought me of the wild young time, when I, with other mad ſparks, uſed to go caracoling about the world, in Poitou and other parts. And alſo returned to my memory, all the carryings on which they uſed to have, and tell me of, with the ladies and gentlewomen

whom they were for ever making up to. For never a day went over, but one or another was after them. And if they were refuſed by the firſt, they turned to the next. And met they with a good reception, or met they with a bad reception, it was all one to them. For neither ſenſe of ſhame, nor of decency, had they; ſo brazen and barefaced were they; ſo plauſible and ready with their tongues. For the moſt part, to amuſe themſelves was all they wanted; nor had they a thought, but how to practiſe upon gentlewomen, and gad about with their tales; ſome true, ſome falſe; and from whence came many a cruel hurt and ſcandal, and for which there was neither ground nor occaſion. And there is not, in this world, a more deteſtable treaſon than to deceive reſpectable gentlewomen, or to get them into trouble; for many are impoſed upon, and led on, by the horrible imprecations which are ſworn to them. And often times have I argued with them, and ſaid, "How can you go about, perjuring "yourſelves, this way? for no man has any buſineſs "to ſwear to, or go after, more than one." But ſo full of diſorder were they, none would take any heed. And in as much as I ſaw, that the time paſſing was but too like the time paſt, I bethought me that I would make a book, wherein I would have written the happy inſtances of admirable women, and of their carriage; ſo as to ſhow, by their pattern, what was true feminacy and good conduct; and alſo how, by their

virtues, they were held in honour and eſtimation, and will continue to be ſo. And alſo, in like manner, I determined to write, to point out and put in my book, the contempt which is the meed of wicked and unſeemly women, ſo as to ſerve as a warning, of all the miſchief which may fall on thoſe who are diſparaged, blamed or diffamed. And ſo, for all theſe reaſons which I have ſaid; conſidering of my daughters, whom I ſaw ſo ſmall, I thought that I would make a book, wherein they might ſee how to carry themſelves in the world, and have ſet before them the good and the evil which had paſſed in it, and thus, the better, be able to judge of the preſent. For the world is a mighty perilous thing, and envious and marvellous; for the man who will ſmile on you, and take you by the hand, in your preſence, will turn his back and make a face at you. And for as much as I ſaw what a hard thing it was to know the world, as it now went, and for the farther reaſons of which I have told you; leaving the alley, I went to another, where I knew two clerks and two chaplains, of my houſehold, to be. And I told them how I was about to enter on a book, to teach my daughters the art of converſation; and, alſo, to enable them to govern themſelves, and to diſtinguiſh between the right and the wrong. So I ſet them all four to work, to read and to extract from the books I had, as the Bible, the Geſtes of the Kings, and Chronicles of France, of Greece, of England, and many another

foreign land. And all theſe books, I made them read to me; and every time that they came to any paſſage, to my purpoſe, I made them note it, there and then, ſo as to be put into my book; which I did not turn into rhyme, but left in proſe, both becauſe I thought it would be briefer, and more intelligible; and, as ſo, a more acceptable token of all the love I bear my deareſt children; whom I love, as a father ought to love; and whoſe heart no greater joy can prove, than that they may be turned, by his labours, to the love and honour of God, and had in the delight and eſtimation of their neighbours and the world. And in as much as every father and every mother, by the ordinance of God and nature, ought to inſtruct their children to ſeek the true and right way, and to abhor the wrong; as well for the ſalvation of their ſouls, as out of a reſpect to their mortal tenements, I have made two books, one for my ſons and the other for my girls, to ſhow them how they are to demean themſelves. And in this labour, no enſample, that I could hear of, has been omitted, whereby they might gather, either how to ſeek the good or to eſchew the evil. So it can ſcarcely happen, that they can ever find themſelves ſo ſituated, but that, upon a little recollection, ſomething or other will occur to them, for their guidance.

The Firſt Chapter.

There is not a more noble, or a more delightful thing, than to hear, or to read, the chronicles of old, which have been left to us by our anceſtors; whereby we were to ſee, as in a glaſs, the times gone by; and from them, and their notable inſtances, to learn, how we, as they, may purſue the good and eſchew the evil. And ſo I ſpoke to them, and ſaid, Daughters dear, ſeeing that I am now an old man, and that I have been longer in the world than you; it is my wiſh to ſhow you, a little, what it is, as far as my capacity goes, which is not much. And if I have undertaken it, it is out of the love I bear you, and the longing which I have to ſee your hearts and your affections turned to the fear and love of God, and that you may be had in honour, as well in this world as in the world to come. For aſſuredly all true wealth and honour, virtue and ſafety, to man or woman, comes of Him, and of the grace of his Holy Spirit. And it is He who gives long life or ſhort, earthly and worldly goods, as pleaſes him beſt; for all things come of his will and ordinance. And alſo will he recompenſe the duty and the ſervice, which we owe to him, an hundred-fold. And for this reaſon, my dear daughters, you muſt ſerve ſuch a Lord, who can requite an hundred-fold.

Of Two Knights who Loved Two Siſters.

In the hiſtories of Conſtantinople, it is told of an emperor, who had two daughters; the youngeſt of whom was what daughter ſhould be, loved God and feared him; and in all the breaches of the night, failed not to pray for the dead. And alſo they ſlept in the one bed, ſhe and her ſiſter. And as often as the elder would awake, and hear her ſiſter at her prayers, ſhe would puſh and jibe her; telling her, That ſhe could not get to ſleep with her noiſe. But what with youthhood, the eaſe and plenty in which they were nouriſhed, they came to be taken with two knights, brothers, pleaſing and good looking gentlemen. And ſo long went on their loves and their ſweetneſs, that either came to know of the other's matters. And an appointment was made with the two knights to come to them, privily, by night. And when the one, who thought to have come in unto the younger, had drawn aſide the curtains; incontinent, there appeared, all about the damſel, as it were above a thouſand dead men, in their ſhrouds; which threw him into ſuch a trepidation and an agony, that he was overtaken of a fever and carried to his bed. But with the other, it was not ſo; * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * And when the emperor heard tell, that his daughter was

with child, he had her drowned in a well, in the dark; and the knight, he had flayed alive. And ſo, for their crimes, they both died. But the other daughter was ſaved, as I told you, and am telling you. And as ſoon as it was day, and it was known, everywhere, that the knight was upſet, and in bed, ſhe, who was at the bottom of it, came to him, and aſked him, What it was had come over him? So he told her, truly, how, when he had drawn the curtains, thinking to go in to her, he had ſeen, clear as noon day, as it were a cloud of dead men, all in their ſhrouds, round about her; and that it was this horrible and loathſome ſight, which had driven him out of his wits, and that he had not yet got over his fright. And when the lady heard the truth, ſhe marvelled, and thanked God, on her knees, who had thus ſaved her from periſhing and from diſhonour. And from that time forth, ſhe never omitted to pray and to cry to God, all the times that ſhe awoke in the night, and ſupplicated, even more earneſtly than before, for the dead; carrying herſelf modeſtly, chaſtely and ſoberly. Nor was it long till a great king of Greece aſked her, of her father, in marriage; who gave her. And ſhe was ever after known as an exemplary and a ſober matron. And, as ſuch, was ſhe ſpoken of, and admitted of all. But her elder ſiſter, who was light and gameſome, came to diſhonour and to her end. So, my dear daughters, take warning, by this example, how, in the watches of the night, you betake your-

ſelves afreſh to ſlumber, ere, as did this emperor's daughter, you have prayed for the dead.

Here is ſhown, how all Women ought to Faſt.

Next, my dear daughters, you ought to faſt, as long as you are ſingle, three days in the week, the better to mortify the fleſh, that it wax not wanton; and you may dedicate yourſelves, more chaſtely and holily, to the ſervice of God, who will have you in his keeping, and repay you double. And if you cannot faſt three days, at leaſt faſt on friday, in memory of the precious blood and paſſion of Jeſu Chriſt, who ſuffered for you. And if you cannot ſupport yourſelves on bread and water, at any rate, abſtain from anything which had life. For it is a marvellous propitiation, as I heard from a knight, who was at the wars between the Chriſtians and the Sarracens. It happened that one of the Chriſtians had had his head ſevered from his body with a battle axe. But the head never ceaſed, for a moment, to hollo, and to demand confeſſion, till a prieſt had come. And when he had heard the head confeſs, he aſked it, By what immunity it was enabled to ſpeak, deprived of its body? And the head told him, That God never left good actions unrequited; and that he had, all his life, abſtained from fleſh on the wedneſday, for on that day the Son of God was betrayed; and from taſting anything which had blood in it on the

fridays, and that, in return for this duty, God had not ſuffered him to be damned, or to die in his ſins, before they were confeſſed.

Here it is ſhown how all Women ought to be Courteous.

Next, my lovely girls, remember to be courteous and unaſſuming; for there is no more beauteous virtue, nor any that will ſooner gain to you the grace of God, or the love of man, than gentleneſs or courteſy. For gentleneſs will tame the moſt untamable and unapproachable ſpirit; as may be ſeen by the hawk, of its nature ſavage, but which, by kindneſs you may win, and bring down from the branch to perch upon your wriſt; which he never would have done, had you treated him roughly or brutally. Seeing then that courteſy will dompt the ſavage bird, which, by nature, is devoid of reaſon; much more ſhould it maſter and diſarm the untractableneſs of man or woman; be they ever ſo haughty, fierce or forbidding. Courteſy is the only road, and unfailing paſſport to the hearts and affections of men. It alone can tame the untamable ſpirit; mitigates and kills the little angers which aſſail us. And, for this reaſon, nothing is to be deſired before courteouſneſs. I know a great lord, of theſe parts, who, in the time when he was able to follow the wars, wrought more knights and ſquires to his ends, to his pleaſure, by his affability, than any of the reſt of them were able to do,

by dint of money, or any other means. I mean Meſſire Pierre de Craon, who, above all the knights that ever I knew, was the one moſt deſerving of praiſe and honour. And I alſo know great ladies and others, of a wonderful condeſcenſion, and who, by their graciouſneſs, have won themſelves the love of great and ſmall. So, in order to ſhow yourſelves courteous to little and inſignificant people, you muſt ſpeak to them ſoftly and patiently, and be conſiderate and unaſſuming in your anſwers. They can more effectually contribute to your fame and odour, than the great ones. For to tender duty and reſpect to the great and conſiderable, is only to give them their due, and what they are entitled to exact. But condeſcenſions which are ſhown to homely gentle folk, to poor men and poor women, come of the heart, and of a generous natural. And in proportion as theſe poor people are conciliated, accordingly will the honourer be honoured. For they will everywhere noiſe the grace of him or her. So, you ſee, of little folk come honour and advancement, and of them are they tranſmitted. And I remember well, being in a company of great lords and ladies, to have ſeen a lady, one of the greateſt there, take off her hat, and curtſey to a common blackſmith. And when one gentleman ſaid to her, "Madame, you have taken off "your hat to a blackſmith!" ſhe anſwered him, "It "had been a leſs reproach to have left it on to a gentle-"man, than to have foreborne to take it off to him."

And which redounded to an incredible admiration for the lady.

How they ought to carry themſelves, without twiſting their heads right and left.

Again, at your prayers, or at maſs, or elſewhere, do not be like the tortoiſe or the crane, for women who roll their heads from ſide to ſide, or twiſt them, like a weaſel, on their ſhoulders, for all the world, are like thoſe animals. Let your carriage be ſtraight and firm, as the lymer, which is an animal that looks right before him, without regarding to one ſide or the other. Keep your whole body firm and compact, and all your members in their natural poſition, and your eyes before you. And if, at any time, you have occaſion to look on one ſide; turn face and body together. And this will give you the reputation of being ſtraightforward and to be depended upon. For thoſe will ever be eſteemed but light, who go twining and twiſting themſelves about.

It is here told of her whom the Chevalier de La Tour dropped, through her too much Lightneſs.

Again, my lovely girls, when on this head, I will tell you what occurred to myſelf. Once, on a time, it happened that they wanted to marry me to a very beautiful and noble young lady, whoſe father and

mother were both in life. And ſo, my lord, my father, took me to ſee her; and all ſorts of good cheer and entertainment was ours. And ſo I took a good look at her of whom they ſpoke to me; and preſently, falling into converſation, I ſtarted her on all ſorts of ſubjects, the better to be able to judge of her. And anon we fell upon the chapter of priſoners. So I ſaid to her, "Mademoiſelle, if a priſoner one muſt be; "methinks it were better to ſuccumb to you than to "many another whom I have ſeen. Better to fall into "your hands than into thoſe of the Engliſh." To this ſhe replied, looking on me, "that ſhe fancied, even "now, to ſee the captive ſhe would care to take." I then aſked her, "Suppoſing ſhe had taken him, would "ſhe make his bondage too cruel to him?" "Indeed, "no," ſaid ſhe, "I would do nothing of the ſort; I "would treat him as kindly as I do my own body." "Then," ſaid I, "he is a happy man, who ſhall have "the fortune to fall into ſo noble and ſo gentle a capti-"vity!" What need I ſay more? She had plenty of wit, and plenty to ſay for herſelf, and well too. Yet I clearly ſaw, by what fell from her, that ſhe knew quite as much as ſhe had any buſineſs to know; and beſides, ſhe had a quick and a rolling eye. And lots of talk we had together. And at laſt, when it came to parting, ſhe let me ſee, that ſhe was ready enough, for ſhe begged me, three or four times over, to manage to come and ſee her, one way or another. And ſhe was

as familiar with me, and I with her, as if we had known each other all our days.. And the young lady well knew the errand which had brought us to the house.[1] And as ſoon as we had parted, my lord, my father, ſaid to me, "Well, what do you think of her, "now you have ſeen her? You may ſpeak frankly." So I anſwered and ſaid, "My Lord, ſhe certainly "appears to me, to be good and good looking; but, "with your permiſſion, ſhe ſhall never be nearer to "me than ſhe now is." And then I told him everything which had occurred to me, touching herſelf, her manners and her eagerneſs. And ſo I did not have her; and this, from her too much lightneſs, and the too much readineſs that I thought to ſee in her. And, for which eſcape, I thanked God, many a time ſince. For hardly a year and a half had gone over, till ſhe got herſelf into trouble; whether with reaſon, or without, I do not know. And ſince ſhe died. And from this, you ſee, my deareſt daughters, and my noble maids, how all gentlewomen, of condition, ought to be of retiring manners, ſelf-reſpectful, unaſſuming, ſmall talkers. They ſhould rejoin with diffidence; nor ſhould they be too ready to underſtand, or yet anxious, or allow their eyes to be ſeen about. For, to end the matter, no good comes of it. Many have loſt their chances through too much readineſs; and of whom one would have expected very different things.

[1] See note M, at the end.

Of her who eat the Eel.

I will now give you an example, upon the chapter of wives who eat the tit bits, in the abſence of their lords. There was a lady who kept a pye in a cage, which talked of everything he ſaw. And it happened that the lord of the houſe had a great eel, which he preſerved in a pond, intending one day, to have him dreſſed, as ſomething wonderful, when he would be entertaining great lords, his friends, who might be coming to ſee him. But the lady, who was gluttonous, ſaid to her houſekeeper, "We'll eat the eel." And, in fact, they did eat the eel. And when they had eat him, they agreed to tell their lord, that the didapper had ſwallowed him. And when the lord came home, the pye began to chaunt, "My lord, your lady eat the "eel!" So the lord went to the pond, and found his eel was gone. So he returned to the houſe, and aſked his wife, "What had become of the eel?" And when ſhe thought to ſcreen herſelf, he told her plainly, "That it was not ſo, for the pye had ſeen her eat it." On this there was a terrible rumpus and ado between them. And no ſooner was the lord gone, than the lady and the ſtorekeeper went to the pye, and plucked all the feathers from his poll; telling him, "To take "that, for having told about the eel!" And ſo the poor pye was plumed. But from that day forward, whenever any one came to the houſe with an open

forehead, or pilled; the pye would as aſſuredly tell them, "Ha, you told about the eel!" And from this notable example, you may learn, how no gentlewoman, unknown to her lord, ſhould ever, out of mere luxury, partake of the tit bits; except, always, when called upon to entertain perſons of quality. For this poor lady never eſcaped, after, to be laughed at and twitted about the eel, which the pye had told of.

Of Abſtinence.

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Wherefore, my dear girls, have a heed of this terrible vice of eating and drinking to exceſs. Never eat, but at ſtated hours; at dinner and at ſupper-time.[1] To eat once a day is the life of an angel; twice is all that is neceſſary for man, or woman: oftener than this, is the nature of a beaſt. Everything hinges upon cuſtom and uſage. For, to whatever habit of life you accuſtom yourſelf in your youth, the ſame will come pleaſant to you in your after days. And, for this reaſon, you muſt commence, betimes, to be ſober.

How perilous it is to meddle with Men of the World; and of the Lady who undertook to croſs-queſtion the Marſhal de Clermont.

Fair daughters, I will give you an inſtance of how dangerous a thing it is to meddle with men of the

[1] See note **N**, at the end.

world, and thoſe who are never at a loſs for a reply. For, aſſuredly, to play practical jokes with them, is a loſing game. There was once a famous feaſt, where were many great lords and ladies, and, among others, the Marſhal de Clermont; than whom no man was better read in the ways of the world, a weightier or a readier ſpeaker, or could ſhow himſelf to more advantage, in the preſence of lords and ladies. And there was alſo there a great lady, who ſaid to him, before them all, "Clermont, to give you my mind, you have much "to thank God for; you are allowed to be a gallant "knight, and good looking to boot; and of parts, to "admiration. And ſo you would be all but perfection, "if it were not for your cantankerous and illnatured "tongue, which never will be quiet." "Well, "Madame," ſaid he, "is this the worſt you have to "tell of me?" "I think it is," ſaid ſhe. "Now," ſaid he, "let us juſt weigh this matter quietly. "It would "appear to me, if rightly looked at, that I have not ſo "malicious a tongue as yourſelf; and I will tell you "why. You have ſpoken of me, and reproached me "with the worſt that you know of me; whilſt I, I "have kept to myſelf the worſt that I know of you. "So, madame, what injury have I done you? I am "not ſo ready, you ſee, with my tongue as you are." When the lady heard this, ſhe wiſhed ſhe had held her peace, nor ſtriven with ſuch a man; and this, for reaſons which I ſhall not mention, but were enough

commented on. And it is an old ſaying, that as too much impetuoſity knows no diſcretion, it is better to hold one's peace. And this is an excellent example. For it is better, for the moſt part, to keep ſtill, and to carry one's ſelf unpretendingly, than to be too ready to pick a quarrel with thoſe who have their anſwer on their tongue's tip, and will not ſtick to allow more to be gathered than they care to expreſs. And, from all this, look well who it is you are about to ſpeak to, and in no way incenſe them; for the ſtrife of them is wonder perilous.

Of thoſe who delight to go on Pilgrimages and to Tournaments.

I will give you an inſtance of a good lady, who, without any real cauſe, fell into diſgrace, at the round table of a tournament. This good lady was young, and her heart was ſet upon the world. And gladly did ſhe dance and ſing, ſo that ſhe was the delight of all the lords and knights, and good fellows generally. And ſhe liked all this well, and her lord gave her plenty of liberty, and everybody acceſs to her. And though it little pleaſed him, yet he did it, for fear of falling into the ill graces of his neighbours, or that it ſhould be ſaid of him, That he was jealous. So he gave her full permiſſion to be preſent at all their fêtes and meetings; and no expenſe was ſpared to ſend her off ſuitably

equipped, and as became the honoured gueſt of her entertainers. But ſhe could very well ſee, that, had it ſolely depended upon him, her time had been ſpent at home. And, as it is the cuſtom, in ſummer time, when dancing is kept up till light, it happened, once upon a time, at a fête where ſhe was, that the torches were ſuddenly dipped; and all was hubbub and confuſion. And when they had brought others, the brother of this lady's lord found her in the grip of a gentleman, who had drawn her a little on one ſide. Though, in good faith, I firmly believe, there was no villainy, nor anything wrong going on. However, the brother ſaid, There was; and talked of it, about, till at length it got to the ears of her lord, who was ſo hurt with it, that, never after, had he any confidence in her. Nor did he ever, again, find joy or pleaſure in her ſight, as beforetime. So that they became like cat and dog; as people out of their wits. And all their houſe and ſubſtance went to wrack and ruin; and all, through this miſerable beginning.

I know well another fair lady, who alſo delighted in being taken to fêtes. She, too, got herſelf into trouble and diſgrace with a great lord. So much ſo, that ſhe took to her bed, and was there ſo long that there was nothing left of her but ſkin and bone; ſo gone was ſhe as that. And when ſhe was, as ſhe thought, at the point of death [1], ſhe ſent for her friends and my

[1] See note O, at the end.

lord, Sir God. And then ſhe ſaid before them all; "My lords and ladies, good friends all; ſee, to what "I am come. You know, all of you, how once I was "fair, and young, and plump, and ruddy; and the "world allowed me to be handſome. See now, how "much of all this is left. Fêtes I loved to haunt; "juſtings, tilts and tournaments. But all that is paſt. "I have now to return to that earth out of which I "came. And alſo you know, dear friends and hearts, "that much villainy has been talked of me and of my "lord of Craon. But, by that God which I am about "to receive, and upon the damnation of my ſoul, I ſay "it; he never aſked anything of me, nor did he ever "meddle with me, more than my own father, that "begot me. I will not deny, but that he ſlept with "me, but nothing ever paſſed between us, either in "thought or in deed." And though many were taken back, on learning this, who had thought clean contrary; yet, nevertheleſs, the ſtain ſtuck to her, and was ever remembered to her diſadvantage. And from this you may ſee, how tickliſh it is for honeſt women to have their hearts too much abroad upon the world; and how little call they have to be preſent at feaſtings and revels, when they can civilly excuſe themſelves. For they are places where, without any ſort of provocation, many an honeſt woman gets a hurt. I would not, by this, mean to ſay, that it is not allowable, at times, to ſtretch a point, at the requirement of your

parents or friends, and to go. But, my dear daughters, if you cannot decently decline, and do go; have a care, when night comes, and the dancing and the ſinging, as well for the actual danger, as for the fear of envious tongues, to be always by the ſide of ſome of your own people, or parents; ſo that if the lights come to be put out, they may be at hand, not ſo much that they ſhould be afraid to truſt you, as to ſcreen you from the ſcandal of malicious tongues and eyes, which will always eſpy and talk a great deal more than ever takes place; and thus more effectually guard your reputations againſt the aſſaults of the unſcrupulous; whoſe delight it never is, to noiſe the evil, and to hide the good.

Of the Lady who took a Quarter of a Day to Dreſs Herſelf.

There was a lady, whoſe domicile was hard upon the church. But ſhe took ſuch a time to dreſs and ready herſelf that ſhe put all the clerks, the prieſts and the pariſh, out of patience with her. And ſo it happened, one Sunday, when ſhe was later than uſual, and after everybody had got tired of ſaying, "She will be here "preſently;" that, at length, they got to aſking, "Was anything the matter?" And as half the day was already gone, they began to be angry and ſick of waiting. So, one begins to ſay; "What, will my lady "never have done combing and tricking herſelf out?"

and another, "God ſend her an ugly looking glaſs; "for keeping us, this way, for ever loitering and fool- "ing about!" And even as he ſpoke, ſo it pleaſed God, and to make an example of her. For, at that very moment, as ſhe was looking in the glaſs, ſhe ſaw, in the reflection of another which the enemy was hold- ing behind her, ——, ſo ugly and ſtaring, that the poor lady went out of her mind, as one demoniac, and for a long time was ill. But ſince, God ſent her health; and, by this, ſo corrected her, that, ever after, ſhe managed to do with leſs time to dreſs; humbly thank- ing him for the leſſon which he had taught her. And from this excellent example, you may learn how wrong it is to waſte time, yourſelves, upon ſuch exerciſes, or to cauſe others to waſte theirs; eſpecially at the hours of divine ſervice.

Here ſpeaks of Diſcovering the Matters of One's Lord.

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I ſhould like you to know the ſtory of the knight, who eſſayed his wife, whom he ſaw to be young. So he ſaid to her, "My life, I will tell you a moſt ex- "traordinary thing; but, for the ſoul of you, do not "let it be known—I laid two eggs. Now, for God's "ſake, do not mention it." And ſhe promiſed him, on her honour, That ſhe would not. But ſhe thought

could be off, and get to one of her goſſips. And when ſhe had got to her, ſhe began, "Ha, my deareſt friend, "I will tell you ſomething, but it is a terrible ſecret, "and is not to go beyond you and me." On this, the other aſſured her, That it ſhould not. "Then," ſaid ſhe, "may God forgive me, if a moſt horrible thing "has not happened to my lord. For, it is as true as I "live—he has laid three eggs." "Holy Mary!" cried the other, "laid three eggs; how can that be. It is "the moſt awful thing I ever heard of." So, as quick as her legs would carry her, ſhe was off, and told another, How ſo and ſo had laid four eggs. And this laſt told another, how five eggs had been laid of one man. And ſo the two eggs came to be an hundred. And all the country was full of it; ſo that, at length, it came back to the lord. On this, he called for his wife and ſaid to her, in the preſence of his family and friends, "Madame, enough has been made of what I told you, "between ourſelves. Praiſe be to God, the two eggs "I laid have now become an hundred. You have "told what I deſired you not." And ſo ſhe remained without a word to ſay for herſelf, and looking like a fool. And, from this example, learn, how no honeſt woman ſhould divulge the ſecrets of her lord.

Of the Olden Cuſtoms.

At that time, the country was at peace, and feaſts and revels abounded in the land. And all manner of knights, ladies and gentlewomen were in the habit of collecting at theſe fêtes, which were frequent and general; and among them came the reverend knights of thoſe times. But if, by any chance, it happened that a lady or gentlewoman of queſtionable reputation, or ill ſpoken of in the world, ſat herſelf above a worthy lady or gentlewoman, of untouched reputation; even though ſhe were ſuperior in rank, or wife to a greater lord; preſently, theſe noble knights and champions of their virtue, would, without any ſort of ceremony, come, and taking the good ones by the hand, place them above the bad ones; and tell these latter, before all, "Lady, you muſt not take it ill, that this lady or gen-
"tlewoman takes precedence of you. For, although
"ſhe may neither be ſo nobly born, nor ſo rich as
"yourſelf, her reputation is unblemiſhed; ſhe is known
"to be of the good and the chaſte. As much cannot
"be ſaid for you. You diſpleaſe me. Honour is only
"to be given to thoſe to whom it is due. So you are
"not to be affronted." And in this way, the chriſtian knights ſpoke; putting the virtuous ladies, and of good reputation, before the others; who thanked God, in their hearts, for how they had kept themſelves ſafely;

for, by ſo doing, they had come to honour and advancement. Whilſt the bad ones pulled angry faces, and hung down their heads; meeting with nothing but ridicule, jibes and contempt. And this was an excellent example to all gentlewomen. For, by the diſgrace which they ſaw to overtake another, they, the more, feared and miſgave to incur the like themſelves. But, God be thanked, in our times, as much deference is paid to thoſe who are ill ſpoken of, as to thoſe who are well ſpoken of; which is a ſorry precedent to many. For they ſay, "Bah, do you not ſee that So and ſo is "juſt as well received, and with as much worſhip, for "all is ſaid of her, as ſuch another, whom no one has "a word to ſay againſt. It is thought nothing of. "Everything paſſes." But, for all that, all this is ſpecious and ill conſidered; to ſay nothing of the ſinfulneſs. For, the truth of it is, that, although in their preſence, they may be ſhown all outward honour and reſpect, as ſoon as their backs are turned, all the young fellows and tittle tattles begin to jabber; "Aye, there "ſhe goes: look at her; ſhe makes herſelf too cheap: "So and ſo and ſhe have had many a merry bout to-"gether!" And ſo they reckon and place her among the contemptible. And ſo it comes, that the ſame men who will ſhow them all outward reſpect and attention, to their faces, will put out their tongues at them, behind their backs. But the poor fools ſee nothing of all this, but rejoice in their folly; nor ever once

ſuſpect their ſhame or wickedneſs to be known. So, you ſee, the times are changed from what they uſed to be; and, as it ſeems to me, for the worſe. And it appears to me, that it would be better, plainly, to all, and before all, to tell them their follies and their faults, as they did in the good old time, I tell you of. And I will tell you yet more; what I have heard of old knights, who lived with Meſſire Geffry de Lugres and others; and who have ridden and travelled with them about the world; how, when in the fields, one of them would aſk, "Whoſe caſtle or house is yon?" and it was told him, "It is ſuch a lady's;" if the lady happened to be of an ill reputation, or her honour to be doubted of, he would go a quarter of a league out of his way, ſooner than paſs her door. And when he got there, he would * * *; and then he would take a piece of chalk, which he always carried in his ſatchel, and he would write on the gate, or the poſts, A f——, A f——; and then he would ſet his name to it, and be off. But if, on the contrary, he happened to be paſſing before the hotel of a good lady, or gentlewoman, he would make for it, with all the haſte he could, and he would deſcend, and knock, and enter, and ſay, "My "good friend," or, "My dear lady, I pray God to "continue you the grace to be accounted as you are; "for, madam, you are greatly to be honoured and "reſpected." And, by this means, the good were kept in an holy fear, and to the mark; nor daring to venture

on what might hazard their honour and reputation. And, for my part, I wiſh we could ſee thoſe times again; for never, do I believe, were there ſo many deſerving of blame, as at this preſent.

Le Livre du Chevalier de La Tour Landry.

A LAMENT, OR LILT;

Written by Richard Cœur de Lion, in his Captivity.

INDIGNATION in the soul, the captive, beſt, is fired to eloquence. But to while away one's ſorrow; one can weave a song.

For all the largeſs Richard dealt; how poor return he now receives! Ought they not to bluſh, for very ſhame, thus to leave me, two years unranſomed, to languiſh and to periſh in a dungeon?

Know, my barons; Angles, Norman, Gaſcon, Poitevin; the pooreſt knight among ye, had I freed. I mean no reproach to any man; but I am ſtill in priſon.

It is a true ſaying, *Nor kith, nor kin, dead man hath;* or why am I thus here, a beggar, and alone?

Of my proper ſufferings, I ſpeak not. It is the fate of war. It is of the ingratitude of my ſubjects that I would complain. What a reproach will it be to them, ſhould I periſh in this hideous den!

That I ſhould be inconſolable; it is but natural.[1] The King, my lord, I know it well, is harrying my realm, deſpite the oath was ſworn to, between us, for the common weal. This alone nerves me. No; ere long, theſe ſhackles will I burſt.

Bards, my friends, Chail and Penſavin; whom I have loved, and yet do love, proclaim, How little have mine enemies to vaunt, in thus attacking me — that ne'er was found in Richard, perfidious heart or falſe — that it is the part of cowards and of ſcoundrels, to levy war upon a pinioned man!

Counteſs Soir;[2] God be the watcher of your ſovereign worth; with his Holy Mother, and him, for whoſe cauſe I am now in bonds!

Hiſtoire littéraire des Troubadours.

[1] See note P, at the end.

[2] See note Q, at the end.

BAYARD MEETS WITH HIS FIRST LOVE.

UPON the departure of the King, the French garrisons, which remained in Lombardy, (the enemy being no longer in the field,) abandoned themselves to all sorts of festivities; among others, tournaments, which were the prevailing ones of the age. Bayard, turning this respite to advantage, went to see his friends, in Savoy; where, at the court of the duke, he had been brought up, a page. Charles I., his old master, and whose memory he cherished, by this, was dead. His widow, Blanche Paleologus, heiress of Montferrat, (daughter of William IV., and of Elizabeth Sforza,) was then living at Carignan, in Piedmont; which had been settled upon her, as her dower. She was a mighty worthy and a virtuous lady, and one who had no less esteem for Bayard, than had had the late duke, her husband. Her court was as brilliant as was any other in Europe, and

ſtrangers were entertained at it with even a royal magnificence. She had then, for chamberlain of her houſehold, the lord de Fluxas, whoſe wife, before her marriage, had been, and ſtill remained, the favourite of the princeſs. This lady had lived with her, in the quality of maid of honour, at the ſame time that Bayard, in the capacity of page, had been about the duke. And this was, now, ſome ten years gone. She had been, from the firſt, a lovely, a gifted and a virtuous woman, and was come of a noble houſe. Bayard, on his ſide, was no leſs advantageouſly endowed; a conformity that quickly begat in them a liking, which no leſs quickly ripened into paſſion. So that, had it ſimply depended upon themſelves, they certainly had married. But the voyage which the duke made to Lyons, with the entrance of Bayard into the ſervice of the French King, were the means of ſeparating them. So that, up to the time of which we are ſpeaking, excepting by letter, they had entirely loſt ſight of one another. In this interval, the beauty and the worth of the lady, albeit ſhe was portionleſs, had procured to her the alliance of the lord de Fluxas, a rich and powerful baron. And when ſhe ſaw the knight, at the court of the duke, ſhe met him with all the tenderneſs and ſympathy, which, by the conventionalities of ſociety, it were admiſſible to evidence, in ſuch a caſe. She told him, with what pleaſure ſhe had heard of all the occaſions on which he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf;

as at the tournament of the lord de Vaudrey, that of Aire; with all the others where he had been; eſpecially of the day, at Fournoie, where the king, himſelf, had deigned to notice him; and the fame of which had been blazed abroad, all over France and Italy. She congratulated him on all the happy fortune and ſucceſs that had overtaken him, ſince laſt they had parted, young people; and each delighted in recalling to the other, all the fondneſs which had been between them. At length ſhe ſaid, "Seeing you find ſo much "pleaſure and honour in tournaments; ſuppoſing you "were to give one, for the entertainment of the prin-"ceſs in whoſe ſervice you firſt won your maiden "ſpurs?" "Madam," ſaid Bayard, "you know well "that you were the firſt I ever loved, and that I have "always carried myſelf toward you with reverence and "humility; and that I have not been, nor am I, leſs "touched with all the ſenſe of the honour of your at-"tachment, than with that of the ducheſs herſelf. You "have, Madam, but to require what may be for your "pleaſure, for hers, and for that of all the court." "Seeing it be ſo," ſaid the lady Fluxas, "then, dear "knight, you will infinitely oblige the princeſs and "myſelf, by giving us a tournament. So many of your "gallant countrymen are in the garriſons, about, that "it can hardly fail to be a noble one." "I promiſe "you," ſaid Bayard, "that you ſhall have it, and in a "few days. And ſeeing that you are the woman, of

" all the world, whoſe love and whoſe honour are " deareſt and moſt precious unto me, I hold you in " too infinite a reſpect, to aſk of you other favour, " than that you will give me your hand to kiſs, and " from your arm, a bracelet only." The lady gave it to him, and he took it from her hand, without, however, telling her of the purpoſe to which it was to be dedicated. And when the hour of ſupper was come, he had the honour to ſit at the table of the ducheſs, where, when a lad, he had waited as a page. And after ſupper, they danced. And this good old lady did him again the honour to expreſs to him all the pleaſure with which ſhe had watched his walk in life, and made him to tell her, over again, everything that had befallen him, ſince laſt they were together.

Bayard, now home for the night, could think of nothing but his tournament. To him, it was ſomething more than a mere gratification. It became a paſſion. The whole night was ſpent in drawing up the programme. And, with the light, he deſpatched a trumpet to all the neighbouring towns and garriſons, to announce to all the officers and gentlemen, who might be diſposed to appear in complete armour, that, the fourth day from thence, which would be a Sunday, Sir Pierre du Terrail, otherwiſe Bayard, knight, would give a tournament, in the town of Carignan; of which the prize would be a lady's bracelet, and a ruby of the value of an hundred ducats; which ſhould be preſented

by him, to the knight who might beſt perform, at three cŏurſes with the lance, and twelve ſweeps with the ſword.

The trumpet made the proclamation, and brought back the names of fifteen gentlemen, who undertook to be preſent. The ducheſs was enchanted to hear of the gallantry of Bayard, and ordered that the ſtands ſhould be ready, in the tilt yard, by the time appointed.

The day come, our knight was on the ground, betimes, accompanied by the Lord de Mondragon, and two others, armed *cap à pied;* and, within a little, the other combatants began to make their appearance. The firſt who entered the liſts, were Bayard and the lord de Rouaſtre, a ſtout and hardy gentleman, and ſtandard bearer to the duke. He made his début with a magnificent charge, ſhivering his lance into four pieces. But Bayard, in revenge, broke his likewiſe, into half a dozen ſplinters, having firſt driven it clean through the ſhield of his competitor. They than ran a ſecond courſe, with no leſs ſpirit than the firſt; Bayard so violently aſſailing the vizard of the lord, that creſt and plumage were carried away upon the point of his lance; cauſing him, at the ſame time, to reel in his ſaddle; without, however, unſeating him. At the third encounter, Rouaſtre managed to raiſe his lance adroitly, whilſt that of Bayard was again broken to pieces. The next who entered the liſt,

were the lords de Mondragon and de Chevron, who acquitted themſelves to the admiration of all. The other combatants appeared, in their turn, and all did wonders.

The encounters with the lance over, thoſe with the ſword began. At the ſecond blow, Bayard ſent that of his adverſary flying; breaking, at the ſame time, his own. Succeſſively, the others took their turn. All were declared to have performed nobly, and the tournament cloſed with the day. On this, the ducheſs deſired the lord de Fluxas, to invite all the gentlemen to ſup with her. And as ſhe was magnificent in everything which ſhe undertook, the reception was worthy of her and of her gueſts. After the repaſt, and before the amuſements and the dance began, the clamour of the hautboys and the trumpets announced, that the prizes were about to be given to thoſe to whom they might be decerned. The lords de Grammont and de Fluxas, as umpires of the field, having firſt entertained the vote of the princeſs, proceeded, ſucceſſively, to collect thoſe of the company preſent, the ladies, and competitors themſelves; and which were found to be unanimouſly for the knight. So it was to him that the judges preſented it. But holding down his head, he only bluſhed, and refuſed to receive it. Finding however that there was no eſcape, and that he muſt take it; he told them, "that it was not to him, but to the lady

" Fluxas that any honour which there were, ſhould be
" attributed; that, as it was ſhe who had condeſcended
" to gratify him with the bracelet, it was for her, alſo,
" to preſent him with the ſame." The lord, ſatisfied as well of the virtue and the honour of his wife, as with Bayard, allowed, without either taking, or evidencing any ſort of umbrage, to the reaſonableneſs of what he ſaid; and turning, with the lord de Grammont, to the lady, the latter addreſſed her thus; " Madame, my
" lord of Bayard, to whom, unanimouſly, the prize of
" the tournament has been adjudged, avows, that it is
" you, ſolely, who are entitled to the bracelet; for that
" it was through the virtue of it that he was enabled to
" acquire it. And ſo, Madame, he adds, it is for you to
" diſpoſe of it; for which end, I now preſent it to you."
The lady accepted this new gallantry, on the part of the knight, with her accuſtomed grace, and thanked him for all the honour which he had done her. " Since
" you tell me," ſays ſhe, " that it is through my poor
" bracelet that you have won, I will, for your ſake,
" and as a teſtimony of the love I bear you, treaſure it,
" to my dying day. But as to the ruby, ſeeing that
" you will not accept of it, I think it ſhould be given
" to the lord de Mondragon, who, after you, numbered
" moſt voices." The ruby was then given, and the deciſion was generally approved. After this, the ball commenced, after the manner of that court, where

gaiety was the order of the day. Out of compliment to the preſence of the French nobility, the fêtes were kept up for five or ſix days; theſe over, each one returned to his garriſon.

No words could expreſs the delight of the ducheſs, thus to ſee her old page ſo loved, honoured and reſpected, that very jealouſy, itſelf, was diſarmed. Bayard went to take leave of her; aſſuring her, "that next to "the prince, whoſe ſervant he was, there was no one "in the world who ſhould command him, before her-"ſelf; and that, to his lateſt day, he would be willing "and prepared to oblige her." From the apartment of the ducheſs, he went to that of his firſt love, the lady Fluxas, of whom he took his laſt farewell; the lady, as himſelf, diſſolved in tears. Nor was this generous attachment ever interrupted between them, till death, for ever, ſeparated them. Nor was the reputation of either ſo much as canvaſſed or ſuſpected. And yearly, while they lived, it was their practice to ſend to each other, one little trifling memento or another.

And, on his departure, for many a long day, there was nothing talked of, at the court of the princeſs, but the virtues of the knight, Bayard, and his noble qualities. Two notorious marks of his gratitude, in him, a maſter paſſion, he left behind him. One, in the caſe of Piſon de Chenas, who has already been ſpoken of;

and the other toward the ſquire, under whom, as a lad, he had learned to ride. He made to the firſt, a preſent of a noble horſe; and ſent, to the ſecond, to Montcailler, where he was married, and had settled, a beautiful mule.

BERVILLE—*Hiſtoire de Bayard.*

TITLE AND INTRODUCTION TO PERCEFOREST.

Title.

THE Right passing, Ornate, Delightful Mellifluous, and most pleasing History of the very noble, victorious, and superlative King Perrefarest, King of Great Britain,[1] founder of the open hall, and of the Temple of the Sovereign god. With the marvellous emprises feats and adventures of the most warlike Gadifer, King of Scotland. Whom the emperor Alexander the great crowned Kings under his obedience. In which history the reader may see the fountain and Accomplishment of all Chivalry, the right Culture of true Nobility, Prowess, conquests without end, achieved since the times of Julius Cæsar. With many Prophecies, Relations, stratagems, and the divers fortunes of the same.

Newly imprinted at Paris, mil. v. cēs. xxxi.

[1] See note B at the end.

Introduction.

To the moſt worthy, warlike, inſuperable and invincible heroes of the French nation — all honour, health, proweſs, victory and triumph !

I know not, O moſt magnanimous lords, if it may not appear ſtrange to your heroical magnificence, that I ſhould have undertaken to addreſs myſelf to your univerſal monarchy ; ſeeing that my poor parts are ſcarce capable of a ſtyle anſwerable to be entertained of the meaneſt of your graces. In very ſooth, lords, thus hardily to approach ſo many clear and piercing ſpirits, may well be thought by you to be preſumptuous. And even aſſuming that of your gracious condescenſions, you would deign to commend and to accept my pains, yet would the envious and diſparagers too eaſily catch on wherewithal to decry and to defame them. Truly, noble lords, I am right well aware, how little capacitated is my poor ſilly ingyne to any one thing worthy to be ſubmitted to your moſt judicious underſtandings. Yet, nevertheleſs, I would not wiſh it to be ſuſpected by your Excellencies, that I could, for a moment, be wanting in that honeſt deſire which I have ever poſſeſſed, to illuſtrate, transmit and extol the imperiſhable renown of your highneſſes ; for, verily, it merits all the praiſe which tongue can give. And ſeeing that ſuch praiſe is no more than is due, it is incumbent of every gentle ſoul to dedicate, unweariedly to lend itſelf to your praiſe ;

to honour you, to collaud, and to dwell upon and magnify your everlaſting fames. And certes, lords, your right generous naturals, admirers of the feats of virtue, could not better than be bent to ſuch a ſtudy; for they will there find the ſpacious ocean of all nobleneſs, the right ample domains of virtue; the ſumptuous manſions of all honour, the arcs triumphal of imperiſhable achievements; and finally, the only ſummary of all faith, honour, fealty, proweſs, integrity — the enſample reſident in your moſt invincible and moſt noble hearts; there ingraffed of the ever memorable antecedents of your ever bleſſed predeceſſors, and, by you, laborioufly cultivated, improved on and ſurpaſſed. Alſo would they there find the right clear fountain of Parnaſſean dew, where the Pegaſean nymphs, accompanied of the heavenly Apollo, ſuck all their eloquence divine, and all their gorgeous inſpiration. So that it is for all thoſe to whom the gods, propitious, have lent a ray of their divinity, leaving all other matters, to betake themſelves to the conſecration and celebration of your immortal deeds; the more ſo, as by ſo doing, they would conquer to themſelves, no leſs, a never-dying fame. In this right famous ocean, in this pale of virtue, in this honourable manſion, and on theſe arcs triumphant, will you find ſeated, and in dominion, the eloquent Gaguin, the hardy Argenton; that ſource of knowledge, Bude; the eloquent orator, Emille; that illuſtrious magiſtrate, the urbane Collin; the counſellor, Brochet; the ma-

ronian Marot; with ſo many other excelling ſpirits, who have acquired unto themſelves fame and reputation. Yet have your merits ſurpaſſed every tribute which has been advanced of them, or of others. Nor is this all; for not only have thoſe of a common origin with yourſelves, but all nations, renouncing the meed and matter of their own princes, abandoned themſelves to the magnifying of the high achievements of the French nobles. There is no country which has not ſung the praiſes of the magnanimous Pepin; the conqueror and Auguſtus, Charlemagne; the chivalrous paladins, under them flouriſhing. So that books, without number, and in every tongue, are for ever reſounding of their triumphs and of their proweſs. If then every ſoul, thereto capable, has given itſelf up to the blazoning of your honour, and of your praiſe; it is but meet that I, to the utmoſt of my poor might, ſhould follow in ſo commendable a precedent: more eſpecially, conſideration had to how kindly I have been received and treated in France; and to how much more flatteringly my poor labours have been entertained, than, from any merit of theirs, they could have ever hoped for. All which conſidered, as it appears to me, I ſhould rather fall under the ſuſpicion of ingratitude toward you, by refraining from, than of preſumption, in ſubmitting to your lordſhips ſome ſuch ſlight performance, as well in keeping, at once, with my temerity and in ſignificance. Alas, my moſt illuſtrious lords, in what

a ſtrait am I? If I am to be ſilent, I am ungrateful. If I proceed, there is no flight of mine can ever attain, but at the riſk of falling, to the very leaſt of your eminencies. Needs muſt I then ſteer clear, if that be poſſible, of theſe two extremes. To which end, having nothing of my own to offer to you, I will preſent you with ſomewhat which is of another. There is now fallen into my hands, the moſt pleaſant hiſtory of the moſt noble king, Perceforeſt; and by ſo much the more worthy to be dedicated unto you, as you yourſelves, lords, ſurpaſs all other nobles in nobility. For it is the true inſtitution and emporium of chivalry, the open hall of adventure, the temple to the ſovereign god, the ſchool and diſcipline of valour, and the fountain of true magnanimity. You will there ſee, O magnificent lords, the valiant Perceforeſt, and the noble Gadifer, his brother, inſtated to be Kings, by the conqueror, Alexander the great; the one of Great Britain, and the other of Scotland. You will ſee all the ordinance of the open hall; to which, nor baſe nor craven ſoul, or ever yet had acceſs. You will ſee twelve knights, all ſons of kings, deſcending from their high eſtate, and concealing themſelves under the maſk of a private condition, the better to be at liberty to follow chivalry. You will ſee twelve vows vowed, the leaſt of which were more arduous to perform than the twelve labours of the great Hercules. You will ſee thoſe vows accompliſhed, and carried through. You will

ſee twelve triumphant tournaments, where every one of them carries off the prize; and that the very one for which his vow had been made. You will there ſee the princely entertainments, the ineſtimable jewels and the favours. You will ſee the firſt ſource, and the continuance of many a paſſion; the cruel martyrdoms and the agonies of lovers and of the ladies of their love. You will ſee the incredible virtues and force of the enchantments with which the falſe Darnant enveloped and preſerved himſelf in his foreſts. You will ſee him trampled underfoot, and done to death, of the victorious Perceforeſt. You will ſee the admirable dexterity of the queen of the Fairies, and alſo of Morgane. You will ſee Bruyant, the faithleſs, enemy to the knights of open hall, oft and oft to deceive them. Yet, at the length, you will ſee him overcome, and done to death, of Paſſelyon, an infant of a year old; and infant though he were, knight. You will ſee Betides, ſon to Perceforeſt, and contrary to all which his father could urge, take up with the Roman traitreſs, Circes. You will ſee by what artifices ſhe gained the affections of Perceforeſt, and of the queen, his wife: how, by her contrivance, Luces, Roman alſo, her former lover, ingratiated himſelf into favour; and by what means they conſpired the deſtruction of Great Britain. You will ſee Julius Cæſar to deſcend, and the furious and terrible battle, wherein the champions of the open hall were diſcomfited. You will ſee, later, the ſtock of Gadifer,

king of Scotland, to reflouriſh, and reſtore the whole country. You will ſee the gentle ſpirit, Zephyr, play a thouſand tricks, and, again, requite as many favours to the knights. You will ſee, at laſt, the valiant Gallafer to win the blood-red ſword, and the ſhield of the ſign of the croſs. You will ſee marvellous viſions in the temple of the ſovereign god, and how all the evil ſpirits and enchantments were baniſhed out of the kingdoms of England and of Scotland. In a word, you will ſee, and without end, ſurpaſſing undertakings, wars, tournaments, adventures, doleful inſtances, prophecies, delightful paſſages, chivalric precepts and admirable enſamples. And know, noble lords, that the mighty Gallafer, with the blood-red ſword, which is the word of God; and the ſhield of the croſs, which is the ſhield of faith, is emblematic of our Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt, who, at the ſovereign temple of the God of heaven, is armed of his father with his precious croſs; and who, with the breath of his word, has chaſed away our capital and mortal foe; the infernal enemy of this univerſal Chriſtendom; of which you, moſt worthy lords, have conquered by your virtues, and thoſe of your anceſtors, the ever chriſtian crown. Accept, then, ſurpaſſing lords, this history, compriſed in five volumes; each in right ornate and melliſluous language. Read and reread the imperiſhable exploits, therein contained; arouſing every noble breaſt to imitation and to adulation. Take to you the ſhield of faith,

wherewith to oppoſe the enemies of the ſame. Brandiſh the ſword of the word of God againſt the perverters of the true and ſaving faith. Follow on the footſteps of thoſe gallant knights, the memory of whoſe achievements is as the ſpur to prick the generous ſoul to emulation. And, pardon me, lords, if, ſeeing it were beyond my power to ſubmit to you anything of my own, I have, at leaſt, preſented to you that which it were becoming, on your parts, to accept, and not the reverſe. And if the everlaſting God, of his divine grace, will but vouchſafe to me the might to blazon, as is called for, your immortal deeds, the lighteſt particle of that might ſhall be dedicated and be reſerved unto that blazon. And to that eternal God, I now pray, that he will yet more and more exalt you; and to the higheſt pitch of all proſperity, felicity and honour.

The ſervant. ii.

Perceforeſt.

A ROYAL AIRING IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Fragment of a letter from Brantôme to his Nephew.

MY lord Francis de Bourdeille, then, your grand-father, was the ſon of the illuſtrious father and mother of whom I have ſpoken. As ſoon as he was well grown, and of an age ſufficient, his father preſented him to the queen of France, Anne, ducheſs of Brittany; in whoſe ſervice he remained eight years; having the honour of being her firſt page, (and, conſequently, the one whom ſhe always addreſſed,) and to mount upon the mule which immediately preceded that of the queen. And it was a great diſtinction, in thoſe times, for the pages of queens and of great princeſſes, to be, in ſuch a manner, preferred above the others. And it was the good man, the late Monſieur d'Eſtrées, Grand-maſter of the artil-

lery, and who was ſo in every way worthy of the charge, that rode the one behind, as he has often aſſured me; adding, that many a time have the two of them been whipped, to keep each other in countenance. For your grand-father was always getting into one ſcrape or another; for he was naturally giddy-pated, and full of all ſorts of roguery, tricks and contrivances; but his chiefeſt delight uſed to be to ſet his mule at a trot, at times when it was his buſineſs to walk. And as ſoon as ever he would ſet off, the poor queen would holloa after him, *Bourdeille, Bourdeille, I will have you whipped; that I will; I give you my honour; and your mate, too; both of you.* But ſhe might as well have talked to the winds; for each of them would put it off on the other. The one before inſiſting, that the fault was none of his, if the other would come driving on, in ſuch a manner, upon the top of him; and the one behind, that he had only been endeavouring to keep up with the one before. And ſo, between them, they would get right well whipped for their pains, in ſpite of all their excuſes. But Monſieur d'Eſtrées aſſured me that the fault was invariably on the ſide of your grand-father, who was ſure to be the one to begin.

BRANTÔME.

AN UNADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

TOWARDS the beginning of June, I ſet out by way of Calais, whence I was to embark; having with me a ſuite of upwards of two hundred gentlemen, or, at leaſt, perſons calling themſelves ſuch; and of whom, in fact, many were parties of the firſt diſtinction. The aged Servin came to preſent his ſon to me; at the ſame time entreating me, if it were poſſible, to make an honeſt man of him; adding, that it was a reſult which he rather hoped for than expected; not, however, ſaid he, that I can find in him any want of ſtuff or parts, but on account of his incurable propenſity to vice of every ſort. And he had reaſon enough for what he ſaid. Curious, from all he told me of him, to ſee the young man, I determined to ſift him cloſely for myſelf. I ſaw at once before me, a miracle and a monſter of nature, for really I can think of no one word, which,

in itſelf, would convey an adequate idea of this ſtrange aſſemblage of the rareſt gifts of nature with vices the moſt irreconcileable. Fancy to yourſelf a ſpirit, ſo comprehenſive that there was hardly anything which could be known, which it did not know; a perception ſo ſwift that it took in whatever was preſented to it, at a glance; and a memory ſo prodigious, that nothing eſcaped it. He was acquainted with every department of philoſophy; and in that of mathematics, more particularly with fortification and drawing. He had all knowledge, even to theology, of which he was ſo much maſter, that he could be, when he would, an excellent preacher, and an able controverſialiſt; for, or againſt the reformed religion, was all one. He had acquired not only the Greek and the Hebrew, with all the languages which we commonly call, the learned, but all ſorts of patois and jargons. He could catch, ſo happily, every manner of intonation and accent, that that, joined to the readineſs with which he could aſſume the air and manners, as well of the different European nations, as of the provincial French, enabled him to paſs, at all times, and in all places, for a native. He had turned this faculty to ſo good an account, that he had perſonated every type of character, and to the life. In fact, he was the moſt inimitable mimic; and as good a comedian as an age will produce. He was a tolerable poet. He played on all ſorts of inſtruments; was well acquainted with the principles of muſic, and

ſung as pleaſingly as correctly. He would ſay maſs; for he was determined to do, as well as know all things. His perſon was, in every way, in keeping with his mind. He was clean made, nimble, active; conſtituted to all ſorts of exerciſes. He was a fair horſeman, and whether dancing, wreſtling or leaping, he was equally a proficient. There was no out-of-door paſtime in which he did not excel; and, to boot, he was a firſt rate mechanic, and handy at all kinds of knackery. Reverſe the medal; he was a liar, double-faced, treacherous, cruel, cowardly, a cheat, a drunkard, a glutton, a pot companion, a maſter in every ſpecies of debauchery; a blaſphemer, an atheiſt. In a word, every vice was to be found in him, whether contrary to nature, piety, honour, ſociety or morals. And ſuch he ſhowed himſelf, even till the laſt: for he periſhed in the flower of his prime, in a brothel; his fleſh rotted on him by debauchery; a bottle in his hand; curſing and denying God. — *Mémoires de Sully.*

MARRIAGE,[1]

alias

THE FARCE OR INTERLUDE OF

ADAM, THE HUNCHBACK OF ARRAS.

GOOD people, all; do you know how I came to change my coat? The laſt time you ſaw me, I was a married man. I am now a clerk; hot from Paris; and am now come to bid you all adieu. Fact. It is not for nothing that Paris is ſo vaunted. It is all that is ſaid of it. There are not wanting fair ones there, who already aſpire to my attentions. Impatient, they attend me. Brief; I am off. My time, you ſee, was not altogether thrown away.

Coxcomb! What is it thou art about? Doſt thou flatter thyſelf, in thy vain heart, that thou haſt but to ſhow thyſelf, and all Paris to come forth to meet thee?

[1] See note S, at the end.

No; never did man of mark come out of Arras! Adam, announce thyſelf as thou wilt; oblivion is thine everlaſting meed.

God has given me parts; I know it: they ſhall be turned to account. The men of Arras are but fools: a tongue in the cheek is all the applauſe my verſes ever yet got out of them. By my faith, I am thrown away upon them; and, between ourſelves, I have ſeen enough already of the fair adorables of Paris, to reconcile me to the loſs of thoſe of Arras.—And goody Manoie; what is to become of her? My wife, too, whom I am leaving with her father? Leaving doſt thou ſay? ſurely thou knoweſt, in thy fond heart, ſhe will be after thee.—And you yourſelf, raſcal, would'ſt thou have the wickedneſs, the hardheartedneſs, to put aſunder that which mother church hath tied together?—Muſt I out with it? Well, then, to tell you the honeſt truth; I made a ſlight miſtake. When I married, I was young, and I was in too big a hurry. I was at that period of a man's life, when his reason is in leading ſtrings, his heart is tinder; and a laſs, a ſpark: in a word, I was ſoft. You all know what it is, to ſee a balmy, pleaſant ſpring; heaven ſerene, birds ſinging, leaves ſpringing, graſs growing, calves ſkipping, lambs bleating, ſtreams purling, zephyrs ſighing. And, friends, you alſo know, how pretty conſiderably four or five months modify all this. In two words, the moral is before you. God, Sirs, my wife, the firſt

time I ſaw her, why, I took her to be fair as the lily; ruddy as the roſe. The lark ſcarce ſeemed to me more merry; ſhe had the waiſt of a midge, and the eye of a dove. Alas, my friends, time; time that ſpareth nothing, too early robbed her of her charms. Her white, now white no more, was yellow; her red, black; her temper, the devil; her eyes, blazes. It is all a miſtake: She is the ſame ſhe ever was. It is you yourſelf, Sir, that are changed, and I know the wherefore. There is an old proverb; "* * * "* * * * * *." You underſtand me. The thing is common enough.

Such, my friends, is the uſual ſport of love. It diſtorts and magnifies everything it lays its eyes on; and of the homelieſt face will make a gypſey queen. The locks of my charmer, which now, too plain, I ſee to be but black and lanky, I then took to be golden, wavy, curled. Her eyes, which now I perceive to be little, red and piggy, I then fancied to be open, blue, and laughing. No mortal could abide that amorous glance, ſhot from beneath thoſe heavenly vaulted brows; arched as with the fineſt pencil of the maſter. On her glowing and her burſting cheeks, each time ſhe ſmiled, you might behold two bewitching little dimples to retreat; for all the world reſembling to the beauteous ſaucers of the roſe. In a word, ſhe was nature's maſter-piece; perfection. What with her pretty little foot, her jimpy waiſt, her taper limbs, her

pouting little lips, her teeth ſo white and pearly, ſhe completely turned my head. And well ſhe knew it, the arrant little baggage. It was "O no," and, "O "don't;" and what with her airs and her prudery, ſhe did with me exactly what ſhe had a mind to. She hooked me on by throwing me off. Jealouſy, love, hate, rage; each, in their turn, the little vixen brought to play. No battery but was turned to account. And the deeper I floundered, the bigger fool I. At length, I could hold out no longer, ſo I married her. So you all know, now, how I came to be victimized. But ſeeing that I have not found my lord, Cupido, all he promiſed for, and that he has thought proper to break his word with me, I intend to take the liberty of doing as much with him. So then, my friends, whilſt there is yet time, and before I am made a daddy of, or any other little unforeſeen domeſtic felicity ſhall have turned up to interfere with my arrangements, I have made up my mind to leave things as they were. Brief; I am off: of matrimony, I have had *ſatis* and to ſpare. Adieu. *Fabliaux ou Contes du xii et xiii Siècle.*

THE CRUSADES,

alias

THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN

THE KNIGHT OF THE CROSS AND THE UNCROSSED KNIGHT.

I WAS ſauntering, the other day, upon my horſe, (it was near Saint-Remi,) and I was in miſerable ſpirits at the time, for I could not get out of my head, our poor chriſtians who were at Acre, abandoned of their countrymen, and whom the enemy were ſo hotly preſſing. This wretched imagination ſo ſadly abſorbed me, that, unconſciouſly, I loſt my way. Coming, at length, to myſelf again, as I was looking around for ſomeone to direct me, I chanced to ſee two knights, who, after their ſupper, were evening air. apparently paſſing abroad to enjoy the They ſeemed to be diſputing with much vehemence. Anon they ſat down by the ſide of an

hedge. As there was nothing but the hedge between us, (and my curioſity being now ſufficiently aroufed,) I crept quietly along it, till I had gotten oppoſite, ſo as to be able to overhear all which paſſed. One of them, it appeared, had juſt aſſumed the croſs, and was buſy exhorting his companion to follow his example. "No man knows better," ſaid he, "than yourſelf, that God has given you a reaſonable ſoul; capable to diſcern the right from the wrong, and that he has promised to all thoſe who follow his precepts, a great and a glorious reward. The opportunity is now given to you to merit that ſalvation. You cannot but know the condition in which the Holy Land now lies. The kingdom of God is a prey to the infidels. Are we not craven knights, thus tamely to ſtand by, and look on, untouched, at any ſuch profanation? How could we fitter dedicate, than to his glory, the life and the means which his mercy has vouchſafed to commit to our keeping?"

"Humph!" ſaid the other; "if I underſtand you rightly, what you are wanting me to do, is this; to be off, and at the price of my blood, to participate in the conqueſt of an outlandiſh country, not one foot of which ever can be mine, even ſuppoſing that we do conquer it: to turn out of my houſe, and to entruſt the charge of my lands, my wife, my children, my all, to the keeping of the hounds in my kennel. I have often heard the old ſaw: *What you have, keep:* a ſaying which, to my mind, ſmacks wonderfully of good, com

mon ſenſe. Among other things, it tells me, that it were little ſhort of madneſs to give up one hundred ſous in caſh, for forty upon paper. God has nowhere told us to ſow any ſuch like chaff; and he that does, ten to one but he will come to be a beggar for his pains."

Knight of the Croſs. Sir, you came naked from the bowels of your mother, yet has not that prevented you from finding yourſelf, this day, well grown, well filled and well clad. Providence has anticipated your every want. Beſides, you are forgetting, that He will recompenſe, an hundred-fold, that which is lent to him. Alſo you cannot but know, that there are conditions impoſed to the award of his paradiſe.

The uncroſſed Knight. Friend, I ſee, every day, perſons who have been toiling their lives away, and sweating blood and water, to get to themſelves ſomething of the ſort. I ſee them packed off, for their redemption, to Rome, the Aſturies, or goodneſs only knows where. What becomes of them when there, I can form no ſort of conception; but this I do know, that they return, to a man, naked; without a ſou, and without a ſervant. A man can as faithfully ſerve his God, in France as at Rome; and, truſt me, paradiſe may be reached by a cut leſs roundabout, than *viâ* Acre. You think, do you, for the like of that, that I am to croſs the ſeas; but I, I think differently, and that it were the height of folly to go all that way, and all to be the

ſlave of another; whilſt a man can, quite as well, remain at home, and purchaſe heaven in his own proper houſe.

The Knight of the Croſs. Sir, what you have juſt uttered, ſcarce merits the courteſy of a civil reply. You fancy, as it ſeems to me, that you are to be ſaved without a thought, or without an effort; an expiation which has coſt to martyrs their blood. Not a day of your life but you may ſee penitents renouncing their all, and burying themſelves up, alive, in their monaſteries; never eſteeming any ſacrifice of their's to be ſufficient to entitle them to the recompenſe on which their ſouls were ſet.

The uncroſſed Knight. On my honour, Sir, your arguments are not to be reſiſted. But, why, Sir, might I aſk, do you not rather addreſs yourſelf to our rich abbots, our fat deans, our prelates; whoſe profeſſion it is to ſerve God. What, are they to be poſſeſſed of all his wealth, below, and we to be told, that it is for us to turn out and fight his battles! You muſt allow, the thing is not reaſonable. Alas, ſmall care is it to them, the hail or the ſnow. Though they doze their lives away, their teinds come not the leſs to hand. By my faith, if that is the way to get to paradiſe, they would be blockheads to follow any other; for the like of it, it would be a job to find.

The Knight of the Croſs. That is none of your affair. Let be, the prelates and the parſons. What you have

to look to is the King of France, who, confiding his children to the hands of God, is about, for the ſalvation of his immortal ſoul, to imperil his mortal body. To ſay the leaſt of it, he has as much at ſtake as you have. Yet, you ſee, he allows nothing to ſtand in his way.

The uncroſſed Knight. My friend, every night of my life, I ſleep in peace. I hurt no man living. I am on good terms with all my neighbours; and, by St. Peter, if this ſort of life is preferable to yon other, beyond the ſeas, and where I muſt be at the beck of another, I would not mind prolonging it a little longer. And you, Sir, whoſe heart ſeems bent to deeds of bold empriſe and chivalry, off with you: it is for you, not me, to dompt your haughty Signor of a ſultan. You may tell him, with my compliments, that I cannot but laugh at his projects and defiance: that if he comes to diſturb me, in my hall, I will let him ſee that I know how to defend myſelf; but that as long as he chooſes to remain quietly at home, he need have nothing to fear on my account: I ſhall certainly be the laſt to moleſt him.

The Knight of the Croſs. You have not a thought in your head, but peace and tranquillity! Hey, Sir, do you think, then, that you are to live for ever? Who knows, but this very night you may be hurried away? Eat, drink and be merry; yet, who knows, if to-morrow the game is to be renewed? death is

ſtalking around, among us. His mace is in his hand. Young, old; all comers alike; the firſt he meets, he knocks upon the head. Wait till your turn be come, and with what agony, reproach, remorſe, will you not then look back on this hour!

The uncroſſed Knight. Sir cruſader, there are ſome things which I can never ſufficiently admire. I ſee all ſorts of perſons, great and ſmall; the beſt among us, and the leaſt exceptional, leaving for thoſe countries. That they conduct themſelves there as becomes chriſtians, I cannot for a moment allow myſelf to doubt; nor can I, any more, that their ſouls are refreſhed and purified thereby. Yet, for all that, (and how it comes about, I cannot, for the ſoul of me, conceive), but, to a man, they invariably return, bandits; the peſts and ſcourges of ſociety. And, again, I ſay, if God is everywhere, he is as much here as there; nor is it likely that he is going to hide himſelf, on purpoſe, from me. Beſides, I will tell you a bit of a ſecret, in your ear; that though I would croſs a brook as readily as another, there is a little too much water, according to my notions of things, 'twixt here and Acre; and what is more, it is ſo deep, that if once, by any hap, I got into it, I have ſome miſgivings as to whether I ſhould ever ſcramble out again.

The Knight of the Croſs. There again; you have not one thought but of your life! Will you never remember, that you have to die. I pray you think,

How will you ſtand prepared, when that hour arrives? Will you be as ſenſeleſs as the beaſt in your ſtall; of which, pitched upon a dunghill, one ſees the laſt? Ah, my friend, bethink thee that there is an hell; and that he who would ſave his ſoul in life to come, muſt begin by renouncing children, wife, poſſeſſions, in the life which is.

The uncroſſed Knight. Sir, you have convinced me. Your overwelming eloquence is not to be oppoſed. From this day, I make a ſacrifice to God of my pleaſures and my blood. In the name of the King of Glory, who, for our redemption, made for himſelf, of his creature, a mother, I am reſolved, this day, as you, to take the croſs, and thus to merit heaven, and heaven's glories. For it is but meet, that he who will not be at the pains to come to the feaſt, in the wedding garment, be compelled to remain at the door.

Fabliaux ou Contes du xii et xiii Siècle.

THE SEVENTH, EIGHTH, TENTH, ELEVENTH, TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CHAPTERS OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE MEMOIRS OF DE COMMINES.

Chapter 7.

How King Louis, by a diſtemper, loſt the uſe of his ſenſes and his ſpeech; alternately recovering and relapſing; and of how he carried himſelf in his chateau of Pleſſis les Tours.

AND at this ſeaſon; the year of our Lord fourteen hundred and ſeventy nine, was there truce between the aforeſaid parties. And peace the king wanted, eſpecially in the quarter of which I ſpeak, but only on the conditions, it was to be, in all points, to his advantage, as I have ſaid. And he was already beginning to age and to fail. And ſo it fell, as he was ſitting at his meat, at Forges, near Chynon, that he was overtaken of a

paralyſis, and at the ſame moment, he loſt his ſpeech. At once he was taken from the table, and placed before a fire. The windows were made faſt, and notwithſtanding he uſed every effort as though he would make for them, he was prevented by thoſe that were about him. And this was done for the beſt. And it was in the year fourteen hundred and eighty, in the month of March, that all this befell him. And of ſenſe, ſpeech, or memory he had not. Things, you will remember, were in this ſtage, when you, my lord of Vienne, who, at that time, were his phyſician, arrived. Incontinent a clyſter was preſcribed; you had the windows to be opened, that he might breathe; on which, there and then, voice and ſenſe, in ſome degree, returned; he got upon his horſe and made for Forges, for the attack had been on him in a little pariſh, diſtant ſome quarter of a league thence, and where he had been to hear maſs.

The ſaid lord was well heeded for, and ſoon began by ſigns to expreſs his wants. Among other things, he called for the official of Tours, that he might confeſs himſelf; ſhowing them by his manner that he was to be ſent for. He alſo made them underſtand that I was to be gone for; for I was away, at Argenton, ſome ten leagues off. When I arrived, I found him at table, and about him were maſter Adam Fumée, who formerly had been phyſician to the late King Charles, and at the ſame time I am ſpeaking of, was Maſter of

the requeſts; also another phyſician, called maſter Claude. Of what was ſaid to him, he ſeemed to take in little or nothing; but in ſuffering he was not. He made me gather, by ſigns, that I was to ſleep in his chamber. His words he could hardly put together. I waited on him, for fifteen days, as well at table as about his cloſet, as *valet de chambre*; which I took to be a great honour; and I was handſomely provided for. And at the end of two days, his ſpeech began to return, and with it came his underſtanding. And it ſeemed to him that no one could ſo well catch, or interpret his meaning as myſelf, ſo that he would never allow me from his ſide. And his confeſſion was made to the ſaid official, I preſent, or otherwiſe they never could have underſtood oneanother. It was but little he had to ſay, as, but a few days before, he had already diſburdened himſelf. For whenever the kings of France are about to touch for the "King's evil," they fail not to confeſs; and this, he never omitted to do, once by the week. And if others neglect to do as much, they are a great deal to blame; for of infected, there is ſtore, and at all times. And as ſoon as he had come a little to, he began by inquiring, Who thoſe had been, that had ſtood between him and the air? It was told him, and, then and there, he chaſed them from his preſence. From ſome of them, their offices were taken, nor would he ever ſee them more. Of other ſome, as my lord de Segre, and Gilbert de

Graffay, lord of Champerouſe, he took nothing; however, he ſent them away. The moſt part were taken back at this vindictiveneſs; blaming ſuch a way of acting, and ſaying, It had all been done for the beſt. And they ſaid rightly. But the imaginations of princes are inſcrutable, nor are they to be fathomed of every man who thinks to ſound them. For, the truth of it was, that there was nothing of which he lived in ſo perfect an horror, as to be deprived of his authority, which was very terrible; or that he ſhould ever come to be challenged in any matter whatſoever. Nor had he forgotten, how the King Charles, his father, when on his deathbed, had got it into his head, that they were determined to poiſon him, and at the inſtigation of his ſon; ſo much ſo, that they could not get him to eat; and yet how, for all that, it was decided on, after weighty deliberation, by his phyſician and his chiefeſt miniſters, to compel him to do ſo; and which was done, broths being forced down his throat; ſoon after, which affront, the ſaid King Charles died. The ſaid King Louis, who, all his days, had ſhown his abhorrence of the like meaſures, was, beyond all expreſſion, wounded to find that he had been ſubjected to a like indignity. And much as he may have felt it at heart, he forced himſelf, even more, to reſent it before the world. For the real and hidden fear that moved him was, an apprehenſion leſt they ſhould take it into their heads to depoſe him, under pretext that his parts

were no longer what they uſed to be, or equal to the guidance of the ſtate.

As ſoon as he had let fall this thunder clap among thoſe whom I have named, he began to call for the affairs in hand; wanting to ſee the diſpatches that had been made during the ten or twelve days he had been ill; and with the drawing up of which, the Biſhop of Alby, his brother, the governor of Burgundy, the marſhal de Gié, and the lord de Lude, had been charged. For it was they who were about him when the malady came on; and they were all quartered right underneath his bedroom, in two little cloſets. And he would needs ſee the letters and diſpatches which, daily and hourly, were coming to hand. The chiefeſt were placed before him, and I read them to him. He made a ſhow as though he were attending; taking them in his hands, pretending, all the time, to be reading them; whilſt, in reality, he had not any conception of what they were about. Preſently, he would ſtutter out ſomething, or, by ſigns, give us to collect what was to be done. However, we made but few expeditions, tarrying the upſhot of the malady; for he was a maſter with whom it well behoved ſervants to be wary. And this malady was on him ſome fifteen days; when, ſenſe and ſpeech reſtored, he was again in his uſual ſtate: yet ſtill, terribly ſhaken, and in a wonderful apprehenſion of falling anew into his former helpleſſneſs; for by temperament, he was but little diſ-

poſed to put his faith in the conſolations of his phyſicians. And as ſoon as he found himſelf to be pretty much as he was wont, he releaſed the Cardinal Bellue, whom, for fourteen years, he had retained a priſoner, though he had often been interceded for, as well by the Apoſtolic See as by divers others. It ended by his receiving abſolution, in a brief which was ſent to him, at his own ſolicitation, by our Holy Father, the Pope.

When this viſitation firſt came over him, thoſe who were about, taking him to be as good as dead, proceeded to remit a cruel, and, beyond meaſure, unconſcionable tax which he had lately impoſed, at the inſtigation of my lord des Cordes, his lieutenant in Picardy, for the ſupport of, and to keep on foot, ten thouſand infantry, and two thouſand, five hundred pioniers. And this levy was called, The encampment. And with them he joined fifteen hundred men at arms, moſtly veterans, and who were to fight on foot or horſe, as occaſion called for. And in addition to this, he cauſed to be prepared a vaſt number of tents, with all the neceſſary ammunition, and waggons to carry the whole. And this camp, which was, in all things, after the model of that of Burgundy, coſt him well fifteen thouſand francs the year. And when all this hoſt was aſſembled, he went to ſee it, where it was pitched, in a little valley, hard by Pont-de l'Arche, in Normandy. And the ſix thouſand Switzers, of whom I ſpoke, were with them. And but once did he ſee

this hoſt; and preſently he returned to Tours, where again the malady came on him, and with it went his voice. And for ſome two hours we took him to be dead; and he was in a gallery, lying on a paillasse, and many were about him. My lord de Bouchage and I, we recommended him to my lord, Saint-Claude. Thoſe who were with us recommended him alſo. And incontinent his ſpeech came to him, and he roſe, and walked, withal, about the houſe; but yet very feebly. And it was in the year fourteen hundred and eighty one that this ſecond attack was. And he went about the kingdom as was his wont. And he came to me, at Argenton, (where, for a month, he was laid up.) Thence he went to Tours, where he was again overtaken. From that he made his way to the ſhrine of my lord, Saint-Claude; to whom, as you have heard, he had been devoted. As he was leaving Tours, he had ſent me into Savoy, againſt the lords de la Chambre, de Miolent, and de Breſſe, while, all the time, he in reality countenanced them underhand, in as much as they had ſeized on the lord de Lins, of Dauphiny, whom he had put about the government of the duke Philip, his nephew. And after me he hurried a ſtrong body of gens-d'armes; and I led them to Maſcon, as againſt the ſaid lord de Breſſe. However, he and I were at one, in ſecret, and he took the ſaid lord de la Chambre, as he was lying in his bed at Turin, in Piedmont, where he was, and the ſaid

duke alſo. And he let me know of it. And with that I withdrew the gens-d'armes; for he carried the duke of Savoy to Grenoble, where my lord, the marſhal de Bourgoyne, the marquis of Rothelin and I, went to his encounter. The King then ſent for me to Beaujeu, in Beaujolois, where I was horrified to find him ſo gone and changed; and much I marvelled how he could get about, as he did: but it was his great heart ſupported him. At the ſaid Beaujeu, letters came to hand, appriſing him how the ducheſs of Auſtria had died of a fall from her horſe; for ſhe had been riding on a fiery little cob that had thrown her, falling on a log. Another verſion was, that this was not the immediate cauſe of her death, but that ſhe had died of a fever. However this be, ſhe was dead within a few days after the ſaid fall, to the irreparable damage of her ſubjects and alliance; for never after had they peace or ſafety. For ſhe was held in a much greater reverence, of thoſe of Gand, and the other towns, than was her huſband, in as much as ſhe was their ſovereign lady. And this fell out in the year fourteen hundred and eighty two. The ſaid lord made me liſten to all this news, being in much glee; and he farther told me, how the two children were in the hands of the Gandois, whom he knew to be ripe for any miſchief, and wavering in their allegiance to the houſe of Burgundy. And the thing, he ſeemed to think, had fallen out in a lucky moment for him; for

the duke of Auſtria was young, and his father yet living. In addition to this, he was in apprehenſion on every hand; a foreigner beſides, and but ill ſupported. For the emperor, his father, was by much too niggardly; on which account, as was natural, he was leſs conſidered.

So, there and then, the King began to ſound and tamper with the chiefeſt of the Gandois, through the intermediary of my lord des Cordes; and to bring upon the ſtage the marriage of my lord, the Dolphin, with the daughter of the ſaid duke, our preſent queen Margaret. And the ſaid lord brought this about by means of none more than an old penſionary of the ſaid town, called William Rive, a dark and crafty man, and another, one Coppinel, a clerk of the town, who was beſides a ſhoemaker by trade, and a great man among them. For theſe are the claſs of perſons muſt be turned to account, when a multitude diſaffected, or ripe and ready for revolt, is to be dealt with. The King, by this, had returned to Tours, where he ſhut himſelf up ſo cloſe that but few ever ſaw him; entering into a moſt marvellous ſuſpicion of everybody, and living in a perpetual dread of an attempt on his authority or prerogative. He put away from about him all thoſe who had been habitually attendant on him; without, however, depriving them of their offices. He ſimply ſent them to their houſes, or their poſts. However, this did not hold long; as he lived but little after. And all

ſorts of unaccountable things he did; ſo much ſo, that all who ſaw him, took him to be poſſeſſed, or out of his wits: but little did they know him. As to his being ſuſpicious; all great princes are ſo; eſpecially the more warier, and thoſe who have made for themſelves an hoſt of enemies, and incenſed many, as this one had done. And beſides, he knew well, how little he was loved of the great ones of the realm; or, indeed, for that matter, of the ſmall. For he had taxed the people more than ever prince did; and although it may have been his purpoſe to have relieved them, as I have ſaid, this ſhould have been attended to ſooner. The King, Charles the ſeventh, was the firſt who, with the connivance of certain ſtout and hardy knights that were about him, and who had ſeconded and aided him in the recovery of Normandy and of Guyenne, then held by the Engliſh; attempted and carried through this precedent; namely, the practice of levying taxes, at his pleaſure, and independently of the co-operation of the States-General. And true it is, incredible amounts were called for, as well to garriſon the recovered territories, as to break up and diſband the companies of freebooters with which they were infeſted. So to this the lords of France conſented, in return for certain penſions that he ſecured to them, in conſideration of the taxes which were to be levied on their lands. Had this King been longer ſpared, with thoſe of his counſel, who thought and acted with him, he had never halted

where he did. But as it is, ſeeing all which has ſince fallen out, and muſt yet fall out, he has ſufficiently burdened his own ſoul, and thoſe of his ſucceſſors, for in that he gave a cruel wound to the vitals of this kingdom, and which long muſt bleed. For it was he who inſtituted this terrible onus of a ſtanding army, which he affected after the manner of the Italian courts. The ſaid King Charles the ſeventh levied, at the time of his death, in one way or another, eighteen hundred thouſand francs, upon his kingdom; and retained ſome ſeventeen hundred men at arms for all gendarmerie. And theſe were only employed to the ends for which they were raiſed; namely, the defence of the various provinces. And for a long time before his death, there was no more free quarter, or wandering abroad about the country; which was a wonderful reſpite to the people. Yet at the death of the King, our maſter, he was raiſing forty-ſeven hundred thouſand francs, and had on foot ſome four or five thouſand men at arms; and of footmen, as well for the camp, as garriſon penſioners, upwards of twenty-five thouſand. So it is little to be wondered at, if he had ſundry miſgivings and qualms of conſcience; or that he could underſtand himſelf to be miſliked. But if, on the one hand, he was filled with theſe alarms; on the other, he was reaſſured in the devotion of certain whom he had brought up, and who were under obligations to

lives, had not been wanting to him. In addition to this, ſcarce a ſoul ever ſet foot within the gates of Pleſſis, (where he had ſhut himſelf up,) excepting his immediate ſervants, with the archers, of whom there were four hundred; and who, day and night, kept watch upon the gates, or paced, in companies, the walls. No lord, or other conſiderable perſonage was allowed to live in it, and but two or three, even of the greateſt, were permitted to enter at a time. No one was in the habit of going to it, but my lord of Beaujeu, now Duke of Bourbon, who was his ſon-in-law. And all around the lying of the ſaid Pleſſis, he had had planted a ſtout iron fence or rail; and inſide the walls, a ſort of *chevaux de friſe.* The ſame was alſo at all the points by which the ditches of the ſaid Pleſſis were acceſſible. Moreover, he had at the corners, four dove-cot ſort of towers made, of iron, wondrous thick, in which were loopholes pierced, whence his artillery could eaſily be diſcharged. And it was a marvellous ſight for a man to look on, and it coſt him more than twenty thouſand francs. And, to crown all, he put forty croſſbowmen, who, day and night, were in the ditches, and had orders to draw on every man who ſhould approach by night, or before the gates were opened in the morning. For he had got it into his head, that his ſubjects were getting a little unmanageable; and that if they could only ſee their way, they might be diſpoſed to attempt on his authority. And it

is unqueſtionable, that there was ſome underhand talk, on the part of certain, of ſeizing on the fortreſs, and taking matters into their own hands; alleging that everything was at a ſtandſtill. But of ſuch extremities, they ſtopped ſhort. And in this, they did wiſely; for he had amply provided for their reception. He kept inceſſantly changing his valets-de-chambre, with his other ſervants; ſaying, that nature delighted in diverſity. For all ſociety, he had about him two or three poor wretches, men of no condition, and of but equivocal reputation, and who, hence, could eaſily divine, if they had any ſenſe, that, with him would all their earthly proſpects ceaſe; and as much fell out. Nor did theſe people ever lay before him anything that was directed to him, let the import be what it might, ſaving only what went for the ſafety and preſervation of the ſtate; for, of any other matter, he now took thought no more. All he wanted, was to be left in peace, or in truce with all. To his phyſician he gave ten thouſand eſcus the month; and even as much as fifty-four thouſand in five. Of lands, he made large donations to the church; but of theſe, none were allowed to hold; beſides, they had enough and too much already.

Chapter 8.

How the King sent from Tours for one known as the Holy man of Calabria, thinking he would cure him; and of the unheard-of things which the ſaid King did, during his malady, for the retention of his power.

Among others, the more known in their time, for their ſanctity, the King ſent into Calabria for one Brother Robert. The King called him, *The man of God*, in conſideration of his holy life; and in his honour, the King, that now is, cauſed a monaſtery to be raiſed, at Pleſſis-du-parc, to replace the chapel, near Pleſſis, by the butting of the bridge. And the ſaid hermit, when but eleven years of age, had betaken himſelf to a cave, and there he had remained till his forty-third year, or thereabouts; that is, till our King ſent to him one of his ſtewards, who went, accompanied by the prince of Tarente, ſon to the King of Naples; for, without the conſent of the Pope and his natural prince, he refuſed to go. And this, in ſo ſimple a man, ſhowed much warineſs. He had built two churches in the neighbourhood of where he lived; nor had he ever once taſted, from the time he took to this ſolitary kind of life, either fiſh, or fleſh, or egg, or milk, or cheeſe, or butter; nor do I think I ever ſaw man alive who led ſo holy a life, or from whoſe lips the Holy Ghoſt did rather ſeem to

ſpeak. For he was neither a clerk nor lettered; nor had he ever learned anything. It may be, his Italian dialect helped a little to countenance the wonder. The ſaid hermit paſſed through Naples, honoured and waited on, as though he had been ſome great Legate Apoſtolic, as well by the King, as his family. And he diſcourſed with them as a man would do, well verſed in courts. Thence he took the road to Rome, where he was viſited by all the cardinals. He had three ſeveral audiences of the Pope; they two alone. And at each time he was ſeated cloſe by him, in a chair of ſtate, and for three or four hours together, (which was a wonderful honour for ſo inconſiderable a perſon,) expreſſing himſelf, the while, with ſo much propriety, that there was no one who could chooſe but wonder. And our Holy Father allowed him to found an order called, The hermits of St. Francis. From Rome he continued toward our King, who received him as if he had been the Pope himſelf; caſting himſelf on his knees before him, beſeeching him, that it might pleaſe him to have his days prolonged. His reply was ſuch as it became a conſiderate man to make. I have many a time heard him ſpeak in the preſence of our King, that now is, and of his court; and over a ſpace of two months, and it really ſeemed as though he were inſpired of God, ſuch were the things that he urged and remonſtrated; for, otherwiſe, he never could have uttered what he did. He is yet alive; and ſeeing no

man can divine what way matters may yet fall out; I will ſay no more about them. Many thought it a good joke, the coming of this hermit, called, The holy man; but they little knew the inmoſt thoughts of this ſagacious King, nor did they divine the ends he had in view.

Our King, then, was in this Pleſſis, but few being about him, ſaving only archers; racked with all theſe wretched ſuſpicions of which I have ſpoken. But he had taken his meaſures; for no man was allowed to harbour, either in the field or in the town, of whom he had any ſort of miſgiving; but he had him removed, or ordered off by his archers. None but affairs of the laſt importance, did any one venture to broach. To look on him, one had rather taken him to be dead than alive; to ſee him was ſomething almoſt beyond conception, ſuch a ſkeleton was he. For all that, he was richly dreſſed; even more ſo than he had ever been in his better days, or than was his wont. He would be clad in nothing leſs than robes of crimſon ſatin, lined with the choiceſt martin. He was ready enough with his purſe, and without any ſort of ſolicitation; for none had dared to aſk anything of him, or indeed, to open their lips to him. Of more than one, he made ſharp examples, and this, to keep himſelf feared, and leſt he might come to have his power diſputed; and as much, he told me himſelf. He diſmiſſed his houſehold, replaced them, broke gens-d'armes, docked penſions, and carried out all ſorts of changes. He confeſſed to

me, himſelf, ſome few days before his death, that his whole time was ſpent in nothing elſe than in making and in unmaking. He had himſelf more talked about, far and near, than ever king was; and this he did that the world ſhould not fancy him to be dead. For, as I have ſaid, few could ſay to themſelves, they ſaw him; but when every body could ſee and hear for himſelf, of his carryings on, it was as much as they would do, to credit him to be but ill. Abroad, he had his emiſſaries on every hand; in England, to reconcile and ſmooth down to them the marriage; and he failed not to remit regularly what was there owing, as well to the king as to private parties. To Spain, he was all tact, amity, conciliation, and preſents were laviſhed on every hand. He would have a good ſtout horſe, or mule bought, let the figure be what it might. But it was principally with an eye to his own people, and not foreigners, that all this was done. Dogs were ſent for, right and left; to Spain for a ſort of maſtiff; Brittany, for little jimpy grey-hound bitches, hounds and ſpaniels, for which any price was given. From Valentia, he had brought little velvet coated dogs, and which he paid for at a higher figure than the owners even cared to aſk. To Sicily, he would ſend for any well known mule, eſpecially if the owner was ſome public officer, and he would make him take the double of its worth. From Naples, he had horſes; and all ſorts of wild and unheard of beaſts kept coming from every quarter. From Barbary, came

a ſort of little tiny lion, no bigger than a fox; and they called them, *Adits*. To Sweden and to Denmark, he ſent after two kinds of creatures; one were elks, not unlike the ſtag, and big as the buffalo, with ſhort and thick horns. The others were called reindeers, and are ſomething of the build and colour of the fallow deer; however, with larger horns. In fact, I have ſeen them with ſo many as fifty-four branches. And for every of theſe beaſts, he gave the merchants four thouſand five hundred German florins. Yet when they came to be brought before him, it was as much as he did, if he even ſaw them; nor, for the moſt part, did he put any queſtions to their keepers or their bringers. And, in fact, he was always doing ſomething of the like, in order to continue himſelf even more feared, as well of his neighbours, as of his own ſubjects, than hitherto he had ever been. And this was his drift, and to this end were all theſe things done.

Chapter 9.

How the marriage of my lord, the Dolphin, was concluded with Margaret of Flanders, and ſhe conducted into France; at the vexation of which, King Edward, of England, died.

[This chapter, ranging a little wide of the object in view, which is ſimply to reproduce the character of Louis XI., is purpoſely omitted.]

Chapter 10.

How the King carried himſelf, as well toward his neighbours, as his ſubjects, during his malady; and of all was ſent to him, from divers quarters, for his recovery.

Thus was this Flanders match conſummated, which the King had had ſo much at heart; and the Flemings were now at his diſpoſition. With Brittany, which, from his heart, he deteſted, he was at peace; keeping them, however, in a perpetual ſtate of alarm, owing to the body of troops that he continued on their frontier. Spain was alſo at peace with him; nor did the king and queen of that country aſk any better than to continue ſo. Beſides, he kept hanging over them, as a perpetual ſource of anxiety and coſt, the affair of the county of Rouſſillon, which he held of the houſe of Arragon, and had been made over to him by King John, of Arragon, father of the King of Caſtille, who now is, as ſecurity for certain conditions which were not yet complied with. Touching the Italian powers, he wiſhed to be on terms with them. Some ſort of half treaty there was with them, and embaſſies he often had going and coming. In Germany, the Switzers were as much his ſubjects as his own people; the Kings of Scotland and of Portugal were his allies. A part of Navarre was at his bidding. His ſubjects trembled before him. What he willed, that inſtant was car-

ried out; without a word or without a murmur. There was nothing that could be thought of toward his recovery, which was not sent to him from every corner of the globe. The Pope, Sixtus, the laſt dead, hearing that the King deſired to be poſſeſſed of the corporal, or veſt, in which my lord, St. Peter had officiated, at once diſpatched it, together with other relics, and which afterwards were returned. The holy vial, which is at Rheims, and never yet had been removed of its place, was brought into his bedchamber, at Pleſsis, and was ſtanding on his cupboard at the time of his death. He was intending to have himſelf anointed with it, like as he had been at his coronation; though ſome ſay, he was to have had his whole body ſo, which is ſcarce likely, for the ſaid holy vial is very ſmall, and holds but little. I ſaw it then, and alſo when they were putting the ſaid lord into his grave, at our Lady of Clery. The Turk, the ſame that at preſent reigns, ſent him an embaſſage, which got as far as Rheims, in Provence; but the ſaid lord refuſed to accredit it, or to allow it to approach him any nearer. The ſaid ambaſſador brought with him a great quantity of relics, which had fallen, at Conſtantinople, into the hands of the ſaid Turk. All theſe he offered to the King, together with a conſiderable ſum of money, provided the ſaid lord would undertake to keep in France the brother of the ſaid Turk, who was then there, in the hands of the Knights of Rhodes;

and is now at Rome, in thoſe of the Pope. By all this is to be ſeen the greatneſs and importance of our King, and by how much he was conſidered and honoured of the world, and how everything which either religion, piety, wealth or grandeur could think of, or afford, were placed at his diſpoſition, and for the prolonging of his days. However, it was all to no avail. He had to paſs by that gate where all have paſſed before him. One grace did God vouchſafe to him. For even as he had created him more wiſe, more liberal, more virtuous, in every way, than any, the princes of his time, and who were his adverſaries, and his neighbours; ſo did he permit him alſo to outlive them and ſurpaſs them in length of days. However, this was but with ſome of them. For the duke of Burgundy, Charles; the ducheſs, his daughter; King Edward; Galeas, duke of Milan, with King John of Arragon, were all dead ſome few years before. As for the ducheſs of Auſtria, King Edward and himſelf; there was no difference between them worth ſpeaking of. In every one of them, was there of good and of evil; for they were but men and mortal. Yet, without any ſort of prepoſſeſſions, I may ſafely ſay, that all the attributes becoming the ſtate of a king and a prince were evidenced of him, in a higher degree, than of any of the others. I have ſeen them almoſt all, and know perfectly of what they were capable; ſo I ſpeak not lightly.

Chapter II.

How King Louis, on his deathbed, had his ſon, Charles, ſent for; of the ordinances and injunctions with which he charged, as well him as others.

In this year, fourteen hundred and eighty-three, the King was moved to ſend for my lord, the Dolphin, his ſon, whom now, for many years, he had not ſeen. For he was unwilling he ſhould be permitted abroad, as well on account of the great tenderneſs of his conſtitution, as out of a dread leſt he ſhould come to be laid hands on, and that, under colour of his name, trouble might be ſtirred up in the ſtate. For as much had been practiſed againſt the king, his father, in his own caſe, when a child of no more than eleven years, by certain great lords of the realm. And this war was called, *The Praguerie*. But it came to nothing, and was no more than the paſſing diſaffection of a court.

Above all things, he recommended to his ſon, my lord, the Dolphin, certain of his people, and expreſſly charged him, on no pretext whatſoever, to remove this or that officer; giving him as his reaſon, that when the King Charles the ſeventh, his father, was called to God, he had diſmiſſed all the more ſufficient and famous knights of the realm, who had ſerved and ſeconded his ſaid father, in the recovery of Normandy and Guienne, and in driving the Engliſh out of the country; and had helped him to reſtore peace and order, and

leave it rich and powerful, (as it came to him,) and for all which, his miſtake, he after paid dearly; for it brought on the war known as, *For the public weal*, (of which I have ſpoken elſewhere,) and which had gone well nigh to coſt him his crown.

And ſoon after that the King had left off to talk with my lord, the Dolphin, and the marriage had been conſummated, (as I ſaid,) the malady, (and of which he treſpaſſed,) came upon him, on a Monday, lying on him till the Saturday following, the laſt day but one of Auguſt, fourteen hundred and eighty-three. And I was about him till the laſt; for which reaſon I will ſay ſomething of it. And as ſoon as the attack was on him, he loſt his ſpeech, as had been the caſe in the preceding one. And when it came back, it was to find him more feeble than he had ever yet been; although he had already been ſo weak, that ſcarce could he carry his hand to his mouth. And now ſo ghaſtly and ſhrunken was he, that it was very piteous to us all to look on him. The ſaid lord, now giving himſelf up for dead, diſpatched incontinent for my lord de Beaujeu, his ſon-in-law, at preſent duke of Bourbon, commanding him to go to the king, (for ſo he called him,) his ſon, who was at Amboiſe, and to commend him to him, as alſo all thoſe who had ſerved him. And he put into his hands the entire charge and government of the ſaid king; enjoining him, that certain parties were not to

him weighty and ample reaſons. And if the ſaid lord de Beaujeu had only carried out his orders; or, at the leaſt, a part of them, (for there was ſomething of ſo high a nature, or ſo contradictory, it was not to be gone through with,) and if, in general, he had kept cloſer to his counſel, I think it had been better, as well for himſelf, as for the ſtate; ſeeing all that has ſince fallen out. After him he ſent to the king, the chancellor and ſeals, with all pertaining to his office. He diſpatched to him alſo a portion of the Archers of his Guard, their captains with them. And after went his kennels, his hawks, and all belonging thereto, with everything of the ſort. And all who came to him, he ſent them on to Amboiſe, to the king, for ſo he called him, entreating them to be faithful to him. And of each was some injunction carried; eſpecially by Stephen de Vers, in whoſe charge the young king had been brought up, and who had been his principal valet-de-chambre. And our King had already made him bailly of Meaux. His utterance never again left him from the time it returned, nor yet his ſenſes; nor, indeed, had he ever them so clear; for inceſſantly he kept purging, which drew from him all the vapours of the brain. Nor ever once, in all his ſufferings, did he complain, as all conditions of people do, when they find themſelves unwell. At leaſt I am one of that ſort; and I know many more who are the ſame. Beſides, it is generally held, that it is a relief to complain.

Chapter 12.

A compariſon of all the miſeries and ſufferings undergone of King Louis, with thoſe which he inflicted on many others; with a continuation of all he did, and had done to him, up to the time of his end.

And ſtill he continued to make himſelf underſtood. And this, his malady, hung on him, (as I have ſaid,) from the Monday till the Saturday, at night. And if I am about to make a compariſon of the miſeries and the tortures which he inflicted upon others, with thoſe that he himſelf was called on to endure at his death, it is not without the hope, that they may have been the means of tranſlating him direct to Paradiſe; and that God may have been pleaſed to accept them in the place of Purgatory. And if they may neither have been ſo grievous, nor ſo protracted as thoſe which he impoſed upon others; again, he was of another and more conſiderable ſtanding among men than they had been. And if we will remember, that all his days, he had never known reſtraint, but, contrary, been ſo feared that Europe ſeemed to have been created but to do him reverence, then muſt we allow, that that little, ſo contrary to the grain and temper of the man, muſt have alſo been no leſs direful to him to ſubmit to. And ſtill he pinned his faith in this good father, who was now at Pleſsis, and had been brought from

Calabria; and he was for ever ſending to him, telling him, how he well knew, that if he only would, he could eaſily prolong his days. For deſpite all the ordinances and powers he had delegated, by thoſe about him, to my lord, the Dolphin, his ſon; he never loſt heart, but ſtill had hopes to come round. And, beyond a doubt, had it ſo fallen out, he had made ſhort work with the new court that he had ſent to Amboiſe, to be about the young king. And ſeeing the infatuation with which he clung to the ſaid hermit, it was concluded by a certain eccleſiaſtic, together with others, that he was to be plainly told, how he was only deluding himſelf, and that he had nothing now to look to but God, and his mercy. And when this was to be broken to him, Maſter Jacques Coctier, his phyſician, was to be preſent; for all his hope was in him; and he gave him, every month, ten thouſand ecus, in the hope to prevail upon him to lengthen out his days. And this was ordered of Maſter Oliver, ſo that all his thoughts might now be dedicated to the diſcharge of his conſcience, and he ſhould no longer place his reliance either in the holy man, in whom he truſted, or in the ſaid Maſter Jacques, his phyſician. And even as he had, in pure caprice, and without any ſort of trial, probation, advanced the ſaid Maſter Oliver and his fellows to a dignity other than were befitting to any ſuch perſons; ſo alſo took they upon themſelves, without any

a prince, a ſentence which it but ill ſorted with any ſuch meſſengers to carry. For there was none of that becoming reverence, or conſideration ſhown that the circumſtances called for, or which would have been of thoſe who, all their lives, had been about him; yet who, out of pure waywardneſs, he had, a little before, diſmiſſed from his attendance. [1] For, even as in the caſe of two famous perſons, the duke de Nemours and the count de St. Pol, whom, in his day, he had put to death, (and of one of which verdicts, on his death-bed, he confeſſed the wickedneſs, and repented him; the other, not;) having their ſentence carried to them by a commiſſion encharged with the ſame, and which commiſſion, in two or three words, announced to them their fate; handing them over to a confeſſor, for the diſcharge of their conſciences, in that little moment which was remaining to them: ſo, likewiſe, did the aforeſaid open to our King, this fearful doom, in terms, brutal, barbarous and unfeeling. For they told him, in half a word, "Sir, we muſt do our duty by you; you need not be running after the holy man, or any other man. It is all up with you. You muſt think about your ſoul; for nothing now can ſave you." And this they all ſtuck to, and confirmed. But all he told them was, "I ſtill hope God will bring me round; peradventure, I am not ſo bad as you may ſuppoſe."

What a ſhock muſt it have been to him to hear

[1] See note T, at the end.

ſuch a meſſage, and ſo announced! for never was there man who more feared death, or more paſſionately wearied heaven and earth to avert his hour, than he. And, all his life, he had enjoined his ſervants, and me among the reſt, that if ever we ſhould come to ſee him in the article of death, on no account was he to be told of it; but we were ſimply to ſay to him, that, perhaps, it would be as well to confeſs himſelf. But never was that crúel word, *death*, to eſcape us, for he did not believe he ſhould ever ſurvive it, or have the heart to abide ſo terrible an enunciation. However, he ſubmitted to it, calmly, as did he to all his other ſufferings, to the very laſt; and even more reſignedly than any man I have ever ſeen die. To his ſon, whom he now ſtyled, King, he ſent repeated inſtructions. His confeſſion was devoutly made; and his prayers he reiterated almoſt uninterruptedly; being ſuch as the occaſion called for, or were enjoined of the ſacraments, which, of his own accord, he received. And, as I have ſaid, he ſpoke as clearly as though nothing had been upon him; thinking of nought ſave what might be for the advantage of the King, his ſon; ſignifying, how he wiſhed the lord des Cordes to be about his ſon for another ſix months, and how they were to divert him from any thoughts of attempting Calais, or any other place; alleging, that though he may have been diſpoſed, himſelf, to make ſuch experiments, and for the advantage of the king and kingdom, yet ſtill

they were hazardous; more eſpecially any attack on Calais, which would aſſuredly bring the Engliſh on him. And he deſired, above all things, that the kingdom ſhould be left in peace, for five or ſix years, which was more than he had ever allowed it to be in, in his lifetime. And to be honeſt, it wanted it ſadly. For, albeit, it was vaſt and full of reſources, ſo alſo was it poor and miſerable; and this, chiefly, through the inceſſant to and fro of gens-d'armes; wandering from one country to another. He forbade them to get into any trouble with Brittany; but told them, that duke Francis was to be left in peace, and no way provoked. And as much he enjoined toward all the neighbour ſtates; ſo that the king and kingdom might remain in quiet till ſuch time as the king were grown, and of age to act upon his own diſcretion.

And thus indiſcreetly, as you have heard, was his end announced. And this I have the rather dwelt upon, in as much as in a preceding paragraph, I had begun to draw a compariſon of all the miſeries which he had inflicted upon others, who were at his mercy, and under him, with thoſe that he underwent, himſelf, at his death; ſo that it may be ſeen, that, albeit, they were neither ſo grievous nor ſo long, (as I have ſtated in the ſaid paragraph,) yet, nevertheleſs, they were conſiderable; remembering his natural diſpoſition, which called more imperatively for compliance than did that of any man of his time. Nor had any had

more of it; ſo that ever ſo ſmall a ſlight or incompliance was a very terrible viſitation. Some five or ſix months before this death, he entered into a marvellous ſuſpicion of all ſorts of men; but, more eſpecially, ſuch as might naturally look for power. Of his very ſon he ſtood in awe; and he had him cloſely guarded, nor was any man permitted acceſs to him; either to ſee him, or to ſpeak with him, ſave with his licenſe. And at the laſt he came to be jealous of his own daughter, and his ſon-in-law, the now duke of Bourbon; and he would alſo know who and how many were with them, when they came to Pleſſis. And at length he quaſhed a board which the ſaid duke preſided over at Pleſſis, and by his own orders. And at the time his ſaid ſon-in-law and the count de Dunois returned, with the deputation which had been preſent at the nuptials of the king, his ſon, and the queen, at Amboiſe; and as they were about, with their train, to enter the ſaid chateau; the ſaid lord, who was wondrous guardful of the gates, looking from a window that gave upon the court, and ſeeing them enter, called to him a captain of his guard, and bade him go and ſlide his fingers gently over the perſons of the following of the ſaid lords, ſo as to aſcertain whether they had piſtols concealed beneath their robes; but that he was to do it warily, as though frolicking with them, ſo that they might not ſuſpect him! Now, ſee by this, if, all his life, he had made men to live in the fear and the dread of him, it was not now

returned to him in his own coin. And where was that man to place his confidence, whoſe heart miſgave him of his own ſon, ſon-in-law and daughter? And this I ſay, not of him only, but of all other lords, who rule by hate and not by love, that never, till their old age, do they meet with their recompenſe. By a juſt retribution, the man who feared them, they live to fear. And what a hell on earth was it to this king to be ſuch a prey to all theſe alarms and paſſions?

He had for his phyſician, as I have ſaid, one Maſter Jacques Coctier, to whom he gave the biſhopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other offices and lands for himſelf or his friends, over and above his ſtated ſtipend. And the ſaid phyſician comported himſelf ſo ſhamefully by him, that one would not ſo much as think of ſpeaking to his valet in the infamous and inſulting manner he did to his king. Yet in ſuch a fear of him did the ſaid lord live, that he dare not give him his diſcharge. And of this rudeneſs he bitterly complained to thoſe about him, yet he never could muſter up the courage to diſmiſs him. For, once, when he approached it, the ſaid phyſician had told him, impudently, and to his face, "I know well you will ſend me packing, one of "theſe fine days, as you have done all the reſt of "them; but (and here he confirmed it with a thun-"dering oath), if you do, you will be dead before the "week is out." The ſhock of this he never recovered; nor did he ever after give over to fawn on

him and to bribe him; which, aſſuredly, was little ſhort of Purgatory, on this ſide the grave, conſidering the obſervance in which he had been held of the higheſt and the greateſt among men.

It is not to be denied, that he had had very grievous priſons, or rather, cages, made; ſome of iron, others of wood; lined, as well within as without, with plates of metal, and faced with open bars. They were of eight feet ſquare, and of the height of a man, and rather better. The firſt who ever invented ſuch things, was the biſhop of Verdun, who was alſo the firſt to try how they fitted. For he was put into the firſt, as ſoon as ever it was finiſhed, and in it he lay fourteen years. Many is the one who has curſed them ſince, and I among the reſt; for, under the preſent king, I had a taſte of them for eight months. Beſides theſe, he had procured, from Germany, chains, very terrible and maſſive, for the feet. And to one end was a ring attached, to hold the ankle, ſomething like the locket of a necklace, and to the other, a great ball of iron; out of all conſcience, weighty. And theſe were called, *The King's little collars or bracelets*. Yet, for all that, I have ſeen many priſoners of diſtinction with theſe ſhackles on their feet, who came, later, to be advanced, and owe their all to him. And among the reſt, a ſon of my lord de la Gruture, in Flanders, who was taken in a battle, and whom the ſaid lord married, making him his chamberlain and ſeneſchal of Anjou, and giving

him one hundred lances; alſo the lord de Siennes, another priſoner of war; and the lord de Verger; to both of whom he aſſigned gens-d'armes, and each became either chamberlain to him, or to his ſon, and held other great offices. As much he did for my lord de Rochefort, brother of the conſtable, and one named Roquebertin, a Catalan, and also a priſoner of war, to whom he did many kindneſſes, as to ſundry others, whom it would be too long to name, and of divers nations. But all this is foreign to the matter in hand. So I will revert to what I have already ſaid; that, if in his time, he had been the contriver of theſe miſerable and heartleſs boxes; ſo, likewiſe, before his end, came he to find himſelf in ſimilar, albeit leſs ſtrait, as alſo to ſuffer a more mortal agony, than any he had ever cauſed to another. And this I take to have been a great grace, godſend, for him; and to have been a part of his purgatory. And I have told it all, too, to ſhow how no man, let him be who or what he will, but ſuffers, either in ſecret or notoriouſly; but more eſpecially thoſe who have made others ſo to do.

The ſaid lord, towards the cloſe of his days, cauſed, as I have ſaid, his chateau of Pleſſis to be environed with a ſtout iron fence. And the walls he had ſpiked or ſtudded with iron nails, with jagged heads, and as thick as they could ſtand. He was well aware that this fortification would never withſtand the aſſault of a regular army, or yet a ſiege; but this was not what he

dreaded. What he was in apprehenſion of, was merely this — that ſome lord or lords, either by ſtratagem, or connivance of thoſe within, might come to be maſters of the place; and that then they would take the government into their own hands, ſetting him aſide, as a man now out of his wits, and no longer fit to be in authority. The gate of Pleſſis was never opened till eight of the clock; nor was the drawbridge lowered till that hour; at which time the officers entered, and the captains placed the ordinary ſentinels. After this, the Archer guard was poſted, as well at the gate as about the court, as it might be in the ſtricteſt frontier town. And no one entered but by the wicket, nor then, ſave to the knowledge of the ſaid lord; excepting, always, the maiſtres-d'hôtel and perſons of that condition, whoſe buſineſs could not be with him. Now, would it be even poſſible to retain a king, to keep him more rigorouſly, religiouſly, or in a cloſer priſon, than this king kept himſelf? The cages in which he had confined the others, it is true, were but of eight feet ſquare: yet had he, ſo great a prince, but a little court yard in which to turn himſelf; and even into that he ventured but ſeldom; reſtricting himſelf to a gallery, ſcarce leaving it but for this room or that. And he could get to his chapel without croſſing the ſaid court. After this, will any one venture to ſay, that this king did not ſuffer as much as the reſt? he, who thus buried himſelf alive; had himſelf guarded; who was in

a conſtant apprehenſion of his own children, ând of his neareſt blood; who chopped and changed, daily, the ſervants whom, from children, he had ſeen around him, all whoſe honour, health and ſubſtance was of him; who, in no living ſoul could put his confidence, but that he muſt ſhut himſelf up with all theſe hideous bolts and bars and gates? And if the priſon was more conſiderable than the ordinary run of priſons, ſo was the priſoner more conſiderable than the ordinary run of priſoners. It may be ſaid, there have been ſpirits more ſuſpicious than his own. If ſo, they were not of his time; and, peradventure, were they neither ſo ſagacious as he, nor had they ſuch ſubſervient ſubjects. And, mayhap, they have been cruel and tyrants, but this man was cruel to none but to thoſe who had firſt provoked him. I have not thus dwelt on what is ſaid above, in order merely to ſhow the natural jealouſy of our King, but to ſignify, that the reſignation with which he bowed to all his trials, ſo like to thoſe that he inflicted upon others, was, in my opinion, ſo much puniſhment which our Lord would commute to him in the world to come. I ſpeak as well of all thoſe indignities to which, in his extremity, he was ſubjected, as of all thoſe ſickneſſes, ſore and terrible to him, and that he trembled at the very thoughts of, or ever they were on him. And all this I enlarge on, that all thoſe who come after him, may have ſome little more bowels toward their ſubjects than he had, and be ſome little

leſs ready to puniſh than he was. However, I do not wiſh to deal too hardly with him, nor can I ſay, I have ever ſeen a better prince. And if he oppreſſed his people, this is alſo to be ſaid, no other was ſuffered to do it; ſtranger, or of his own country.

And now, after all his agonies, his ſufferings, his ſuſpicions, it pleaſed our Lord to work a miracle on him; for he reſtored him, as well in body as in mind; as is ever his way, in effecting his miracles. For he removed him out of this miſerable world, in a wonderful relapſe, no leſs of health than of underſtanding; his memory clear and vigorous to the laſt. All the ſacraments were received; nor could we perceive him to be in any kind of ſuffering. And he was inceſſantly repeating to himſelf his *Pater noſter*, and his laſt words were about his ſepulture. And thoſe who were to follow his corpſe were named. And he told to thoſe who were about him, how he yet hoped to be ſpared to a ſaturday; a grace he had entreated our Lady to procure him, in whoſe interpoſition was all his hope and ſiance. And even as he had prayed, ſo it fell; for he treſpaſſed on a ſaturday, the laſt day but one of Auguſt; in the year of our Lord fourteen hundred and eighty three; at eight of the clock, in his chateau of Pleſſis; where the ſaid malady had firſt come on him, the Monday preceding. And may our Saviour have mercy on his ſoul; and have it received into his kingdom of Paradiſe!

Chapter 13.

A diverſion on all the miſeries of the ſtate of man; more eſpecially of princes; as ſhown in thoſe who lived in the times of the author; and firſtly of King Louis.

Little need the poor and the miſerable of this world build their hopes, or put their faith in the profit thereof, when ſo great a king as this, after having ſo much ſuffered in it, ſo much laboured, was compelled, at laſt, to abandon all; unable, by an hour, to prolong his days, though heaven and earth were wearied thereto. I have known him, and I was with him, for I was his ſervant, in his beſt days; and I have beheld him at the height of his proſperity, yet never did I know him vacant to ſorrow and to care. Above all diverſions, he loved that of the chaſe; hawking alſo in its ſeaſon; yet he never took the ſame delight in birds he did in hunting. With women, he never meddled; at leaſt, ſo long as I was about him. For it was toward the time I firſt came to him, that he had loſt a ſon, which had wonderfully arreſted him; ſo much ſo, that, there and then, he made a vow to heaven, in my preſence, that, ſaving the queen, his wife, he never again would touch any woman. And although this is no more than is enjoined on us all, of Holy Church, it was certainly a wonderful inſtance of ſelfdenial on the part of one who had ſo many at his diſpoſition, thus religiouſly to

abide by his oath: the more ſo, as the queen, however reſpectable a lady, was not altogether the one in whom a man would naturally look to find the moſt delight.

And of all this hunting came well nigh as much vexation as delight. For his whole ſoul was in it; ſo much ſo, that he would force the ſtags, as one poſſeſſed. He would riſe before the day, go any diſtance, nor would he leave off for any ſort of weather. So, as often as not, by the time he got back, he was dead beat, and waſpiſh, and out of humour with everything and everybody. For this is not the kind of ſport that will always accommodate itſelf to the fantaſy of thoſe who are given to it. However, he was more an adept in it than any prince of his time; and this, by the allowance of all. And at this work he would always be, lodging about in the villages, till ſuch time as there came word of war; for, ſcarce a ſummer would go over, but ſome account or other had to be ſettled between himſelf and duke Charles of Burgundy. And in the winter there would be truces. He was alſo often in trouble about the county of Rouſſillon, with John, the King of Arragon, father to Peter of Caſtille, at preſent King of Spain. And the one and the other of them were poor, and already in difficulties with their ſubjects in Barcelona and elſewhere. And though the ſon had nothing, or yet anything to look forward to, farther than the ſucceſſion of the King, don Frederic of Caſtille, his wife's brother, (and which ſince came

to him,) yet they managed to give the king a great deal of annoyance; for, at heart, they were attached to their own country and laws. And all this coſt our king and kingdom dear; for then there fell or was taken, many a brave man; and no end of money was ſpent, for the war laſted long. So that the time which he allowed himſelf for amuſement, was but a very ſlender portion of the year; and he was always in ſome travail or other, as I have ſaid. And even when his body was at reſt, his ſpirits were at work; for he had occupation on every hand. And he was invariably interfering in the affairs of his neighbours, or in thoſe of his own ſubjects. He had ſpies in their courts and camps; and ſowed diviſion on every hand. When he was at war, nothing was prayed for but peace or truce; when at peace, or during truce, it was as much as ever he could do to ſupport them. With all ſorts of little peddling things, he mixed himſelf up, and which it had been more prudent and dignified for him to have left alone. But ſuch was the man's nature, and thus was it. With all this, he had a memory ſo prodigious, that nothing eſcaped it; and he knew everybody, as well within his own kingdom, as abroad.

In very truth, he ſeemed rather to have been born to regiment a globe, a world, than a ſimple empire.

Of his extreme youth, I ſpeak not; for I was not about him. As ſoon as he was grown, he was married to a daughter of Scotland, and againſt his inclination;

nor took he any delight in her, ſo long as ſhe lived. After her death, to be out of the way of the factions and troubles of the King, his father's court, he withdrew to Dauphiny, (which was his own,) and where he was reſorted to of many conſiderable perſons; in fact, more than he had the means to retain. And now being in Dauphiny, he married a daughter of the duke of Savoy, which he had no ſooner done than he fell out with his father-in-law; and terrible wars they had between them. The King Charles, his father, coming to ſee him with ſo menacing a following, and ſo large a body of gens-d'armes to be at his diſpoſition, determined to put himſelf at the head of a large army, and to drive him out of the kingdom. To this end, he got under way; and at length, after an infinity of trouble, he ſucceeded in detaching a good many of his adherents, having enjoined them, in their character of ſubjects, and under the accuſtomed penalties, to leave his ſon and come over to him. And if they ſubmitted, it was to the intenſe indignation of the King, our maſter; who, though ſtill in a condition to hold his own, well conſidering the aroufed choler of the King, his father, thought better to withdraw before him, and leave him maſter of the country. Thence he went, and ſome few with him, to the court of the duke of Burgundy; who received him in a manner becoming his rank, diſparting of his means to him and to his principal attendants, as the count de Comminges, the lord de

Montaubon and others, in the form of penſion, and at a rate of ſo much by the year. In addition to this, during all the time of their ſtay, he was in the habit of making occaſional gratuities to his ſervants. Yet, ſuch was the charge to which he was put for the ſupport of ſo large a body of retainers, that he was often in want of money, which was an unfailing ſource of anxiety and vexation; ſo much ſo, that he was compelled either to borrow it, or to beg it, which was a ſore humiliation to a prince who, all his life, had rather been uſed to lend and to give. Nor was it all ſmooth ſailing in this court of Bourgogne; for he was under the neceſſity of conciliating and cringing to the duke and his principal governors, or elſe they would have grumbled by reaſon of his too long ſtay; for he was among them ſix years; and all this while, the King, his father, kept plying them with embaſſies, urging that he ſhould either be expelled, or given up to him. And from all this you may eaſily think, that he did not exactly eat the bread of idleneſs, or that he was exempted from his trials and ſolicitudes. When then was the time in which he can be ſaid to have taſted of either pleaſure or repoſe? all theſe things well conſidered. I do verily believe, from the day of his birth till the day of his death, never did he know but of travail and of care. And I think, were all the days ſummed up in which he proved more of diſtraction and of joy than of labour and of ſorrow, they would be found to make a very little figure.

Methinks there would be told one day of pleaſure and of eaſe of heart, for twenty of bitterneſs and of deſpair.

He lived about ſixty-one years. Curiouſly, he had got it into his head, that he was not to paſs his ſixtieth year; alleging, that now, for very many generations, no king of France had: ſome ſay, ſince the time of Charlemagne. However, the King, our maſter, was well on in his ſixty-firſt year.

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Concluſion of the Author.

Thus have we ſeen the ends of all theſe great men, and in this little time; and who had, one and all, all their days, been toiling and ſtriving after power and glory; with all the travails, ſorrows, cares they underwent: how, their days they ſhortened; and how, peradventure, their ſouls they jeopardized. And here, I ſpeak not of the Turk; his account, I take to be ſettled by this, and that he is now lodged where all his predeceſſors have gone before him. Of our King, I am not without the hope, (as I have already ſaid,) that our Lord has had mercy on him: as much will he have on the others, if good it ſeemeth to him. But, to ſpeak more humanly, (as a man who, though he may have but little learning, has yet had ſome little

converſance with this world, and the ways thereof), had it not been wiſer in them, and would it not be wiſer in all princes; nor only in them, but in thoſe of the middling ſort, who are their ſubjects, to follow a more medium courſe, in all theſe matters? that is to ſay, to be leſs careful, leſs painful, more moderate in their deſires, to have fewer things in hand; to hold their God in a greater reverence; to be leſs intolerant toward their neighbours, leſs oppreſſive toward their people; leſs the tyrants which I have, in my book, ſhown them to be; and inſtead, more to take their pleaſure and their eaſe? For, by this would their lives be more long; old age, death and infirmity would later come upon them; and when death did come, it would leave them more unfeignedly, and more generally regretted; whilſt fewer would be gaping or longing for it; and leſs, too, would they apprehend that death.

Could one poſſibly find more telling inſtances whereby to be convinced, how poor a thing is man; what a very nothing, and how miſerable is his life; and that there is no help for it, for the great, or for the ſmall, but that, incontinent they be dead, they muſt be held in the loathing and the horror of the living? Nor, is this all. For needs muſt the ſoul, when it doth doff its mortal cerement, attend, and before the Almighty, his judgment ſeat. And this is a truth; that, no ſooner hath the ſoul the body left, than, in that inſtant, is the

ſentence given, and according to the deeds, which of it were done in the fleſh. And this judgment is called, *The judgment ſingular.*

PHILIPE DE COMMINES.

A PLEASANT TALE OF LOUIS XI.

AMONG ſundry other pretty little tricks, artifices, contrivances, gallantries, perpetrated by this good King, in his day, was this, that, in a civil way, he managed to get ſhut of his brother, the duke de Guyenne, and at a time, too, when the poor gentleman looked for nothing leſs than ſuch a mark of his attachment, ſeeing the many, leſs conſiderable, which, every day, were heaped upon him. In fact, ſo happily did the King play his part, (for the deceaſe, he moſt paſſionately deplored,) that no one would ever have ſuſpected anything about the matter, had it not been for a fool that had belonged to his ſaid brother, but whom, after his death, he took into his ſervice. As the ſtory is a pleaſant one, I will give it.

One day, at Clery, being on his knees, at his precious prayers and devotions, before the great altar and our Lady, whom he called, *His guardian angel*; no one near him, excepting this fool, and of whom he made no account, taking him to be too big, as

to make head or tail out of what might come from him, he begins, *Ha, my good Lady, my little love, my priceleſs friend, in whom has ever been my conſolation and my joy; you muſt pray to God for me, and be my interceſſor with him, and get him to forgive me the death of my brother, whom I had poiſoned by that raſcally abbot of St. John.* (Obſerve, although the fellow had done no more than he ordered him, how he calls him, *raſcally;* and, in truth, it is no more than he, and all the like of him, deſerve to be called.) *It is to you that I confeſs myſelf, as to my good patroneſs and miſtreſs. And, after all, what elſe could I have done? He would perſiſt in troubling the kingdom. Get me pardoned, then, dear Lady, and I know of ſomething nice that I have for you.* I ſuppoſe by this he muſt have meant ſome offering or other; for, every year, it was his cuſtom to make great and coſtly preſents to the Church. But, as it turned out, the fool had neither been ſo far off, nor ſo bereft of his ears or his wits, but he had managed to ſuck in this moſt rich piece of confidence, and not only that, but to carry it about with him till dinner time, when, ſeeing the King at table, he gave him the benefit of a ſecond edition, aloud, and before all the company; telling him, over and over again, to his face, that he had made away with his brother. Who was amazed, if it was not the King? (One cannot be too much on their guard with theſe fools; for, ſometimes, they are a match for the ſhrewdeſt. They out

with everything they ſee or hear, or, by that ſtrange, unaccountable ſort of inſtinct, or divination they manage to come by.) After this, this fool was but little ſeen about; for he ſent him packing by the ſelfsame road his brother went, and which ſo many had gone before; and this for fear, leſt, by ſticking to his ſtory, the ſcandal might come to ſtick to himſelf.

I remember, now more than fifty years ago, when a lad, at College, in Paris, having heard this ſtory from an old canon, who was well on to eighty years of age. And this ſtory has been handed down to this day, from canon to canon, and been confirmed to me by others ſince. In the *Annals of Bouchet* may be ſeen the wickedneſs, with the miſerable end and the remorſes of this wretched abbot.

BRANTÔME.

SELECTIONS FROM MONTAIGNE.

That to philoſophize, is to learn to die.

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THE end of all our ways is death [1]; the goal to be for ever in our ſight. Let it affright us, and how is another ſtep to be taken but in trembling and in fear! True; there is the remedy of the vulgar ſort; not ſo much as to think on it. But from what a very blockiſhneſs muſt this miſerable impaſſibility proceed: needs muſt they bridle the aſs by the ſtern.

It is no great wonder [2] ſo many are let into the trap. Let but ſlip, as of unawares, the name of death among them, and ſtraight are they in a ſweat, and nigh to a man will they croſs themſelves, as though it had been the devil himſelf. And in as much as he, death, muſt get into their teſtaments; catch a man of them ſetting his fiſt to one, till his phyſician ſhall have given him his quietus! And then, what between

[1] See note U, at the end.
[2] See note V, at the end.

the agony of his mind and the agony of his body, God knows what a pretty kettle of fiſh he makes of it. And in as much as death was a word, which, roundly averred, grated ſomewhat too harſhly upon the Roman ear, as though carrying with it a certain unhappy augury, that people had fallen upon a periphraſtic manner of imparting its equivalent, when occaſion neceſſitated an alluſion to the ſame. For, inſtead of flatly telling you, *that So and ſo was dead*, they would ſay, *Were he now alive, he would be here, or doing this, or that;* preferring, rather, to touch upon life though paſt, than death though preſent. It is from them that has come down to us the expreſſion, *The late Mr. So and ſo.*

The old ſaw is to the point; "A long loan is as "good as a gift." I was born between eleven and twelve of the clock, on the laſt day of February, fifteen hundred and thirty three; reckoning by our preſent computation; the year beginning with the firſt of January. So it is preciſely a fortnight ſince I completed my thirty ninth year: clearly I have a right to as many again. Would it not be very folly in me to begin, thus early in the day, to buſy and to flurry myſelf about matters ſo palpably removed? But ho, friend; whither away: young and old are hurried from the ſcene alike; and where the man but makes his exit, as though that inſtant he were entering upon the ſtage? Of what avail to preach, to moralize, ſo long as the pattern of Methuſaleh is before us, never

a ſoul of us, nay, though one foot be already in the grave, but will take himſelf to have twenty years of marrow in his bones. Beſides, poor fool that thou art, who hath foretold to thee the number of thy days? Is it upon the pleaſant cozenage of a phyſician that thy hopes are built? Better look about thee; upon things as they are, as experience ſhoweth them to be. According to the ordinary run of life, you have to be thankful that you are yet among the living. You have already outlived the accuſtomed limits. And that it is ſo, you have but to reckon up, of all whom you have known, how many more are they, in compariſon, who have been called away, ere they have arrived unto your years, than after. And even of thoſe who have achieved unto themſelves renown with poſterity; count them up, and I will pledge myſelf to ſhow you a rounder total who have departed before, than after, their thirty fifth year. It is conſonant to reaſon, as to piety, that we ſhould accept, as the meaſure of our humanity, the precedent of our Lord and Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt; thirty years. No more was reached of Alexander the great; the greateſt man, being merely man, who ever lived.

By how many avenues will death ſurpriſe us! Fevers, agues, maladies, with all their train, e'en docked from the account. Who would have ever thought to have ſeen a duke of Britainy ſtifled to death, as one of them was, in a crowd, at the entry of

Pope Clement, my countryman, into Lyons? 'Have we not ſeen one of our kings to be killed, really, in the frolic and the ſemblance of a fight? and of his progenitors, another to periſh, miſerably, of the joſtling of an hog? Of what avail was it to Æſchylus, a crumbling roof about his ears, to ſeek his ſhelter neath the cope of heaven? lo, an eagle cracks a tortoiſe on his pate! Died there not another of the choking of the kernel of a grape? an emperor, as he was combing himſelf, of the tooth of a rack: Æmylius Lepidus to have tripped on the ſill of a door; Aufidius of the ſlamming of another, as he was entering to his hall of counſell? In the arms of a woman, gave they not up the ghoſt, Cornelius Gallus, prætor; Tigillinus, captain of the watch, at Rome; Ludovic, the ſon of Guy de Gonſagne, of Mantua the marquis; and, more terrible yet to be told, Speuſippus, the Platonician, with one of our own popes? See poor Bebius, in his hall of judgment, remitting to a week the ſentence of a cauſe, or ever the week were gone, hurried away himſelf to his account: Caius Julius, the phyſician, as he would open the eyes of another; behold, his own for ever cloſed in death! And if I might mingle with all this, inſtances which have come under mine own knowledge, I could tell of an own brother, the captain St. Martin, who, though but three and twenty, had already given ample earneſt of his coming prime. For he, playing at tennis, and having received a blow from

the ball, at the back of the ear, and to all appearance, a very nothing, abated no jot his ſport; yet in five or ſix hours, he was a dead man; and of an apoplexy, cauſed by that very blow. With ſuch examples and warnings as theſe before our eyes; of ſuch daily and hourly recurrence, how were it even poſſible to drive away the thoughts of death from our minds; or that at every turn, we ſhould not look to find ourſelves face to face with him? But what matters all this, you will ſay, ſo long as we do not trouble our heads about it? Your philoſophy is alſo mine; and in what manner ſoever I could ſee a chance of preſerving myſelf from ſuch aſſaults, though it were under the hide of a calf, I am not the man to be above it. All I want, and pray for, is, to be enabled to paſs my days in eaſe: the beſt entertainment I can procure to myſelf, I take, how little pretentious, or exemplary ſoever it may appear in the eyes of the world.

But it is madneſs to ſuppoſe ſuch a game is to be carried on for ever. They go, they come, they trot, they dance, but never a word of death. All this is very fine, ſo long as it laſts. But when death does come, as come it will; or in an hour they look not for, to them, their wives, their friends, their children; what ſighs, what moans, what tears, what lamentations, do we not ſee? Can any one thing be pictured, more broken, confounded, diſtracted, or amazed! Theſe matters muſt be ſooner looked to: forewarned is forearmed.

And as for that beaſtly inſenſibility of the comſnoner ſort, even ſuppoſing, by any poſſibility, it might once come to be harboured of any reflecting breaſt, (and which, I am confident, it never could), on ſuch conditions, one had better, far, be without it. If he were an adverſary from whom our heels would carry us, I would have every man of us to take to them. But ſeeing that all ſuch thoughts are vain; that he will collar you as well in the retreat, as in the field; and in as much as there is no armour proof to his aſſault, let us learn, betimes, to abide his ſhock, firm and undaunted. And firſt and foremoſt, to deſpoil him of that great advantage wherein he lordeth it over us, let us take a clean contrary method to that of the common. Let us take away from him all his ſtrangeneſs; let us touch him, and let us handle him; let him be of our familiars. Let nothing be ſo ever preſent to us as the thoughts of death; under every aſpect, and under every form. At the ſtumbling of an horſe, the falling of a tile, but the pricking of a pin; let us ſuddenly retire into, bethink ourſelves, What, and if this were death! and withal ſteel and nerve ourſelves to the encounter. In our cups and in our feaſts, let it be the ever burden of our thoughts — the utter fragility of all things mortal. Never muſt pleaſure ſo far be allowed to uſurp the maſtery over us, but that, ever and anon, we may be recalled to the wholeſome memory of in how many ways, our very ſports may become, themſelves, the ſport of

death; and of all the many doors by which he may ſurpriſe us. And ſo did the Egyptians; for in the height of their mirth, and in the midſt of their riot, they would bid to their board, the convive of a dead man's bones, that, by the beholding of him, they might be remembered of their mortality.

Seeing, then, it is uncertain where or when death is to find us, let us e'en be beforehand with him; attend him at every moment and in every place. To premeditate of death is to premeditate of liberty. He who hath learnt to die hath unlearnt to be a ſlave. There is no evil, in this life, to him who hath well digeſted this; that the deprivation of life is not, in itſelf, a loſs. To know how to die, at once emancipates us from every thraldom and from all conſtraint. Paulus Æmilius when that wretched king of Macedon, his priſoner, had ſent to him, entreating him to be ſpared the indignity of being carried, a ſpectacle, at his triumph; for all reply ſent him, *Let him make his prayer to himſelf.*

Truly, in whatever direction it may be, if nature does not lend an helping hand, it is but little head either art or induſtry will make. Conſtitutionally, I am not melancholy, but rather dreamy; nor is there any thing with which, from a child, I have been more poſſeſſed, than the imagination of death. It was the ſame in the heat and licentiouſneſs of my prime. In the company of ladies, at cards, or at dice, when ſuch an one had

ſworn, to look at me, that ſomething wrong was being ſtomached; that I was jealous of this or that young ſpark, or that I were praying for a double ſix, an ace; God, he knows, I was turning with myſelf, how, but the other day, So and ſo had found himſelf at a feaſt, as I was, all hale and hearty, and how, from it, he had retired, his belly full of victuals, and his head of love; to ſicken and to die. And ſtill, as I thought, methought, What, and if it had been I!

"Jam fuerit, neque poſt unquam revocare licebit."

"Let a man once be gone, and no power again can recall him."

This is not the thought to wrinkle my brow, any more than another. It cannot but be, coming firſt to entertain ourſelves with ſuch reflections, that they will torment us and diſtract us. But by perſiſting to paſs and to repaſs them before our eyes, we arrive, in the long run, to be reconciled to them. Were it not ſo, I, for one, ſhould be living in a perpetual ſtate of frenzy and affright; for never was there man who counted ſo little upon to-morrow, or promiſed himſelf leſs, from the duration of life than myſelf. And neither does that ſurpriſing health, which, almoſt uninterruptedly, till this day I have enjoyed, any more wheedle me into the hope of length of days, than doth diſeaſe into the deſpair. Not a tick of the clock, but methinks I am off; and as my *pater*, I am for ever muttering to myſelf,

"That which may be done another day; better this." And truly, the chances are a very nothing, that hazard and expoſure will anticipate or divert our end. And if we will but ponder with ourſelves, how many thouſand caſualties, independently of that one which moſt we fear, are for ever hanging over our heads, we ſhall find that, ſick or heal, on ſea or on land, in the fray or in the tent, death is everywhere, and equally at hand. *Nemo altero fragilior eſt: nemo in craſtinum ſui certior.* (No one man is more frail than another; nor is any more certain of to-morrow.) To delay, but for an hour, to do the thing that muſt be done, or ever I am off, to me is long. It was but the other day that ſome one, raking in my pocket book, happened to ſtumble on a memorandum of ſomething which I wiſhed to be attended to, in the event of my deceaſe. And I told him, and it was no more than the truth, that though, when it occurred to me, I was but at a league from my own door, in health and life, I had, nevertheleſs, jotted it down, there and then, as I had no reaſonable aſſurance that I was ever to live to reach it. By force of continually brooding over and foſtering ſuch thoughts, they have become, with me, a ſecond nature. I am, alike, at every moment, prepared for what I may be called upon to become; nor will there be anything of which it will be in the power of death, come he when he will, to remind me. We muſt ever be booted and ready, ſo far as may be, at a moment's notice, to turn out. We muſt

have ſhaken hands with the world, cloſed our every account but with ourſelves. At home we ſhall have enough to look to, without wandering, in ſuch an hour, abroad. It is not ſo much the having to die which troubles ſuch an one, as to find himſelf cut off, the ſhouts of triumph in his ear; or this other, as that he muſt decamp, ere he can have diſpoſed of his daughter, named tutors to his children, executors to his eſtate. One is wild to leave a wife, another a ſon, as elements even vital to the very eſſence of their being. For myſelf, I thank my God, I am prepared, at this moment, or when it ſeemeth good to him, to depart, without a pang, and without a thought. I have detached myſelf from every human tie; I have taken leave of all, ſave only of myſelf. Never did any man more amply or deliberately prepare himſelf to leave the world than I; or lay himſelf out to take a more adviſed farewell of it, than I am propoſing to do.

[1] Moſt dead is beſt dead.

"Miſer, ô miſer, (aiunt) omnia ademit
Una dies infeſta mihi tot præmia vitæ."

("O wretched, wretched man, that I am," will they cry, "one ſingle hour is to rob me of all this wealth, and felicity of life.")

And he who builds,

"Manent (ſays he) opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes."

("See, my gardens, halls, my walls; all muſt I leave unfiniſhed.")

[1] See Note W, at the end.

Nothing muſt too paſſionately be taken in hand, of which we may not reaſonably hope to ſee the fulfilment; or if it be, it muſt be taken with the proviſo, not too much to reckon, to look upon the end. But as life is made for action, I would have every man to be buſy; ſo long as he can, to ſpin out the offices of life. For my part, when death comes for me, I would like him to find me watering my cabbages, and rather put about to have to leave my beds unweeded than at being compelled to attend to his ſummons. I remember to have ſeen one, on his laſt legs, bewailing himſelf, what a hard thing it was that he muſt go, leaving a then hiſtory, which he had in hand, no lower carried than to the fifteenth or ſixteenth of our kings.

"Illud in his rebus non addunt, nec tibi earum
Jam deſiderium rerum ſuper inſidet una."

("But they quite forget to add, that with death dies likewiſe the regret of all theſe things.")

We muſt diveſt ourſelves of all theſe miſerable and baneful hankerings. And even as our cemeteries are planted nigh neighbour to the temples, the highways and the halls, in order, ſays Lycurgus, that the common ſort, the women and the children, by the perpetual apprehenſion of the ſame, might the leſs diſtractedly be brought to look upon their end; that, by this continual beholding of theſe wretched charnel-houſes of our humanity, theſe endleſs files of hearſes, of corpſes, of

mourners and of mutes, we should be for ever recollected of our mortality; and like as the Egyptians, in the height of their abandon, would bid to their halls, and as their gueſt, the dead man, anatomic, who, from his chapleſs lips was to tell them, *to eat, to drink, and to be merry; for that, dead, even as he was, would they be*, ſo, no leſs, have I taught myſelf to have not only the imagination of death for ever preſent to my mind, but his name continually in my mouth. There is nothing of which I more willingly inform myſelf, than of the deaths of men; their dying words; with what countenance, what face they have confronted it; nor is there any one page, in hiſtory, to which I more greedily turn. From my propenſity to ſtuff in, and expatiate on ſuch like matters, it may be ſeen how paſſionately my heart is ſet on them. ' Were I any hand at bookmaking, I would have a ſort of regiſter compiled, notes and commentaries to boot, of all the different poſſibilities of death. He who would teach mankind to die, would teach them, as well, to live. Dichearchus made one with ſome ſuch title, but with other and leſs eminent ends in view.

To all this, it will be oppoſed, that the reality is ſo different a thing from the experience, that, let us have our leſſon ever ſo well by heart, when we come to have to repeat it, it is odds but the half will have eſcaped us. Let them ſay what they like; to have familiarized our-

ſelves with him is half the battle. And what; is it nothing to have gotten thus far upon our journey, without a thought and without a fear? And beſides all this, nature herſelf is ever on our ſide, leading us gently by the hand. For, ſuppoſing our death be ſhort and violent, then have we not ſo much as time to be aghaſted, languiſhing, and I clearly perceive, that, in proportion as I become more and more involved, leſs and leſs account I make of life. I find it a much harder job to digeſt the thoughts of death, in my ſaddle than in my bed. And preciſely as I do let, one by one, the commodities of life eſcape me; verily, becauſe they are no longer commodities to me, do I find myſelf more and more reconciled to the inevitable change. All this encourages me to hope, that the farther I recede from the one, and the nearer I approach to the other, the leſs reluctantly ſhall I come, at laſt, to croſs the barrier, and to change ſides.

As I have found, in many another matter, the force of that ſaying of Cæſar's, *that things, for the moſt part, appear to us more formidable at a diſtance than at hand*; ſo have I in this; that in health, ſickneſs has invariably ſeemed to me a much more terrible affair than when I came to be ſtruck down by it. The jollineſs in which I find myſelf, the content, the eaſe, the happineſs; all, together, conſpire to make their oppoſites appear ſo diſmal, that in imagination they are already doubled, and, in my mind, I become perſuaded

that they are much more unendurable than they ever prove, when really upon me. In the article of death, I hope to experience as much.

Let us now ſee, by thoſe ordinary gradations and declenſions to which we are ſubjected, how nature imperceptibly beguiles us from the ſenſe of our diminution and decay. How much, to the old man, remains, of the ſtrength and vigour of his prime? Cæſar, to an old ſoldier, broken and decrepid, who came to him with the requeſt to be allowed to make away with himſelf, pleaſantly looking on him, replied, *Friend, art thou ſure thou art alive?* To be ſtricken down, on a ſudden; I do not think that we are, by nature, conſtituted to bear any ſuch blow. But in gently leading us by the hand; as it were on an imperceptible decline, by ſlow degrees, I find that nature invariably bowls us into this wretched predicament, and ſo happily accommodates us to it, that, at no one moment, is there any perceptible ſhock to tell us, that there and then our youth was departed. For the loſs of youth is, beyond a doubt, a more lamentable death, as well in eſſence as in verity, than is that of a languiſhing, protracted life, or of old age; inaſmuch as the tranſition is not ſo regretable from ill-being to nil-being, as it is from a ſtate of jollity and hope to one of ſuffering and of deſpair.

Even as a body waſted and infirm is unequal to its charge, ſo is it with the ſoul. We muſt fortify and arm her againſt the aſſaults of ſuch an adverſary. For

as it is impoſſible for the citadel to be, at the ſame time, in repoſe and in alarm; let her once have arrived to this maſtery, and ſhe may vaunt, (and what were in itſelf almoſt ſurpaſſing human compaſs,) that it were no longer in the power of either hope, fear, torment or anxiety, to find any ſort of acceſs unto her. She is now ruler, triumphant in her breaſt; miſtreſs of her every paſſion, every luſt; can face, alike undauntedly, temptation, penury, reproach, affront, with all the ills and wrongs of fortune and of fate. Let him, who can, get to himſelf this privilege. This is the only true and ſovereign liberty. This alone it is which can enable us to make a mock at injuries, indignities, of powers; to laugh at the priſons; the ſhackles and the bars!

Nor has our holy religion had any more grounded aſſurance, humanly ſpeaking, than the contempt of life. Farther, the very rudiments of reaſon might have taught us as much. For why ſhould we fear the loſs of that which, once gone, it is no longer in our power to miſs? And ſeeing, again, in what an infinity of ways we are menaced of death, is it not a greater penance, to be for ever living in the apprehenſion of an hundred, than boldly once to go through with one? What can it matter when that overtakes us, which, ſooner or later, inevitably muſt? Socrates, to one who told him, that the thirty tyrants had condemned him to death, had merely to rejoin, *and nature them*. What madneſs to be ſhivering and ſhuddering on

the brink of a releaſe which muſt for ever waft us from our every woe? And even as our birth was to us the birth of all which is beneath the ſun; ſo, of all things, our death will be the death. So that it were about as ſenſeleſs to be bewailing ourſelves, that we ſhall not be alive one hundred years hence, as it would be, that we had not been ſo, an hundred gone. Death is but the birth of another life. Even ſo did we weep, and with like apprehenſion were we torn from the womb; ſo did we caſt off our former man, as we burſted into this. What can be but once, can be nothing terrible. Is it common ſenſe, to fear ſo long, a ſpurt ſo ſhort? Of long time and of ſhort time, death is the equalizer. Neither long nor ſhort are the properties of that which is no more. Hear Ariſtotle, and he will tell you, that by the waters of the Hypanis do there floât of little beaſts, the whole duration of whoſe days is but a day. And he among them that dieth with the cock, is hurried away, e'en in the vigour of his youth, whilſt he who tarrieth to the evening dew, 'tis but to be reſerved to a miſerable old age, and to decrepitude. Who is he who would not laugh, to ſplit himſelf, to ſee theſe midges of an hour diſcourſing of the rights, the wrongs; felicities and infelicities of life? No leſs with ourſelves; the longer or the ſhorter, as compared, not to ſay with everlaſtingneſs, but with the lifetime of mountains, rivers, trees, the firmament, nay, more than one animal, is but a very nothing.

[1] But nature, herſelf, is for ever harping as much in our ears. "It is your buſineſs," ſays ſhe, "even as "you came, to go. The ſame road you followed, from "death to life, fearleſs and paſſionleſs; by the ſame "return from life to death. Your death is a link in "the chain of the order of the univerſe: a member "of the life of all things."

"Inter ſe mortales mutua vivant,
Et, quaſi curſores, vitæ lampada tradunt."

("Eternity to none is given. Life to the coming times we hand, as in the ſacred games, the torch, the runner to the next tranſmits.")

"Am I, for you, to alter all this admirable adjuſt-"ment of the univerſe? Know it is the very compact "of your being. Death is a part of your life. It "is your proper ſelves that you would away with. "Death has an equal property with life, in every "breath you draw. The day you begin to live, "you begin, no leſs, to die. Every day you live, "it is ſo much gone of life, of her capital, of her "expenſe. Nay, the whole occupation of your life "is but to heap up unto yourſelves death. Alive, you "are very dead; for dead you are to ſo much of your "life as is already paſt. Or, if this will ſuit you better, "you are at once dead and dying: dead to ſo much as

[1] See Note X, at the end.

" is paſt; dying to ſo much as is to come. Now, the
" death which is to come touches you infinitely more
" ſenſibly, and to the quick, than does that which is
" already paſt. If you have had your fair ſhare of life
" and its enjoyments, it is your buſineſs to be ſatisfied:
" be up and be off. If you had not the wit to make
" the moſt of it, or if you were ſcurvily uſed of it;
" what are you to loſe in loſing it? to what end would
" you cling to it? Life, in itſelf, is neither a good nor
" an ill: it is the place where good and ill is to be
" found: the finding thereof depends upon yourſelf.
" And he who hath ſeen one day hath ſeen all days.
" For yeſterday was even as this day, and to-morrow
" will be as a thouſand gone. There is no other light,
" nor is there any other darkneſs. This ſun, this
" moon, theſe ever wandering ſtars, this beauteous
" firmament on high; they are the ſame to which your
" fathers' father turned; it is the ſame in which your
" children's children will rejoice. And even at
" the beſt, and at the moſt, a twelvemonth ſees the
" round of all the ſcenes, of all the acts of this, my
" comedy. For if you will but look upon it; what
" are the revolutions of the ſeaſons, other than the
" youthhood, fervour, manhood, decrepitude of na-
" ture? She has had her day; nor does ſhe know
" any better, or any other trick, than afreſh to com-
" mence where ſhe left off. And ſo will it be to the
" end of the chapter. I have other things to attend to,

" than to be contriving for you, this or that freſh pas-
" time. Make way for the coming batch, as the laſt
" made way for you. Impartiality is the firſt rudiment
" of equity. Who can complain, where all, alike, are
" compriſed? And though you live till domeſday,
" you will be no whit the longer, or the ſhorter, dead.
" 'Tis for eternity; and as long will you be in that ſtate
" which you are fleeing, as though, from the womb,
" you had given up the ghoſt. Nor will you any more
" know diſpleaſure, or memory of that loſs, the thought
" of which, now, you cannot abide. Nay, leſs than a
" very nothing, is death to be feared; that is, if any-
" thing leſs than nothing can there be. Neither living
" nor dead, does it in any way concern you. Living,
" becauſe you are ſo; dead, becauſe you are no more ſo.
" Nor did ever any man die before his time. For ſo
" much time as you leave behind you, can no more be
" ſaid to be yours, than can that which evolved or ever
" you were born. You have no more to do with the
" one than with the other. Let it ſtop ſhort where it
" will, there and then is the ſum total. The profit of
" life conſiſteth not in length of days, but in the account
" to which thoſe days are turned. Many is the one
" has attained to a good old age, whoſe years have been
" but few. It depends upon how you have lived, not
" how long, that you have ſufficiently lived."

" Again, think you never to arrive, whilſt every day
" you muſt be nearing? Was there ever lane but butted

" ſomewhere? And if company you muſt hâve to
" diſtract you by the road; is not all creation trudging,
" lumberinghe ſelf-ſa me way? Is there the thing in
" life, which is not, equally with yourſelf, haſting and
" withering away? A thouſand men, a thouſand
" women, a thouſand children, a thouſand cattle of the
" field, in the ſelf-ſame moment with yourſelf, no leſs
" give up their mortal breath. To what purpoſe is it to
" retreat, if retreating place there is none? You have
" ſeen what a providence it was to thouſands to be taken
" away, thereby to be ſpared the miſeries which awaited
" them. Yet the one who would have changed the
" change, where did you ever ſee? So it is downright
" ſottiſhneſs to miſgive the thing of which you literally
" know nothing, either of your own proper experience,
" or that of another. Why ſhould you turn round upon
" myſelf and deſtiny? What is it that we have done
" to you? Is it for you to dictate to us, or we to you?
" And even admitting that your years may have been
" ſhort; your life was not. Five feet is as much a man
" as ſix feet-ſix: neither is a man, nor are his days, to
" be meaſured with a ſtrap. Chiron would not ſo much
" as look on immortality, having come well to under-
" ſtand its nature, and of which he was appriſed of his
" own father, Saturn, himſelf the God of time and
" of duration. Diſpaſſionately aſk yourſelf, How much
" more inſupportable had been immortality to man, than
" is the means to which I have conſtituted him? If

" you had no longer death to look forward to, you " would be for ever curſing me for having deprived you " of it. It is wittingly that I have daſhed this cup " with ſome little bitterneſs, leſt, coming to ſee its " commodity, too greedily you might run to it, and ſup " it up. To temper you to that moderation, ſo as " neither to flee that life which I have given you, nor " that death which I require of you, I have mingled " the one and the other, with the ſweet and with the " bitter. It was I who taught Thales, the firſt of your " ſages, that to live and to die were indifferent; and by " which, my knowledge, he replied, right ſagely, to one " who aſked him, 'If ſo, why then did he not die?' " *For life and death are one.* Earth, air, water, fire, not " a member of this, my univerſe, any more tends to " retain you in life, than to deprive you of the ſame. " Why; above all days, your laſt day ſhould you dread? " It is no more anſwerable for your death, than the one " which preceded it. It is not the laſt ſtretch that " knocks you up: it is the one in which you are " knocked up. All your days you are journeying to " death: the laſt you touch it." And theſe are the advertiſements which our good mother, nature, gives us.

I have often muſed with myſelf of how it came, that, in times of war, the aſſaults of death, whether upon ourſelves, or others, are ſo infinitely leſs formidable in the field than in the city. And fortunate is it for us that it is ſo; elſe what were an army, ſave an hoſt of

blubberers, night watchers, and of doctors? Again, ſeeing that death can be but death, I have no leſs marvelled to perceive how much more ſteadily it will be encountered of a groom, or a cottager, than of his maſter or a lord. I do verily believe, that it is rather all the appalling apparatus with which we ſurround it, that really affrights us, than is it the thing itſelf: this piteous departure from all our wonted mode of life: theſe cries, theſe tears; theſe howling women; theſe thunderſtrucken and aghaſted viſitants; theſe broken valets and theſe blanched maids; the darkened chamber and the diſmal lamp: confeſſors at your head, phyſicians at your feet; brief, the chamber and the court of horrors and of death! What is this but to bury a man alive?

Even as the child will whine to ſee, but in a maſk, the ſportive face that ſcares it; ſo, no leſs, are we amazed at death. The maſk muſt be torn, as well from the faces of things as of perſons. Off let it be, and behind it we will but find to be enſconced, that ſame poor ſilly death, which, an hour ago, an hind, or a chambermaid ſubmitted to, without a pang and without a thought. Happy is that death which precludes to us the pomp of any ſuch concluſion!

Apology for Raymond de la Sebonde.

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* * * [1]About this time, the doctrines of Luther began to be noiſed abroad, making formidable inroads on our ancient faith. Where all this was tending, he (his father,) was well aware; clearly foreſeeing, *par diſcours de raiſon*, by inference of reaſon, that this *commencement de maladie*, beginning of leproſy, would naturally degenerate into an execrable atheiſm. In as much as the common people, incapable of arriving at concluſions of their own; abandoning all things to fortune and appearances; once given the initiative to call in queſtion the deſcent of traditions, ſuch as thoſe of the myſteries of their faith, and which had ever been held as ſacred in their eyes, would never halt till they had ſhaken all authority, the very earth, to its centre — till they had trampled on, as the yoke of tyranny and of oppreſſion, all thoſe convictions which they had received, whether from the majeſty of the law, or the reverence of eſtabliſhed cuſtom; determining, that henceforth, nought ſhould be recognized to which it had not interpoſed its ſanction, or lent the countenance of its implicit approbation.

* * * * *

It was the darkneſs of paganiſm, and never to have

[1] See note Y, at the end.

heard of our holy faith, which cauſed that mighty ſoul of Plato, though mighty only of a mortal mightineſs, to fall into yet this neighbour ſcandal; that, of all others, the young and the old are the moſt naturally diſpoſed to religion; as though its force were our weakneſs. The bond which ſhould arreſt our will, our affection; win our ſouls and tie them to our Maker; it ſhould be an infuſion taking its ground, not from our paſſions, our impreſſions, our convictions, our infirmities, but from a compulſion, divine and ſuperhuman; knowing but one form, one viſage, one brightneſs—the authority of God and his grace. Now, the heart and the ſoul, once broken and ſubdued unto faith, it is but meet that they ſhould bring over to the cauſe of righteouſneſs our every member; each in his ſeveral faculty. Nor is it to be imagined that there is any page of this great book, on which is not graven the name of its Author; or that there is any portion of his handiwork which announceth not the hand that made it. He hath imprinted on theſe, his high workings, the impreſs of his divinity; nor have we to thank, but our own imbecility, that we are incapable to attain to the ſuperſcription. It is no more than he himſelf has told us, "That things inviſible are made manifeſt by the "viſible." This is the worthy end to which Sebondè laboured; and he has ſhown us, how there is no one portion of this univerſe which belies its Author. It were injurious to the divine goodneſs to ſuppoſe, that

.the univerſe were not a party, conſenting to our faith. The heavens, the earth, the air, the ſeas; our bodies, ſouls; all; all things that are, alike atteſt it. The words are there, if we are but capable to read them. For this great globe is an holy temple, wherein the Creator hath placed his creature, to contemplate, not ſtatues reared by mortal hands, but thoſe of the immortal Spirit faſhioned; this ſun, this moon, theſe ſtars; theſe waters and this earth; that, in the beholding of them, we might no leſs behold the hand that made them. "For the inviſible things of him," ſays St. Paul, "from the creation of the world, are clearly "ſeen, being underſtood by thoſe that are made." * Now, all our wretched reaſonings and glimmerings are but the unlicked and the lifeleſs clay; the grace of God, it is the faſhion and the form: it alone can give them all their virtue, all their price. And even as all they tell us of a Socrates, a Plato, was but ſtillborn, vain and profitleſs, not to have been impregnated of that grace; nor to have owed its actuation to a love and an obedience toward the Maker of all things; to their having never heard of him; ſo is it with our imaginations, our concluſions. Subſtance they may have; but it is faſhionleſs and void; unquickened of the faith, the knowledge and the grace of God. Coming to be enviſaged and fortified by the light and acceſs of faith, the arguments of Sebonde aſſume weight and ſolidity. They may be ſerviceable to the apprentice,

to put him on the track of this knowledge. They will dreſs, and in ſome ſort render him ſuſceptible of the divine grace; by the means of which, later, his faith is to be perfected and to be maintained.

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What is it the Word is propoſing, when it tells us "that we are to beware of worldly philoſophy;" when it is for ever preaching, "the wiſdom of man is but "folly before God; that, of all things vain, man is "the vaineſt: that he who thinketh he knoweth, hath "yet to learn what to know is; that man, who is "a very nothing, if he would think to be anything, "doth deceive and impoſe upon himſelf." Theſe pencillings of the Holy Ghoſt do, in ſo lively and ſo clear a manner, ſupport what I would maintain, that I would not aſk to myſelf any other weapons, wherewith to confound thoſe who, in all humility and unfeignedneſs, would ſubmit themſelves to his authority. But needs muſt they be ſcourged with a rod of their own graffing; they will have reaſon to be combated but by itſelf.

Now, let us, a moment, view this man, alone, as he is, armed only with his own proper arms; unreplenifhed of the grace of God, which is all his advancement, all his ſtrength, and all the foundation of his being. Let us ſee him, I ſay, in all this fine equipment! Let him give to me to underſtand, and by the force of his reaſon, where and what be the founda-

tions upon which he hath built to himſelf this mighty pre-eminence which he taketh to poſſeſs upon his fellow beaſts? Who hath told to him that this glorious circling of the heaven's vault; theſe ever blazing lights, ſo fiercely rolling themſelves aloft, over our heads; the eternal compact of the mighty deep, for his commodity and uſufruct, alone, were created and foreordained? Is it poſſible to conceive anything ſo ridiculous, as that this wretched and this beggarly creature, not ſo much as maſter of himſelf; the ſport of fortune and the elements; a prey to every ſort of miſery, aſſault, ſhould be ſetting himſelf up to be lord and emperor of the univerſe; ſo much as to underſtand the lighteſt part of which is beyond his power, much leſs to direct the whole? And this ſufficiency which he arrogateth to himſelf, to be, alone, of earth's tenants, him, by nature, capacitated to riſe to the appreciation of the beauty and contrivance of the whole; the only one, who, to the great architect, can return him thanks for all his bounties; who, of the world, can regiſter the incomings and the outgoings, the wear and the tear; who hath conveyed to him this noble privilege? Let him ſhow to us his charters, his title deeds to this, ſo glorious an inveſtiture! Or have they been granted but in favour of the wife? Then touch they but a few. Are fools and knaves entitled to any ſuch preference? they, the moſt abject of the creation, are they to be placed in an eminence above the reſt? And is this

one to be believed? Hear him. "On whoſe account, "then, are we to conclude the world to have been "made? For thoſe, aſſuredly, who have the gift of "reaſon; theſe, at once, are gods and men, than "which there is nothing more worthy." But we will never ſufficiently have ſpit upon the impudency of ſuch conjunctions. Ah, man, poor man, wherein doſt thou account thyſelf! [1] When we conſider this heaven, which fadeth not away; theſe ſuns, theſe ſtars; their beauty and their fearfulneſs; their ſilent, pathleſs, ſolemn, and their ſtately march; when we reflect on all the influences which they exert, not merely on our actions, fortunes, but our very inclinations, thoughts, reſolves, which, as reaſon compels us to allow, are at the mercy of their every change—when we ſee, that not only is a man, though that man a king, but all which is beneath the ſun, even to principalities and powers, are ſhaken and overthrown, but at their lighteſt perturbation—if our virtues, our vices, our ſufficiency, our ſcience, all, aye, even to this very diſcourſe which we are now making of them, is by them, and through them, as ſane reaſon teacheth—if, I ſay, it is to the diſpenſation of the heavens that we owe this modicum of reaſon which we have, how are we to enliken it, or compare it unto them? how defer, to our ſcience, their eſſence and their conditions? Everything about them diſtracts us and amazes us. Why ſhould we go about to deprive them of ſoul, of being,

[1] See note Z, at the end.

and of ſpeech? What have we ever ſeen in them to argue a dumpiſh and a leaden inſenſibility; we, too, who can know no more of them than what they may impart to us? And even allowing that we have never perceived in any other creature ſave man, evidence of a reaſonable ſoul; what then? Hath the ſun a fellow: doth he the leſs cease to be, for that we have never ſeen his like; or is his march to be gainſayed, till we have found whereunto for to liken it? If nothing is to be, but what we have ſeen, verily, our knowledge may be ſmall packed. Is it not very toys of thë human fancy, to be making of the moon, an earth, as our own; to map it out into mountains and valleys, as did Anaxagoras; to plant in it cities and provinces; to lay out colonies in it, for our occupation, as did Seneca and Plutarch; to make of our duſky earth a burniſhed and a gliſtering ſtar? "Among other diſcommodities of our mortality this is "one, that the darkneſs which encompaſſeth us, ſpring-"eth not ſo much of an inevitable neceſſity, as of a "love of error."—"The corruptible body doth over-"lay the ſoul; the fleſhy tenement, the ſpirit, which "is ever ſet to muſe of heavenly things."

Preſumption is our original and inherent failing. The moſt lamentable and helpleſs of all God's creatures is man, and withal the moſt ſcornful and diſdainful. And though he ſees and knows himſelf to be planted here below, mid all the filth and refuſe of the world, faſt chained and tethered to the moſt wretched,

ſtagnant, and unconſidered corner of the univerſe; ſtuck in the loweſt chamber of the houſe, the fartheſt removed from the heights of heaven's majeſty — of all that fly, that float, that crawl, with the moſt grovelling; yet will he not ceaſe to be lodging himſelf, in his imagination, above the circles of the moon, and to be trampling the very heavens beneath his feet. It is upon the ſame preſumptuous ſufficiency with which he equalleth himſelf unto God, adjudgeth to himſelf divine conditions, that he withdraweth and ſeparateth himſelf from the herd; diſpenſeth this or that faculty to his fellow beaſts and companions; diſtributeth to them ſo much of underſtanding as good him ſeems. How can he diſcover, by the mere force of his intelligence, the interne and the ſecret workings of the brutes that be? On what grounds will he undertake to eſtabliſh that imbecility which he aſſigneth unto them? When I play with my cat; who knows but ſhe maketh as light of me as I of her? We are entertained, alike, with our mutual buffoonery. If I have my hour to begin and to leave off, has not ſhe hers? Plato, in his picture of the golden age, under Saturn, numbers among the principal advantages poſſeſſed of the world, in thoſe times, the intercourſe which was common with the beaſts. For, by this means, men, coming to ſee into, and underſtand their ſeveral natures, were permitted to arrive to an unlooked-for and an admirable ſagacity, and ſo to be capable of a more incomparable felicity,

than, ſince, has been ſuffered. Could there be any ſtronger teſtimony than this, of the impudency of our pretended ſuperiority, as touching beaſts? This great man was of opinion, that nature, for the moſt part, in their organization, had an eye to the prognoſtications which, in his age, were drawn from their vitals, motions. This want of a common medium betwixt them and us; why is it not as much, or as likely, in ourſelves as in them? It is yet to divine where the miſunderſtanding lies; for they can no more comprehend us, than we them. And with as much reaſon may they dub us aſſes, beaſts, as we them. It is but little marvel that we can make nothing of them, when neither can we of a Baſque or a Troglodyte.

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All which I have ſaid is of purpoſe to maintain the analogy of things human; to recover and recall us to the crowd. Neither are we above nor below the reſt. All that is beneath the ſun, ſaith the ſage, runneth like fortune, incurreth one law. Difference of degree, there may be; order, rank; ſtill, under one aſpect, face of nature. We muſt brave this man, and huſtle him again into the bounds which he hath broken. The miſerable has outſtepped the pale. Of his nature he is circumſcribed and bound, ſubjected to ſimilar conditions with other animals of his kind. He is of a like limited ſcope; without any ſort of real prerogative, or aſcendency; unchallenged or eſſential. That which he ar-

rogateth to himſelf, in opinion and in fantaſy, exiſteth not, either in ſenſe or in reaſon. But even granted that it does; that in him, alone, of all the animals, reſides this capacity to perception, this licentiouſneſs of imagination, whereby to know that which is and that which is not; what he will and what he nill; the true from the falſe; it is a privilege ſomewhat dearly bought, and of which he hath ſmall cauſe to glorify himſelf. For from it comes the troop of ills and wrongs to which our fleſh is heir; ſin, ſuffering, ſorrow, irreſolution, deſpair. I ſay, then, to return to where I was, there is no colour of reaſon to ſuppoſe that the animals perform, by an unaccountable inſtinct and agency, thoſe very functions, which, in ourſelves, are the reſult of deliberation and of free will. Contrary; from like effects, we ſhould conclude like operations; from nobler effects, nobler operations; and conſequently allow, that by this very reaſoning faculty, this ſelf-ſame proceſs of operation, by which we arrive at our ends; by a like, where not a readier, do the animals at theirs. Why ſhould we condemn them to this, I know not what inevitable neceſſity; we, who in ourſelves, know no ſuch violence? And farther than this, it is a more honourable prerogative to be directed, unfalteringly, upon our way; to be kept right by an harmonious and a natural adaptation; it is a nearer touch of the divinity, than to be conforming, adviſedly, to the preſcriptions of a wit, raſh and changeling. Better

truſt to nature than to our own hands, the reins that guide us. The vanity of our preſumption makes, that we would rather be indebted to our own ſufficiency than to her providence. We frankly abandon to the other animals the better half; award to them the gifts of nature; honouring and ennobling ourſelves with capabilities acquired. A miſerable compoſition, as it ſeems to me! For I would very much prefer thoſe poſſeſſions which were intimately and inherently mine, before thoſe that I was compelled to beat about to come at, or to purchaſe by a tedious apprenticeſhip. It is not in the diſpoſition of things to be tendered any higher countenance, than to be led by the hand of nature and of God.

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* * * * * [1] Human reaſon can but perceive of things by the inſtruments at its diſpoſition; and never will we recollect the downfall of that wretched Phaeton, for having attempted, with a mortal hand, to hold the reins, to guide the horſes of the chariot of his father. Into a like abyſs is our own preſumption precipitated; ſhattered and confounded, no leſs, with its own proper temerity.

—They are all but toys, day dreams, and fantaſtic follies. Would it but pleaſe our mother nature, one day, to open to us her ſanctum; to ſhow to us the arcana of her treaſure-houſe; her myſteries, her work-

[1] See note A A, at the end.

ings; to fit our wretched eyes to the beholding of the ſame—O good God, what impoſition, what miſconception would be laid bare to us: how ſhrunken a thing would all our knowledge prove! I do very much miſgive me, if one ſingle poſition is exactly as, or in the place, we take it to be; and when I die, I ſhall go hence more ignorant of everything than of mine own proper ignorance.

Have I not ſeen in Plato this divine admiſſion—that nature is nothing elſe than a ſort of poetical enigma? pretty much as if one would ſay, a landſcape read by night of the evaniſhing and the flaſhing of the cloud. "*Latent iſta omnia craſſis occultata et circumfuſa tenebris; ut nulla acies humani ingenii tanta ſit, quæ penetrare in cælum, terram intrare poſſit.*" "All thoſe matters lie hidden and involved in ſo impenetrable an obſcurity, that no wit of man can ſcale the things of heaven, or dive to thoſe of earth." And certainly philoſophy is little other than a kind of ſophiſticated poeſy. Whence do the older worthies draw all their philoſophy, if not from the poets? Nay, they were poets themſelves, and treated their art as ſuch. Plato is but a looſe poet. Timon captiouſly calls him, A huge forger of miracles. Through all the ſciences, alike, there runs a ſort of poetic licenſe. Even as women, when the teeth which nature gave them, fail them, take to thoſe of ivory; and when their natural colour has forſaken them, o'erlay their checks and necks with powders and with

paint; and as they make to themſelves trunk-ſleeves of wire and whalebone bodies, backs of laths, and ſtiff bombaſted verdugals; and in the open face of day, trick and ſet themſelves off with counterfeit and artificial advantages; ſo it is with ſcience. And our very laws are ſaid by ſome, to be founded, in part, upon certain legal fictions; yet theſe be the root of juſtice. She gives us as current caſh and as an earneſt, thoſe very things which ſhe herſelf alloweth to be but mere inventions. For theſe *epicycles*, *concentrics*, *eccentrics*, which aſtrology has had to call in to enable her to keep herſelf abreaſt the times; ſhe ſimply gives them to us as the moſt likely way ſhe can hit on to account for the phenomena preſented of the heavenly bodies. The ſame with the reſt. Philoſophy offers to us, not that which is, or even ſhe believes, but that which ſhe can faſhion, having in it moſt likelihood and plauſibility. Plato, in his treatiſe upon the condition of man and of the beaſts, warns his hearers, "What we now give you, were it confirmed to us by an oracle, we would likewiſe confirm to you; but, ſeeing it is not, we have only offered it as the moſt probable thing to be truth that we could think on."

Nor is it to heaven alone that they have ſent their cordages, their pullies, their axles and their wheels. Let us juſt conſider a little, what they have told us of ourſelves and of our own mechaniſm. Poſitively there is no greater retrogration, trepidation, augmentation,

recoiling, perturbation in the ſtars and heaven's ſyſtem, than they have feigned to find in this poor, ſilly little *corpus* of a man. Verily, it was with reaſon that they did call it, *Microcoſmos*, *A little world*, ſo diverſe the materials they have uſed to build it and to ſtock it. To account for, to reconcile, the properties that they ſee in man; the various functions and faculties which they perceive to be in us; into how many fragments have they ſplit our ſouls; into how many holes and corners have they hunted it? Into how many degrees and ranks have they graduated this poor creature, man, over and above the natural and perceptible? to how many offices, ends, vocations, have they aſſigned him? A ſort of public anatomy do they make of him. He is the ſubject on which they expatiate, dilate, and harangue. And though they have had every facility to turn him, to handle him, to twiſt him, to rip him, to ſtuff him, to take him to pieces, to put him together again; every man of them after his own notion; yet are they as far as ever from making either head or tail of him. Not only not in fact, but not even in fancy, can they turn him out ſo creditably but that there will be ſome hitch, ſome ſcrew looſe; ſomething wanting to their tailoring, all licentious as it is; mended and patched up with a thouſand ſhreds and tatters. Nor is there any ſort of excuſe for them. For when a painter would give us the heavens, a ſpire, trees, mountains, clouds; objects removed from his attainment, we

merely require, at his hands, ſome ſort of rude, approximate reſemblance. But when he would undertake to draw ourſelves, or any other ſubject with which he is familiar, we look to ſee a perfect likeneſs; nor will we be ſatisfied with leſs; and if he miſs it, we deſpiſe him.

Commend me to the Mileſian laſs; who, ſeeing Thales, the philoſopher, to be for ever in a brown ſtudy; his eyes inceſſantly poking on the ſtars, laid a ſaucepan in his way, to trip him over; and thereby to warn him and teach him, how it would be time enough, when he had well looked to what was going on under his noſe, to ſend his eyes aloft to the ſurmaging of the ſkies. For, as ſaith Democritus, by the mouth of Cicero,

Quod eſt ante pedes, nemo ſpectat;
Cœli ſcrutantur plagas.

("What is before him no man inquires; all their care is to seek and grope the regions of the sky.")

But ſuch are the terms of our humanity, that the knowledge which we have of that which encompaſſeth us, is as much removed from us, as high above our heads, as is that of the ſun and of the ſtars. As much ſays Socrates, in Plato, when he applies to thoſe who meddle with philoſophy, the taunt which the Mileſian woman threw to Thales, namely, *that what was under his eyes he could not ſee.* For never was there yet phi-

loſopher who could account for what his fellow does, nay, nor for that matter, for what he himſelf does; nor even can he tell, whether the one, or the other, be man or be beaſt.

Theſe ſort of people, who find the reaſonings of Sebonde too timid; who are ignorant of nothing; the lights of the world; who know everything; have they ever chanced to ſound among their books, their cogitations, how hard a matter it is to know their individual ſelves? We ſee clearly enough, that our finger moves, our foot moves; that certain parts have a will of their own, follow their own minds, without ever once aſking our pleaſure, our licenſe; that a certain character of alarm will raiſe a bluſh, a certain other induce a deadly paleneſs; ſuch an imagination will act upon the milt alone, ſuch another but upon the brain. One thing will force us to laugh, another to cry; again, a third will amaze, and ſtagnate and petrify the blood. *The preſentation of certain objects will make the gorge to riſe; of others again, certain other members. But as to how an eſſence, purely ſpiritual, worketh all theſe operations in a body given and determinate; and the nature, method and contrivance of all theſe admirable inſtruments, agencies; that, no man hath ever known. *Omnia incerta ratione, et in naturæ majestate abdita*, ſays Pliny, "Things are but to be divined of by reaſon; "being wrapped and concealed in the majeſty of "nature." And St. Auguſtin, *Modus, quo corporibus*

adhærent ſpiritus . . omnino mirus eſt, nec comprehendi ab homine poteſt; et hoc ipſe homo eſt: "The ſympathy "by which the ſoul doth cleave to the body is wonder- "ful, nor is it conceived of man; yet ſuch is man." Yet never a doubt is there made about the matter. For the concluſions of men are ſwallowed on the ſtrength of faith and tradition, on authority and credit; as if it were matter of religion and of law. We receive, as we do any other jargon, that which is commonly held; we adopt this precious truth, with all its ſhoulderings, its ſcaffoldings of arguments and proofs, as though it were an edifice, baſed, firm, unaſſailable, unſhakable. Nor is there a man of us will pick at it; but, contrary, it is who beſt can tinker, and cobble up this faith received, with all the little wit he has; in itself, a commodity wondrous plaſtic, pliable, contortious. And hence it comes, that the whole world is overrun with folly, with madneſs and with lies. The reaſon why ſo few things are miſgiven of, is this; that vulgarly received impreſſions never once are brought to the teſt. The root is never groped for, where all the rottenneſs lies; they fumble but among the branches. They do not aſk, What Galen ſaid, had it reaſon in it? but, Did Galen expreſs himſelf thus and thus? Verily, it was in keeping that this bridle, this holdfaſt upon the freedom of our thought, ſhould be extended to the ſchools, to ſcience, to the arts. The god of ſcholaſtical learning is Ariſtotle. It

is as much matter of religion to diſcourſe of his ordinances, as it was of thoſe of Lycurgus at Sparta. His doctrines are to us a ſort of canon law, though peradventure, as falſe and unfounded as another. I do not ſee why I ſhould not as readily adopt Plato, his ideas; or the atoms of Epicurus, or the fulneſs and the emptineſs of Leucippus and Democritus, or the water of Thales, or the infinity of nature of Anaximander, or the air of Diogenes, or the numbers and ſymmetry of Pythagoras, or the endleſſneſs of Parmenides, or the unity of Muſæus, or the water and the fire of Apollodorus, or the ſimilar parts of Anaxagoras, or the diſcord and concord of Empedocles, or the fire of Heraclitus, or any other opinion from among all this infinite confuſion of imaginations and concluſions arrived at of this poor human reaſon, in its infinite wiſdom and farſightedneſs, in whatſoever it meddles with; as I ſhould that of Ariſtotle upon this matter of the principles of natural things; which principles he attributes to three elements —matter, form, privation. And can anything be more idle, than to make inanity itſelf, the contriver and begetter of ſubſtance? Privation is a negative. With what conſcience, what face, can he pretend it to be the author and architect of things that be? Yet is not this to be doubted of, for that would be to grant to us the uſe of our reaſon. All their endeavour and argumentation goes, not, to ſift the truth, but to ſhield the founder of their ſchool from ſtrange aſſaults. His

dictum is the *ne plus ultra* beyond which no man is to be permitted to inquire.

Certain principles once granted, a man may draw exactly what concluſions he pleaſes from them; for, according to the law and ordinance of this conceſſion, the reſt will naturally follow, without any ſort of let, or unreaſonableneſs. By this, we come to find our principles well grounded, and all the ſuperſtructure to follow, as a matter of courſe. For our maſters, at firſt go off, and beforehand, manage to get ſuch a footing in our minds, that, after, they can convince us of exactly what they liſt; juſt as do the mathematicians, with their axioms given. The data, reliance and confidence which we concede to them, give them the means to draw us to the right hand and to the left; to work us preciſely as they pleaſe. To whomſoever we grant theſe firſt principles, then is he our maſter and our God; and ſo wide will he lay his foundations, that, have he a mind, he will carry his edifice to the clouds. In all this buſineſs and altercation of the ſciences, we have taken for goſpel the ſaying of Pythagoras, "That every maſter "is to be allowed in his own art." The logician goes to the grammarian for the meaning of his words; the orator borrows of the logician his common-place of argument; the poet from the muſician, his harmony, his cadence; the geometrician from the arithmetician, his proportions. The metaphyſicians take, as the baſis of their inveſtigation, the conjectures of the phyſician;

for every ſcience has its foreſtalling principles; ſo that, on every hand, the human reaſon is bridled, ſtifled and ſuppreſſed. But if once you attempt to rally, or attack the head and front of all this credulity, and wherein the error lies, ſtraight you are ſhut up with, "No; "there is no diſputing with thoſe who deny principles." Now, as for principles, there can be no ſuch things among men, if God do not think proper to reveal them. So, the whole affair, beginning, middle and end, is but moonſhine, day dreams, vanity and ſmoke! And as for thoſe who would fight us with "given "principles;" we have but to encounter them with given the clean contrary. For, one preſumption, one theory, has no more authority than has another preſumption, theory, if reaſon make not the difference. So, the whole of them muſt be put to the proof; and, firſt and foremoſt, theſe firſt principles, for it is they that do tyrannize and war upon the reſt. An overweening certitude is the ſureſt evidence of folly and of extreme uncertainty; nor are there any who more conſummately impoſe upon themſelves, or are leſs worthy to be called philoſophers, than the Philodoxes of Plato.

In matter of phyſics, what we have to know, is this; Is fire really hot, is ſnow really white; if matter be, in very truth, hard and ſoft? And as for thoſe retorts, which, as old wives' tales, have come down to us, how, to one who miſdoubted of heat, it was told,

"to get into the brick-kiln, and fee for himfelf;" and to another, who denied cold to be inherent to ice, "He had better put a bit in his pocket;" they were unworthy of, and difgraceful to the pretenfions of a philofopher. Had they but been content to leave us in our natural ftate; allowed us to receive the impreffions from without, as they conveyed themfelves to us, through our fenfes; enjoined to our appetites their free and natural play and exercife; the ufe of them as nature intended them to be ufed; fuch replies had been rational enough. But they come with a very poor grace from thofe who have been preaching up to us, "that the mind of man is the controller-general of all which is above and below the vault of heaven; that it embraces all things; that it is capable of all things; and that by means of it is everything known and brought to light." Such like anfwers would be to the point enough, among the favages, who manage to procure for themfelves length of days, peace, and tranquillity; and that, too, all heedlefs of the precepts of Ariftotle; whofe name, peradventure, they never fo much as heard of; and who are indebted to nature for a far greater fortitude than they ever could have attained from their reafon or invention. The very brutes were no lefs capable than ourfelves of fuch replies as thefe; as were any others who might yet be living in obedience to the pure and fimple laws of nature. But they have renounced to all fuch follies. It will not do, to tell me, "It is fo, for you fee and feel

that it is ſo." What they have to do is, to tell me, If what I think I feel, I, in reality, do feel. And, after that they muſt explain to me, if I do feel it, the why, and the how, and the what. Let them name to me the name, the home, the comings and the goings of the heat and of the cold; the nature of that which acts, and of that which is acted on; or let them renounce to their pretenſions—neither to allow or to accede to anything, but with the conſent of reaſon. It is their touchſtone for their every matter of eſſay; but, aſſuredly, it is one full of falſehood, of error, and of doubleneſs.

Where can her ſcience be put to a fairer teſt, than in the caſe of her own proper ſelf? If we are not to believe her, ſpeaking of her own ſelf, how is ſhe to be credited, ſpeaking of that which is above, beyond, without? Surely, if ſhe knew anything, it would be her own nature, her own domicile. That domicile is the ſoul; of which reaſon is a part or an emanation. But as for that only, true and perfect reaſon, (the title of which we have uſurped to our poor, ſilly, ſhallow cogitations, imaginations;) it is enſhrined in the heart of God. There is her home, and there is her retreat; and it is thence that it parteth, when it pleaſeth Him to reveal to us a ray of his divinity; even as Pallas ſprung, all armed, from the brain of Jove, to communicate and to impart herſelf to the world.

Now, let us, a moment, ſee what this human reaſon

has taught us of herfelf, and of the ſoul: not of that great ſoul of the world, of which almoſt all philoſophy holds the heavenly bodies and firſt elements to be participators; nor yet of that which Thales attributed even to things inanimate, drawn thereto from a conſideration of the magnet; but of that ſoul which is within us and which beſt we ſhould know.

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The firſt law which God impoſed on man was one of pure obedience. It was a commandment ſole and ſimple; farther, he was neither to know, nor to inquire; inaſmuch as to obey is the natural return of a reaſonable ſoul, allowing of an all bounteous and omnipotent Superior. From obedience and from ſubmiſſion ſpring every other virtue; contrariwiſe, from preſumption doth all ſin. And of this waywardneſs came the firſt temptation to which our nature was expoſed, on the part of the devil. The firſt poiſon that he ever inſtilled into our ſouls, was the promiſe which he made to us of ſcience and of knowledge: "Ye ſhall be as gods; "knowing good and evil." And the ſyrens, in Homer, when they would enſnare Ulyſſes, encompaſs him in their ruinous and inextricable toils, could think of no likelier bait to tender to him, than ſufficiency. Curioſity is the peſt and ſcourge of man. And this is why ignorance is for ever preached to us, by our holy religion,

as an article indiſpenſable to our faith and obedience: "Beware leſt any man ſpoil you through philoſophy "and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the "rudiments of the world."

All the philoſophy of all the ſects is of accord in this; that the ſovereign good conſiſts in the tranquillity of the body and of the ſoul. But where is it to be found? In very truth, it would ſeem to me, that nature, to put us in conceit with this, our miſerable and beggarly predicament, has given us, as a ſet-off, preſumption. As much was allowed of Epictetus: "Opinion," ſays he, "is all that man can properly call his own." A very whiff and a ſmoke is our portion. The gods, ſaith philoſophy, are poſſeſſed of health in eſſence, ſorrow in intellection: man, on the contrary, poſſeſſes his good but in imagination, his ill in reality. We do well to deify the powers of our imagination, for all our wealth is no more than day-dreams. Liſten to the ravings of this calamitous and this miserable being!

"There is nothing," ſays Cicero, "ſo delightful as "the purſuit of letters; I mean of thoſe which open "up to us the immenſity of nature; reveal to us the "heights of heaven's majeſty; lay before us, as in a "map, the earth, the ſeas, and all that in them is. It "is they which have taught unto us religion, equity, "diſcipline, fortitude; diſpelled the ſhades of darkneſs; "that which was hid, declared; above, below, on this "hand and on that. It is by them that we are taught

" to well live and happily live; to pafs away our days,
" void, alike, of difpleafure, of pain, and of offence!"
Would not one think, to hear him thus declaim, that it was of the Almighty himfelf, the everlafting and the omnipotent God, that he were haranguing?—As for the effect, a thoufand poor applewomen have paffed, in their villages, a life more equable, more undifturbed, and more affured, than ever did Cicero.

> Deus ille fuit, deus, inclyte Memmi,
> Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
> Nunc appellatur fapientia; quique per artem
> Fluctibus è tantis vitam, tantifque tenebris,
> In tam tranquilla et tam clara luce locavit.

(" Beyond a doubt he was a god, great Memmus, prince of life, who firft that reafon broached, which now we wifdom call; who, by his art, the ftorms of life allayed; black night difpelled, and broke to glorious day.")

Here are fine words and noble fentences; yet did a bit of a mifhap reduce the underftanding of this fame man to a more degraded condition than that of any half-witted dizzard, and this, defpite his God of a preceptor, and all this divine fagacity. [1] With no lefs impudence does Democritus preface his work: " I am " about to fpeak of all things!" And on a par, is that prepofterous title which Ariftotle gives us, of " mortal gods," with the conclufion of Chrysippus

[1] See note B B, at the end.

" that Dion was as virtuous as God." And even my Seneca tells us, " That though he may be beholden to " God for his being, he is, to himſelf, for his well-" being ;" a ſaying in keeping with this other, " It is " juſtifiable to value ourſelves upon our virtues, which " it were idle to do, if we owed them to God and not " to ourſelves." This alſo is of Seneca: " That the " wiſe man hath a fortitude like unto God's ; but ſeeing " that it is lodged in a mortal frailneſs, therein doth he " ſurpaſs him."

There is nothing more common than to meet with ſallies of a like temerity. There is not a man of us who will ſo much bluſh to find himſelf compared unto God, as he will be offended to ſee himſelf depreſſed to the rank of other animals; ſo much more jealous are we of our own ſtanding than of that of our Creator!

But we muſt trample under foot theſe prepoſterous pretentions; we muſt ſhake, to the very foundations, the ridiculous aſſumptions upon which theſe untenable imaginations are baſed. As long as he ſhall think to have any proper and inherent force, independence, never will man conſent to recognize, as he ought, his Maker. His geeſe will ever be ſwans, as the ſaying is: we muſt ſtrip him to his ſkin. * * * * * * * * And even admitting ſcience, knowledge, to be capable of all they ſay; of blunting, of mitigating the misfortunes which beſet us, what can it be alleged to do, which downright ſtockiſhneſs will

not accompliſh in half the time, and much more effectually? Pyrrho, the philoſopher, in a ſtorm, as his quantum of conſolation, had but to lay his finger on an hog, ſnoring, at full length, on the deck. It is to the trick of a teamſter, or an athlete, that philoſophy, as the wind-up of all its talk, is forced to ſend us; in whom, commonly, we ſhall perceive a leſſer dread of death, a greater aptitude to ſuffering and privation, more invincible endurance than mere theory will ever enable any among ourſelves to attain, if not, in ſome meaſure, analogouſly conſtituted, or early inured unto hardſhip. How is it that we can ſo much more readily perform the moſt ſickening operations on an infant or an animal, than on our grown-up ſelves; if not by their ſuperior unapprehenſiveneſs? How many, by the mere force of imagination, have been thrown into violent diſtempers? Do we not, every day, ſee them blooded, purged and pilled, for remedy to ills which nowhere are to be found, ſave in their own imaginations? When real calamities are wanting, we eke them out with the help of thoſe of fancy. "This colour, this hue; ſure "certainly there is rheum impending:" "ſo hot a "ſeaſon, it is impoſſible but fevers will be abroad:" "ſomething is hanging over you; it is written in the "croſſing of the life-line of your palm!" And as if this were not enough, we go, point blank, to the aſſault of life itſelf: "This is not the kind of health to laſt; "the man is burſting with health; blood muſt be let,

" the ſyſtem lowered, or nature will go pop." Compare the life of ſuch a man, tormented with his vapours, his crotchets and his ſpleen, with that of a poor one, leaving nature to mind her own buſineſs; taking things as he finds them, without any ſort of miſgiving or prognoſtication; who is ill when he is on the flat of his back, and not before. I ſay, compare with ſuch an one, this other, who, as common as not, has the gravel in his brains or ever it has gotten to his bladder. As if it was not time enough to have it there, when it got there, he muſt anticipate it in imagination, and make an haſte to its approach. What I have ſaid of medicine; as much might be aſſerted of knowledge, generally. * * * In the very beaſts we may ſee how much the agitation of the ſpirits will tend to the impairment of the ſyſtem. What is told of thoſe of Brazil, its natives, how no other death is known among them, ſave that of old age; which ſome would fain attribute to the ſerenity and tranquillity of the air, I would rather place to the ſerenity and tranquillity of their ſouls; diſcharged of all paſſion, imagination, occupation, purſuit, waſting or diſpleaſant; as people paſſing their days in an admirable ſimplicity and ignorance; ſtrangers, alike, to laws, letters, kings, rulers; religion, philoſophy. * * * * * * * * * Of what is this moſt ſubtle folly weaved, but of the moſt ſubtle wiſdom? As of the moſt paſſionate attachments come the moſt paſſionate eſtrangements; of the moſt untroubled health, the

moſt confounding maladies; ſo, of the moſt rare and exquiſite emotions of the ſoul come the moſt tranſcendent follies, and the moſt erratic. There is not the parting of an hair betwixt them. We have but to look upon the lunatic to perceive how ſympathetically folly will lend itſelf to the moſt inordinate operations of the ſoul. Who is there that doth not know, how difficult is it to draw the line between half-hazarded ſcintillations of a free and a witty thinker, and the outburſts of a divine and a ſupernatural enthuſiaſm? Plato tells us, the melancholy are, of all others, the moſt excellent, the eaſieſt to be tamed unto diſcipline; yet are there none of ſo natural a propenſion unto folly. What an infinity of ſpirits have their own proper vehemence, facility, loſt and overthrown! What a declenſion, and all from the very intenſity and exaltation of his temperament, have we not lately ſeen in one of the moſt ingenious and judicious poets of the age; the one who the neareſt approached to the antique and primitive, of any Italian, who hath yet appeared? Hath he not now wherewithal to thank himſelf for all this murderous vivacity; this light which hath blinded him; this nice and adapted ſuſceptibility to reaſon which hath deprived him of reaſon; this ſcrupulous and laborious reſearch after knowledge, which hath landed him in imbecility; this extraordinary comprehenſiveneſs of ſoul which hath robbed him of all ſoul; that reſtleſſneſs which now, for ever, is at reſt? It was rather with indignation than

commiſeration that I ſaw him, at Florence, in this humiliating condition, ſurviving his very ſelf; unconſcious of himſelf and of his works; which, unknown to him, yet under his very eyes, had been put to the preſs, all ſcribbled and unformed.

Would you ſee a man in his natural condition; as he ought to be; in a fixed, ſure and immoveable firmneſs? Smother him up in fat, in apathy; bid him be idle and be groſs. To be wiſe, to be men, we muſt be beaſts again; we muſt be blind or ever we can ſee. And if it is objected to me, that this ſtupifying of the ſpirits, this deadening to care, to ſorrow and aſſault, draws with it this neceſſary conſequence, that it alſo renders us leſs ſuſceptible to the endearments, the delights of life; I deny it not. But the miſery of our lot is this, that we have not ſo much to enjoy as to elude; that we are not ſo much gratified with the higheſt pleaſure, as we are diſtracted with the lighteſt pain: the higheſt health does not ſo much arreſt us, as the lighteſt trouble. To be well is ſimply not to be ill. And this is why that ſect, which the moſt deified voluptuouſneſs, came to place ſupreme felicity in ſupreme indolence. To be exempted from ill is all the well we have any call to look for below.

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Of all others, Chriſtians have a right to know by how much curioſity is the inherent failing and original ſin of man. The determination to get to himſelf wiſ-

dom and knowledge, was the firſt downfall of our ſpecies; precipitated it into the abyſs of eternal damnation. Pride is his loſs and his perverſion. It is pride which draws him out of the beaten track; which makes him haſte to, and faſten on newfangledneſs; preferring, rather, to be the leader of a loſt and an erring troop; a wanderer on the road to ruin; to be a teacher, a domine, of madneſs and of lies, than a diſciple in the ſchool of truth, or to allow himſelf to be led by the hand of another, in the broad and beaten path. It may be, that this is the meaning of that old Greek word: "That ſuperſtition followeth in the wake of pride, and "is ſubject to him, as to a father." Ah, knowledge; for how much haſt thou to anſwer!

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Finally, there is nothing conſtant beneath the ſun, either in our own nature, or in the nature which ſurrounds us. Ourſelves, our perceptions, all things mortal, are for ever alterant, chopping and changing about. Hence it comes, that we never can arrive at anything indubitable, either touching them or ourſelves; beholder and beholded being, alike, in a perpetual criſis of metamorphoſe and mutation. We have no acceſs to anything, for all things that be, for ever are in a tranſition ſtate, 'twixt life and death; nor offering, at beſt, but ſome miſerable ſcintillation, ſhadow; ſnatched and uncertain appearance. And if you were to take it into your head to faſten on this or that, it were about

as precious a notion as if you would think to grab of ocean in your fiſt. For the more you would think to gather that which, of its nature, is not to be gathered, the more and the more would it eſcape you. So, ſeeing that all things are interminably occupied in paſſing from one ſtate into another, reaſon, which fancieth, at any moment, to delay a real preſence, diſcovers itſelf to be impoſed upon; nor is it able to arreſt anything permanent or tangible; in as much as all things are either coming into being, and ſo, are not yet; or elſe have been, or ever you can ſay, Behold! Plato would allow to matter, birth, but not exiſtence; and was, farther, of opinion, that Homer had made Ocean the father of the gods, and Thetis mother, to ſhow us how all things are in a perpetuity of agitation, tranſmutation, alteration; an opinion, as he tells us, previous to his time, common to all the philoſophers, excepting only Parmenides, who refuſed to admit of motion, the virtues of which he held in much account. Pythagoras imagined all matter to be reſtleſs and ſlippery; the ſtoics, that there was no ſuch thing as the paſſing moment, and that what we call, Time preſent, is only the ſoldering of time paſt and time coming. Heraclitus inſiſted that no man ever twice croſſed the ſame water; Epicharmus, that he who, to-day, is unable to pay the ſhot, to-morrow, no longer owes his reckoning; that he who is invited, one day, to a feaſt, preſents himſelf, the next, an utter ſtranger: they are no longer the ſame parties;

and that it was impoſſible to find any one mortal thing twice in the like condition. "For, ſuch is the inſtabi-
"lity and volatility of nature, that now will it diſſolve;
"now will it come together again: it is, and it is no
"more. So that nothing of all which begins to be
"ever arrives to all the height of being; in as much
"as this eternal birth is ever occupied on her parturi-
"tion, nor does it for an inſtant, come to an head.
"Hence it follows, that from the very hour in which
"we are begotten, all is endleſs change and mutation.
"For even as from a drop is quickened, in the bowels
"of our mother, a lifeleſs form; freed from the womb,
"an infant to the breaſt to come; anon a lad, then.
"a young man; again, one in his prime; too ſoon in
"his decline; laſt ſcene of all, inanity and wretched-
"neſs; ſo may we ſee that every alteration, every ſub-
"ſequent generation, is at the coſt and corruption of
"the precedent. And yet, miſerables that we are, we
"ſtand ſottiſhly aghaſted at one death, we, who are
"dying daily; we, who have already paſſed through ſo
"many. For not only, as ſaid Heraclitus, is the
"extinction of fire the generation of air, of air water;
"but as much is manifeſted, as clearly, in ourſelves.
"The flower of our prime withereth and fadeth away,
"as old age creepeth upon us; adoleſcence dieth in our
"prime, infancy in adoleſcence, the day of our birth in
"the day of our life. Yeſterday is dead to this day,

[1] See note C C, at the end.

" and this day will be engulphed in to-morrow; nor is
" there any one thing which abideth, and which altereth
" not. For, ſuppoſing it to be otherwiſe; that we are
" always one and the ſame; how would it then be,
" that this moment we ſhould delight in this object, the
" ſucceeding in another: how ſhould we then love and
" hate the ſame thing, and within an hour; extol and
" defame, things and their oppoſites? How is it that
" we have different affections; or that our opinions
" vary upon one and the ſame head? For it is not to
" be preſumed, that without ſome inward mutation,
" diſſimilar affections ſhould be evidenced. Now that
" which ſuffers mutation is no more the ſame, and if it
" is no more the ſame, it is no more at all. And ſo, as
" the whole man is for ever changing, ſo are the
" ſucceſſive phaſes of that man for ever changing;
" ever paſſing from one ſtate into another ſtate. Hence
" of neceſſity, it comes, that we are hoaxed and co-
" zened in our apprehenſion of nature and of things,
" confounding that which avows itſelf but in appear-
" ance, with that which really may be; and all this
" from being unable thoroughly to know what actually
" is. What then is that which actually is? That
" which is eternal: which is to ſay, which never had
" a beginning, nor ever will know an end; that ſuffer-
" eth not, of time, mutation. For time, in itſelf, is
" a thing evaniſhing, nor other than a ſhadow; of its
" very nature, fleeting and paſſagery; nor fixed, nor

" ſtable, nor tied to a place. Before, After, Will be,
" Has been, its very appellatives, carry, on the face
" of them, evidence that no ſuch thing can Be, or Is.
" For, were it not monſtrous to talk of a thing being
" in Being, which is not yet, or that has already ceaſed
" to be! Very now, This inſtant, Whilſt I ſpeak,
" deſignations upon which it is apparent that we prin-
" cipally baſe our notions of time; reaſon, once brought
" to bear upon them, demoliſhes them at a ſtroke; re-
" ſolving the whole into two—time paſt and time to
" come; nor admitting of the aſſumption of a third,
" preſent. Nor is that nature which is meaſured in
" any way more favoured than that time which would
" meaſure it. For neither is there in her any one
" ſtate which continueth, or is eternal: for all things
" are either exiſtent, or being uſhered into exiſtence,
" or hurried away from exiſtence. So that it is inſuf-
" ferable to hold of the Deity, who alone Is, that he
" Was, or Will be. For theſe are derogatories, allay-
" ments, abatements; on the very face of them, ad-
" miſſive of change and mutation, and conſequently,
" but applicable to that which is capable of change and
" of mutation. Wherefore muſt we conclude, that
" God alone Is; nor is the exiſtence of him to be
" meaſured of any time, but of an eternity, eternal, fixed,
" unvaniſhing, immutable; that before him nothing was,
" and that after him, nothing will be, or newer or more
" recent: in a word, that he alone is the only *I am*,

" whose eternal *now* is the everlaſting *ever*. Nor is
" there aught, ſave He alone, but of which it muſt be
" ſaid, 'It has been,' or 'It will be;' without begin-
" ning and without end."

[1] To this, ſo pious a concluſion of a pagan man, I will but ſimply tack this little other, (and it cometh of one of a like condition,) as a wind up to all this long and unconſcionable diſcourſe; and which, had I purſued it as far as the matter had led me, peradventure might never have come to a cloſe.—" O, how vile and fallen a
" thing is man, unexalted above the pitch of his hu-
" manity!" A notable ſaying, truly, and a wholeſome wiſh, yet prepoſterous withal! For to think to clutch an handfull bigger than the hand, an armfull than the arm; farther to ſtraddle than the legs will ſtride, were not more monſtrous or more ridiculous than for man to ſay, He would ſoar above himſelf or his humanity. He can ſee but with his eyes, nor can he touch but to what his ſenſes will attain. Yes; he will riſe, but it will be when God ſhall extend to him his divine interpoſition. He may riſe, abandoning and renouncing his own proper endeavours; allowing himſelf to be raiſed and ſupported by an influence pure and heavenly. It is to our Chriſtian faith, and not to this virtue ſtoic, to aſpire to ſuch, ſo miraculous and divine a metamorphoſe!

[1] See note D D, at the end.

NOTES

NOTES.

Note **A**, *page* 2.

If we would but condeſcend to look at the matter diſpaſſionately, it might, perhaps, a good deal puzzle us to ſay, why a ſimilitude, is to paſs unchallenged in poetry, which, embodied into a conception in the ſiſter art of ſculpture, is to be pronounced indecorous. The very ſame idea is to be found in the book of Job; the ſevereſt poem which ever was, or probably, ever will be written. See Job, xxxviii. 8.

Note **B**, *page* 71.

It is a deplorable thing to think, that the following is the only veſtige which time has ſpared to us, of a ſchool or character of literature, apparently of an even more than Pindaric audacity, fire, ſublimity and eloquence.

Note **C**, *page* 77.

St. Denis is a village near Paris, and in the cathedral of which, the ancient monarchs of France were moſtly buried. It is here put for France itſelf.

Monjoie St. Denis, was the war cry of the hoſts of France, as was *St. George* that of thoſe of England.

Note D, *page* 85.

" Nothing," ſays M. de St. Pelaye, " can appear more incredi-
" ble, in our poem, than this vow of the queen of England. Her
" undertaking to kill herſelf, with her infant, if ſhe is not allowed
" to take part in the expedition of the King, is an atrocity which
" revolts, alike, nature and reaſon. But the manners of antiquity
" were ruthleſs, and ſuch as arouſed paſſions and ſentiments
" which, now-a-days, we ſhould recoil from. In ſupport of this,
" from many inſtances which might be cited, I ſhall give two.

" The pious queen, Margaret, wife to St. Louis, as ſhe was on
" the point of being brought to bed, at Damietta, learned that
" the King had juſt fallen into the hands of the Saracens: which
" threw her into ſuch an agony, ſays Joinville, that as ſoon as
" ever ſhe would get into her bed, ſhe would ſtart from it afreſh,
" calling out to everyone, *Help*; *Help!* On this, an old knight,
" of eighty years of age, and who never for a moment quitted
" her, would ſay to her, '*Madame, be under no apprehenſion; I*
" '*am with you.*' And as ſhe was on the eve of being deli-
" vered, ſhe put everyone out of the room, excepting this old
" knight; and falling on her knees before him, ſhe told him that
" ſhe had a favour to crave of him. And when ſhe had made
" him ſwear to her to perform it, ſhe ſaid, '*What I have to re-*
" '*quire of you is this, that ſhould the infidels take this city, you*
" '*will take my head from my ſhoulders, ſooner than I ſhall be al-*
" '*lowed to fall into their hands.*' To which the old knight
" replied, '*Madame, it will be a pleaſure to me to fulfil your will;*
" '*for, from the firſt, I had determined that I would ſooner ſo do,*
" '*than permit you to fall into their power,*'" &c.

Note E, *page* 99.

Shakeſpere, as Burns, was a great *worker up* of kindred and contemporary literature. Nothing almoſt was too poor or too rich to be turned to account.

" Nymph, in thine oriſons be all my ſins remembered!"

Hamlet.

Note F, *page* 132.

This tale does not exactly end here; a paſſage being omitted, which, with great propriety, has been transferred to the notes, in all the more reſpectable editions of our author. It conſiſts of "a reflection," ſays an editor, "well worthy of Brantôme, who "would ſooner mar this touching and this tragic tale, than loſe "an occaſion for the diſplay of his miſerable facetiouſneſs; and "aſſuredly much fitter calculated to adorn the pages of his 'Eaſy "'Ladies' than his Incidents of Duelling." Brantôme ſeems to have had a ſtrong touch of that inherent filthineſs and loathſomeneſs of mind which characterized the famous dean of St. Patrick's. Swift had none of Brantôme's grace, voluptuouſneſs; Brantôme had none of Swift's virtues.

Note G, *page* 135.

Moſt unqueſtionably it was the *extraction royal* which carried the day. This great ſtateſman; one of the greateſt, if not the greateſt that ever lived, was moſt miſerably acceſſible on the ſcore of family. Lafond, his valet-de-chambre, clearly knew his weak ſide.

Note H, *page* 187.

Henry and our Elizabeth, were, moſt aſſuredly, two of the greateſt princes which ſat upon their reſpective thrones, or ever reigned. They had much that was in common; in fact, almoſt every thing which their relative poſitions, careers, and ſexes would permit to be ſo. Side by ſide with this noble ſpeech, I have placed the famous *golden one* of Elizabeth: the laſt which ſhe ever delivered to her faithful commons.

"Mr. Speaker. We perceive your coming is to preſent thanks unto us. Know I accept them with no leſs joy than your loves can have deſire to offer ſuch a preſent, and do more eſteem it than any treaſure or riches; for thoſe we know how to prize; but loyalty, love and thanks, I account them invaluable; and though God hath raiſed me high, yet this I account the glory of

my crown, that I have reigned with your loves. This makes that I do not ſo much rejoice that God has made me to be a queen, as to be a queen over ſo thankful a people, and to be the means under God to conſerve you in ſafety, and preſerve you from danger; yea, to be the inſtrument to deliver you from diſhonour, from ſhame and from infamy, to keep you from out of ſervitude, and from ſlavery under our enemies, and cruel tyranny, and vile oppreſſion intended againſt us; for the better withſtanding whereof, we take very acceptable their intended helps, and chiefly in that it manifeſteth your loves and largeneſs of hearts to your ſovereign. Of myſelf I muſt ſay this, I never was any greedy, ſcraping graſper, nor a ſtrict faſt-holding prince, nor yet a waſter; my heart was never ſet upon any worldly goods, but only for my ſubjects' good. What you do beſtow on me I will not hoard up, but receive it to beſtow on you again; yea, mine own properties I account yours, to be expended for your good, and your eyes ſhall ſee the beſtowing of it for your welfare.

Mr. Speaker, I would wiſh you and the reſt to ſtand up, for I fear I ſhall yet trouble you with longer ſpeech.

Mr. Speaker, you give me thanks, but I am more to thank you, and I charge you thank them of the Lower Houſe from me; for had I not received knowledge from you, I might a' fallen into the lapſe of an error, only for want of true information.

Since I was queen, yet did I never put my pen to any grant but upon pretext and ſemblance made me, that it was for the good and avail of my ſubjects generally, though a private profit to ſome of my ancient ſervants, who have deſerved well; but that my grants ſhall be made grievances to my people, and oppreſſions, to be privileged under colour of our patents; our princely dignity ſhall not ſuffer it.

When I heard it, I could give no reſt unto my thoughts until I had reformed it, and thoſe varlets, lewd perſons, abuſers of my bounty, ſhall know I will not ſuffer it. And, Mr. Speaker, tell the Houſe from me, I take it exceeding grateful, that the knowledge of theſe things are come unto me from them. And though amongſt them the principal members are ſuch as are not touched in private, and therefore need not ſpeak from any feeling of the grief, yet we have heard that other gentlemen alſo of the Houſe,

who ſtand as free, have ſpoken as freely in it; which gives us to know, that no reſpects or intereſts have moved them other than the minds they bear to ſuffer no diminution of our honour and our ſubjects' love unto us. The zeal of which affection tending to eaſe my people, and knit their hearts unto us, I embrace with a princely care far above all earthly treaſures. I eſteem my people's love, more than which I deſire not to merit: and God, that gave me here to ſit, and placed me over you, knows, that I never reſpected myſelf, but as your good was conſerved in me; yet what dangers, what practices, and what perils I have paſſed, ſome, if not all of you, know; but none of theſe things do move me, or ever made me fear, but it is God that hath delivered me.

And in my governing this land, I have ever ſet the laſt judgment-day before mine eyes, and ſo to rule as I ſhall be judged and anſwer before a higher Judge, to whoſe judgment-ſeat I do appeal: in that never thought was cheriſhed in my heart that tended not to my people's good.

And if my princely bounty have been abuſed, and my grants turned to the hurt of my people, contrary to my will and meaning, or if any in authority under me have neglected, or converted what I have committed unto them, I hope God will not lay their culps to my charge.

To be a king, and wear a crown, is a thing more glorious to them that ſee it than it is pleaſant to them that bear it: for myſelf, I never was ſo enticed with the glorious name of a king, or the royal authority of a queen, as delighted that God had made me his inſtrument to maintain his truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom from diſhonour, damage, tyranny and oppreſſion. But ſhould I aſcribe any of theſe things to myſelf or my ſexly weakneſs, I were not worthy to live, and of all moſt unworthy of the mercies I have received at God's hands; but to God only and wholly all is given and aſcribed.

The cares and troubles of a crown I cannot more fitly reſemble than to the drugs of a learned phyſician, perfumed with ſome aromatical ſavour, or to bitter pills gilded over, by which they are rendered more acceptable or leſs offenſive, which indeed are bitter and unpleaſant to take; and for my own part, were it not for conſcience ſake, to diſcharge the duty that God hath laid

upon me, and to maintain his glory, and keep you in ſafety, in my own diſpoſition I ſhould be willing to reſign the place I hold to any other, and glad to be freed of the glory with the labour, for it is not my deſire to live nor to reign longer than my life and reign ſhall be for your good. And though you have had, and may have, many mightier and wiſer princes ſitting in this ſeat, yet you never had, nor ſhall have any that will love you better.

Thus, Mr. Speaker, I commend me to your loyal loves, and yours to my beſt care and your farther counſels; and I pray you, Mr. Controuler and Mr. Secretary, and you of my council, that before theſe gentlemen depart to their counties, you bring them all to kiſs my hand."—*Ld. Somers' Tracts.*

Note I, *page* 199.

It is hardly neceſſary to recall, that Henry had been brought up in the proteſtant, or Huguenot faith; which, however, from political conſiderations, he was induced to abandon.

Note J, *page* 226.

In the paraphraſe of Chaucer, one or two beautiful verſes occur, about this part:

" O ſtormy peple, unſad and ever untrewe,
And undiſcrete, and changing as a fane;
Delighting ever in rombel that is newe;
For like the mone waxen ye and wane!
Ay full of clapping, dere ynough a jane;
Your dome is fals, your conſtance evil preveth,
A ful gret fool is he that in ye leveth!"

" O ſtormy people; unſad and ever untrue;
And indiſcreet, and changing as the fane *;
Delighting ever in rumour that is new:
E'en as the moon, ye waxen and ye wane!
Aye full of clack; to win ye were a pain!
Your judgment's falſe; your conſtancy the wind;
As he who truſts you to his coſt will find!"

* Weathercock.

Note K, *page* 243.

How curious is it to contraſt the account of plain, honeſt Pitſcottie, with that of this ſplendid, blazeed, voluptuous, worthleſs *roué* of a Frenchman!

He ſays, "In the meantyme the queine maid her entres in "Edinburgh as the lyk was not ſeine a befoir, ſhoe was ſo gorge-"ouſlie and magnificientlie receaved;" &c.

Note L, *page* 267.

For the credit of this reſpectable young lady's mamma, it may be as well to ſtate, what may not, poſſibly, be known to all; that *Mademoiſelle* was originally the appellative of a married woman whoſe huſband's rank was beneath that of a noble, yet above that of a burgeſs; as well as that of a maid.

Note M, *page* 285.

The family of *Landry* was one of great antiquity. A very curious anecdote of one of them, who lived in the ſixth century, occurs in "A Mirrour or Looking-Glaſſe both for *Saints*, and *Sinners*, &c. &c. By *Sa. Clark*, Paſtor in *Bennet Fink*. The Second Edition. London. 1654."

"In *France* there was one *Fredegundis*, a famous * * * * * who for her beauty was entertained by *Chilperic* King of *France*, whom ſhe cauſed to baniſh his Queen *Andovera*, and his other wife called *Galſuinda* ſhe cauſed to be murthered, that ſhe might enjoy the King alone: yet neither was ſhe faithful to him, but proſtituted her body to *Landric*, Maſter of the King's horſe. On a time the King being to go a hunting, went to bid his wife farewell, who was combing her hajre: The King went ſoftly behinde her, and with his wand in ſport ſtruck her behinde: She thinking it had been her *Landric*, ſaid: *What doeſt thou do, my* Landric? *It's the part of a good Knight to charge a Lady before, and not behinde:* The King by this means finding her falſhood, went his wayes on hunting, and ſhe finding herſelf diſcovered, ſent for *Landric*: told

him what was happened, and therefore perſwaded him to kill the King for his, and her ſafety: which he undertook, and effected that night as the King came late from hunting."—*French Hiſt.*

Note N, *page* 287.

The extraordinary temperance which prevailed, during at leaſt a conſiderable portion of the middle ages, may, poſſibly, have been a good deal owing to the actual ſcarcity of proviſions, as the earlier nakedneſs to want of manufactures. Holinſhed, who lived in Elizabeth's time, in his moſt curious chronicles, tells us, "how "theſe od repaſts, thanked be God, are verie well left, and ech "one, in manner, (except, here and there, ſome young hungrie "ſtomach, that cannot faſt till dinner-time,) contenteth himſelf "with dinner and ſupper onelie. The Normans, miſliking the "gormandiſe of *Canutus*, ordeired after their arrivall, that no "table ſhould be covered above once in a daie, which *Huntingdon* "imputeth to their avarice: but in the end, either waxing wearie "of their oune frugalitie, or ſuffering the cockle of old cuſtom to "overgrow the good corne of their new conſtitution, they fell to "ſuch libertie, that in often feeding, they ſurmounted *Canutus*, "ſurnamed the hardie.* * * For my part, I am perſuaded, "that the purpoſe of the Normans, at the firſt, was to reduce the "ancient Roman order, or Daniſh cuſtom, in feeding once in a "day, as I have read and noted.* * * With us, the nobilitie, "gentrie and ſtudents, doo ordinarilie go to dinner at eleven "before noone, and to ſupper at five, or betweene five and ſix at "afternoon. The merchants dine and ſup ſeldome before twelve "at noone, and ſix at night, eſpeciallie in London. The huſband- "men dine at high noone, as they call it, and ſup at ſeven or "eight: but out of the tearme in our univerſities, the ſcholars "dine at ten. As to the pooreſt ſort, they generallie dine and "ſup when they may, ſo that to talk of their order or repaſt, it "were but a needleſſe matter."

Note O, *page* 290.

In an admirable and contemporary, though ſomewhat careleſs tranſlation, preſerved, in manuſcript, in the Britiſh Muſeum, the

elements are rendered, "her ſavioure." They were, for the moſt part, I believe, thus called, or ſimply, *The Lord.* The paſſage ſtands thus; *Sy cuidoit tranſir de la mort, et ſe fiſt apporter beau ſire Dieux.* *Beau ſire Dieux*, is, literally, Fair Sir God. *Beau*, fair, was an honorary, I fancy, ſeldom or never uſed, except to, or by the royal family. *Beau Sire roi*, Fair Sir King; *Beau fils*, Fair ſon; *Bel oncle, Beau neveu*, Fair uncle; Fair nephew; are every-where met with.

In ſo extraordinary a manner had the principles of chivalry become engrafted upon thoſe of religion, that it is no uncommon thing to find apoſtles and ſaints figuring in the ranks of the nobility. Froiſſart, having occaſion to ſpeak of the ſhrine of St. James of Compoſtello, mentions it as that of "the *baron* "St. James!" As much will be ſeen preſently in de Commines.

Note P, *page* 300.

It had been mutually agreed, between the French king, Philip Auguſtus, and Richard, that neither ſhould moleſt the other's dominions, during the continuance of their common endeavour for the recovery of the holy ſepulchre.

Note Q, *page* 300.

The infatuation of the times is ſomething almoſt beyond conception. One ſavage of a fellow coolly tells the barons, "*That* "*hell will be the portion of the man who refuſes to draw his* "*ſword in the cauſe of Chriſt*;" and that if they fall, all that they have to do is to tell God, "*That he did no more, in dying for them,* "*than they did in dying for him!!*" Another crackbrained enthuſiaſt tells them "that he can only conſent to look on him as a true "knight, who will go of his own free will, and without grudging, "*to the ſuccour of God, who is in ſuch extremity*;" continuing, "Do you think, ſcoundrel barons, *that you can expect God to ſtand* "*by you, if you refuſe to ſtand by him?* Do you know, that it "was for you that he died upon the croſs? I will ſay no more "than this, If you do not, this day, aſſume the croſs; you forfeit, "for ever, the benefit of his ſufferings!"

Note **R**, *page* 310.

As I have not been able to examine, with any attention, this famous and interminable romance, I am obliged to riſk one or two paſſages; which, conſcientiouſly to give, would require the peruſal of the whole affair.

Fundateur du franc palais, which I have here rendered, "founder of the open hall," I fear, is not the thing. A legiſt could probably ſuggeſt ſomething much more to the point. There is no Engliſh tranſlation, nor do I believe that there are above half a dozen copies in exiſtence; which is very ſad. The author was almoſt certainly an Engliſhman: the prevalence of Engliſh words atteſts as much. It belongs to the beginning of the 16th century.

I will take this occaſion of ſtating ſome few rules which I laid down to myſelf in making theſe tranſlations. 1ſt. To be as ſparing as poſſible of the introduction of obſolete or unuſual words. Indeed, I can only recall one, *ingyne*, (wit), in the whole of them. Wiſhing to avoid the charge of affectation, on the one part; I fear that I have laid myſelf open to that of negligence upon the other. For it is clear, that if the old-faſhioned mortals, heavy weights and ſlow coaches, like myſelf; men who find themſelves completely diſtanced in the race of life, in theſe faſt times of periodicals and newſpapers, will not be at the pains to pick up the good old Saxon words which are being daily voted too lumberſome to be carried any farther; in another generation or two, they will have been completely trodden under foot, and be no longer to be recognized. In no place could they appear to ſo much advantage, or taſte, as in ſuch a work as this; or would the public be more readily reconciled to them. It were like putting old embroidery upon an old garment.

Another rule was, as much as poſſible to employ words at their *actual* ſignification; yet occaſionally to attempt to *recover caſte* for a good old word which now has loſt it.

As my chief aim has been to reproduce the *ſpirit* of theſe old worthies, I have, ſometimes on purpoſe, other times through downright careleſſneſs, deliberately broken the ſentences in two; commencing the ſecond with a *relative*. It is occaſionally very

hard to avoid this; ſuch is the ſlovenlineſs and conſtruction of theſe writings.

The general reader it may be neceſſary to inform, that he is not to look for any ſort of method, conſiſtency or accuracy in theſe old worthies. I mention this, as I do not wiſh to have their garrulity, iterations, anachroniſms, ramblings, placed to my account. Even Sully, at times, is anything but clear in his ſtatements.

Finally, I have endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to ſteer clear of all that quaintneſs, manneriſm, which ſo ſadly pervaded ſo much of the contemporary Engliſh literature; an end, none of the eaſieſt, in ſuch a caſe, to effect. For, a man who has muddled away ſo much of his life as I have, among old books, will, I am afraid, conſciouſly or unconſciouſly, be betrayed into ſome ſort of affectation, confuſion, nonſenſe, conceit, or another.

Note S, *page* 323.

It has often been obſerved, that the religion of a nation, or its ſacred literature, is a very falſe ſtandard whereby to gauge the national intelligence. To judge of the literary pretenſions of what we call, *The darken ages*, we muſt look elſewhere than to the "myſteries" and "moralities." The church of Rome is as clearly anſwerable for them as for the Cruſades. *All* ages both *are*, and *become* darken ages. Could we but *get back to them*, I much queſtion if we ſhould not find as much light to have been then as now. This piece, which is merely given as a literary curioſity, is anterior to the "myſteries;" yet, I am ſure, ſuch miſerable ſlang, banter may be heard, any day, from the clowns, at our lower theatres or circuſes. M. Le Grand has given us the paſtoral of the "Shepherd and the Shepherdeſs," which is of the ſame epoch, yet clearly *muſt* have been written early in the decay and decline of an highly poliſhed and probably nervous, literature. It evidences all the exquiſite moral purity, delicacy, tenderneſs, to which, let me add, *namby pamby*, of a Rowe, a Shenſtone. There is nothing either natural, or paſtoral, or primitive about it.

I think we greatly exaggerate the diſtraction of the middle ages, and that they were much more favourable to literary cul-

ture than we at all imagine. Literature, aſſuredly, here muſt have been, and of an high order, all through. I much queſtion if Atilla, and all his Huns, ever played a greater amount of miſchief with the world, than the firſt Napoleon did; yet what a very *pop gun* was the whole affair, once over? Diſtance lends as well exaggeration, as "enchantment" to the ſcene. Some of the greateſt names in Engliſh literature, Clarendon, Cowley, Taylor, Milton, Dryden, Walton, Uſher, flouriſhed in the moſt diſtracted times that this country ever knew. In fact, in many reſpects, they are even favourable to literary purſuit.

The following piece, *The Cruſades*, M. Le Grand ſuppoſes to have been written at the inſtigation of the queen and miniſters of St. Louis, to diſſuade him from the viſionary attempt which he was meditating toward the recovery of the Holy Land. I do not ſee how, even at this day, anything much more to the purpoſe could have been elicited. It is at once ſarcaſtic, courteous, artful, ſuggeſtive.

Note T, *page* 360.

According to tradition, by the orders of this inhuman tyrant, the children of the Duke de Nemours were placed, in their ſhirts, under the ſcaffold where their father was beheaded, ſo that they might be covered with his blood.

Note U, *page* 381.

It is to the inſpiration of this moſt magnificent chapter, and to which I am aſhamed to ſay, I have done ſo poor a juſtice, that we are indebted for one of the moſt gorgeous paſſages in Engliſh literature — the opening pages of the "Holy Dying."

Note V, *page* 381.

As the majority of the Latin quotations are clearly of the nature of notes or references; the ſubſtance being embodied into the text; and as they ſadly allay the heat and vehemence with which theſe magnificent pages ſhould be read, I have moſtly ſuppreſſed them. Of courſe, in a regular tranſlation, this could not be: they ſhould then appear as notes. They are chiefly from

2. Anthony Manilius, and the more folemn, weightier, ſublimer of the ancient poets, fathers, and philoſophers.

Note W, *page* 390.

Les plus mortes morts ſont les plus ſaines. "Moſt dead is beſt dead." I cannot at all agree with the interpretation placed by Mr. Hazlitt, in common with the French commentators, on this paſſage of Death. Says Mr. Hazlitt, "is here conſidered as the introduction, and this paſſage to a ſtate of inſenſibility, which puts a period to our life. The more ſilently and rapidly we arrive to that ſtate the leſs ought the paſſage to terrify us. This comes very near to the import of that bold and enigmatical expreſſion of Montaigne, viz. 'That the deadeſt deaths are the beſt.' I would rather conceive his meaning to be this; That that death is counted beſt of, *which takes moſt with it*; which cloſes up as well the legitimate offices of life, as life itſelf.

Note X, *page* 397.

Much of the following, as to manner, may have been ſuggeſted by that beautiful chapter in "Boethius on Conſolation," wherein "*Fortune ſpeaketh, that ſhe hath taken nothing from Boethius, that was his.*

"But I would urge thee a little with Reaſons out of thine own Schoole. Wherefore conſider (good Boethius) if thee alſo th not reaſon. For what cauſe (I pray) doeſt thou thee with daily complaints? What injurie have I done thee? What goods of thine have I ravin from thee? Contend with me before any Judge, about the poſſeſſion of riches and dignities, and if thou canſt ſhow, that the propriety of any of theſe things belong to any mortal wight, I will forthwith willingly graunt, that thoſe things which thou demaundeſt were thine. When nature produced thee out of thy mother's wombe, I received thee naked and poore in all reſpect, cherished thee with my wealth, and (which maketh thee now to fall out with me (being forward to favour thee) I had moſt tender care for thy education, and adorned thee with abundance and ſplendour of all things, which are in my power. Now it pleaſeth

mee to withdraw my hand, yeeld thankes, as one that hath had the uſe of that which was not his owne. Thou hast no juſt cauſe to complaine, as though thou hadſt loſt that which was fully thine owne. Wherefore lamenteſt thou? I have offered thee no violence. Riches, honours, and the reſt of that ſort belong to mee. They acknowledge mee for their Miſtreſſe, and themſelves for my ſervants; they come with me, and when I goe away, they likewiſe depart. I may boldly affirme, if thoſe things which thou complaineſt to be taken from thee, had beene thine owne, thou ſhouldeſt never have loſt them. Muſt I onely be forbidden to uſe my right? It is lawful for the heaven to bring foorth faire dayes, and to hide them againe in darkeſome nights. It is lawfull for the yeere ſometime to compaſſe the face of the earth with flowers and fruites, and ſometime to cover it with clouds and cold. The Sea hath right ſometime to faune with calmes, and ſometime to frowne with ſtormes and waves. And ſhall the unſatiable deſire of men tie me to conſtancie, ſo contrarie to my cuſtome? This is my force, this is the ſport which I continually uſe. I turn about my wheele with ſpeed, and take a pleaſure to turne things upſide doune; Aſcend, if thou wilt, but with this condition, that thou thinkeſt it not an injurie to deſcend, when the courſe of my ſport ſo requireth. Diddeſt thou not know my faſhion? Wert thou ignorant how *Cræſus* King of the *Lydians*, not long before a terrour to *Cyrus*, within a while after came to ſuch miſerie, that he would have beene burnt, had he not beene ſaved by a ſhower ſent from heaven? Haſt thou forgotten how Paul (Paulus) pyouſly bewailed the calamities of King Perſus his priſoner? What other thing doeth the outcrie of Tragedie's lament, but that fortune, having no reſpect, overturneth happie ſtates? Diddeſt thou not learne in thy youthe, that there lay two barrels, th' one of good things, and the other of bad, at *Jupiter's* threſhold? But what if thou haſt taſted more abundantly of the good? What if I be not wholly gone from thee? What if this mutabilitie of mine be a juſt cauſe for thee to hope for better? Notwithſtanding loſe not thy courage, and living in a Kingdome which is common to all men, deſire not to be governed by peculiar Laws, proper onely to thy ſelfe."

BOETHIUS—*Philoſophicall Comfort.* (*Ed.* 16[illegible].)

Bacon was indebted to Montaigne, those skilled in *mental chemistry* will have little difficulty in perceiving. Methinks, there was much good sense in honest Sir Thomas Bodley's verdict on the Instauration; nor do I believe, had Bacon never been so much as born, that it would have retarded the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway by four and twenty hours. *The loss had been to letters, not to physics or science.* It is Manchester and Birmingham, not Oxford and Cambridge, that have called into being the nineteenth century; it is men who knew little of, and cared less for, either Bacon or his philosophy. It may be said, that he gave the deathblow to *Aristotling* and dogmatism. This is a mistake. It would have been given without him. What he showed the *folly* of; these rough, hardheaded men showed the *impracticability* of. Why, simply to *register*, not to say, *classify* the inventions and discoveries of the last hundred years, would require the intelligence of a dozen Aristotles, or the lifetimes of as many Methuselahs. Let *science* once get to the end of its tether, as *contemplation* had of its, in the time of Aristotle, and Aristotles will be as plenty as blackberries; whilst in ethics, divinity, metaphysics, Aristotles, or their like, are as rampant among us, at this day, as ever they were in those of Bacon.

The beauty, richness, grace, sublimity of Bacon's mind and temperament, it would be literally impossible to overrate. His perceptive powers were prodigious; yet, for all that, I cannot allow his mind to have been of anything like the *originality* which he took it to be. He could see, and take in everything that was before him; but what was *not* before him, so to speak, he could not see. In a word, he was not an inventor in philosophy, in the same sense that Galileo, Newton, Archimedes were inventors in physics.

Note BB, *page* 427.

Bacon may bless his stars that he has escaped the honour of figuring in this catalogue of *insufferables*. How Montaigne would have chuckled, could he but have seen "*The greatest birth of time*," or the letter addressed by that promising young gentle-

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ever unwarrantable rules. As this was a subject which, peculiarly, a good deal attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, when occupied upon the Life of Dryden, I cannot do better, than place before the reader some few words which passed in reference thereto, between himself and George Ellis, whose very warm protesting, that a thing so much could ever induce him to lay a calumet, handed Dryden before the world, be preposterous. "Are not the pages of Swift, and "even of Pope, loaded with indecency, and often of "the most disgusting kind; and do we not see them "upon all the shelves and dressing-tables, and on all "tea-tables? Is not Prior the most inducent of tale-"tellers, not even excepting Boccace? Have not how "often dramatic bishops, in female hands? In "fact, it is not passages of ludicrous indecency that "corrupt the manners of a people; it is the longest "which such a prurient genius, like Master Little "has an opportunity to write; it is the fundamental flaw "of half-lewd, half-pathetic, that deprives the "heart of its purity, inflames the sleeping passions, and pre-"pares the reader to give way to love, as a tempter "appears." With these observations, George Ellis seem perfectly to coincide; he does not make them "Licentiousness in writing, when accompanied by "wit, as in the tales of Prior, La Fontaine, &c. is "never likely to corrupt any passion, because every "passion is serious; and the grave epistle of Eloisa is